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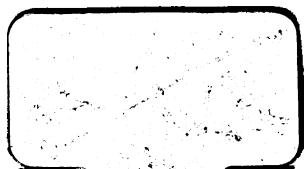
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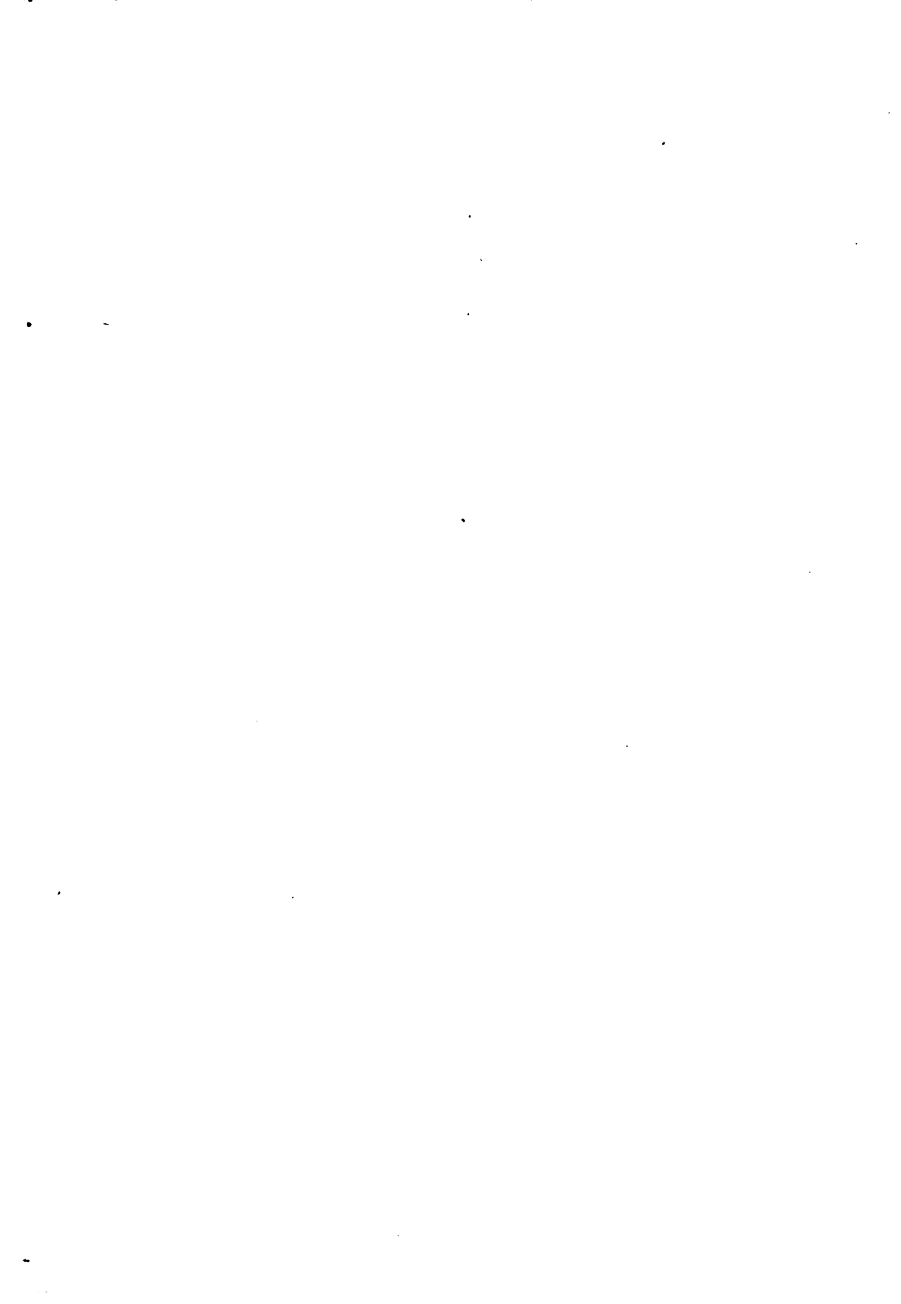


# A PRINCETONIAN

JAMES BARNES

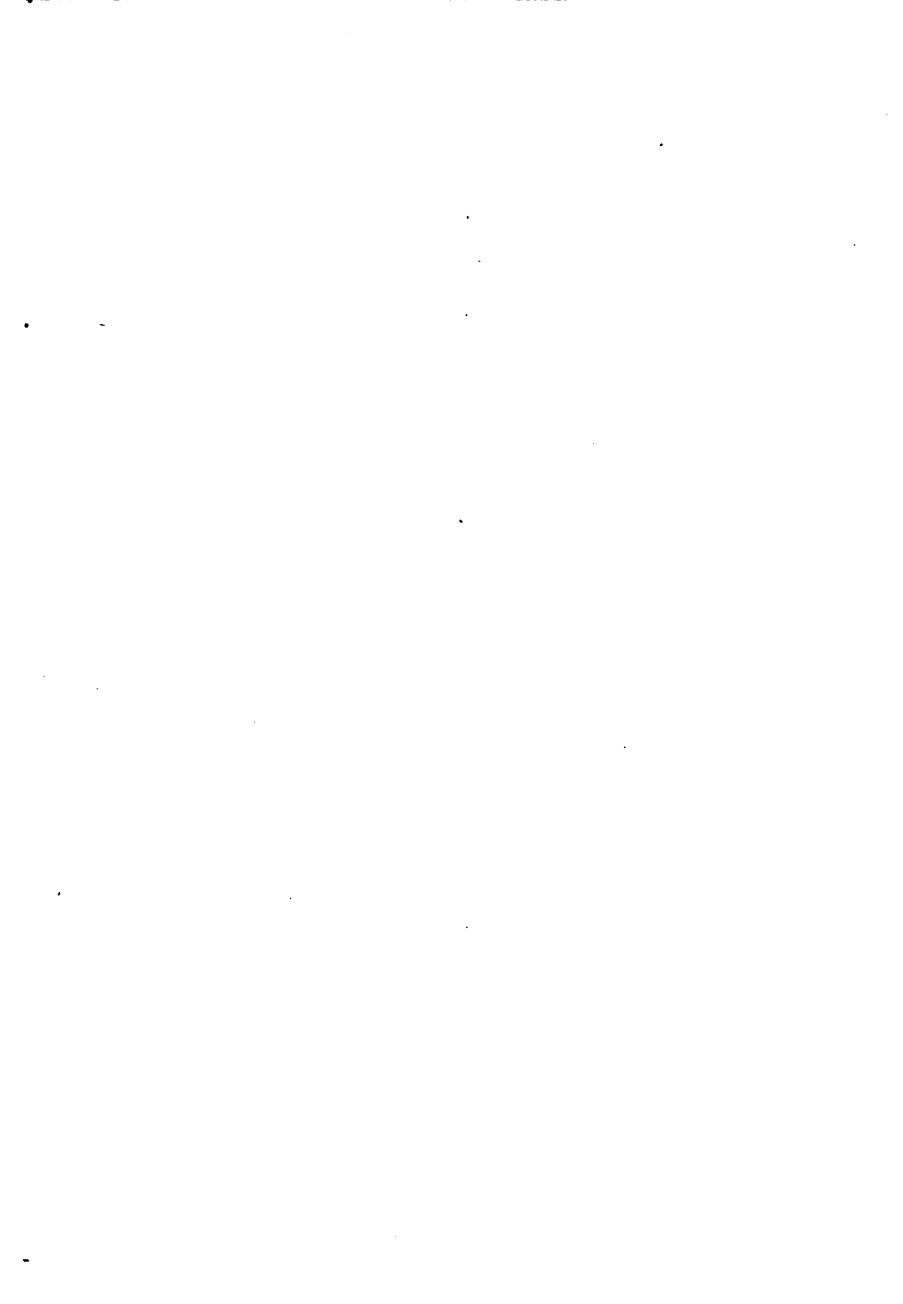
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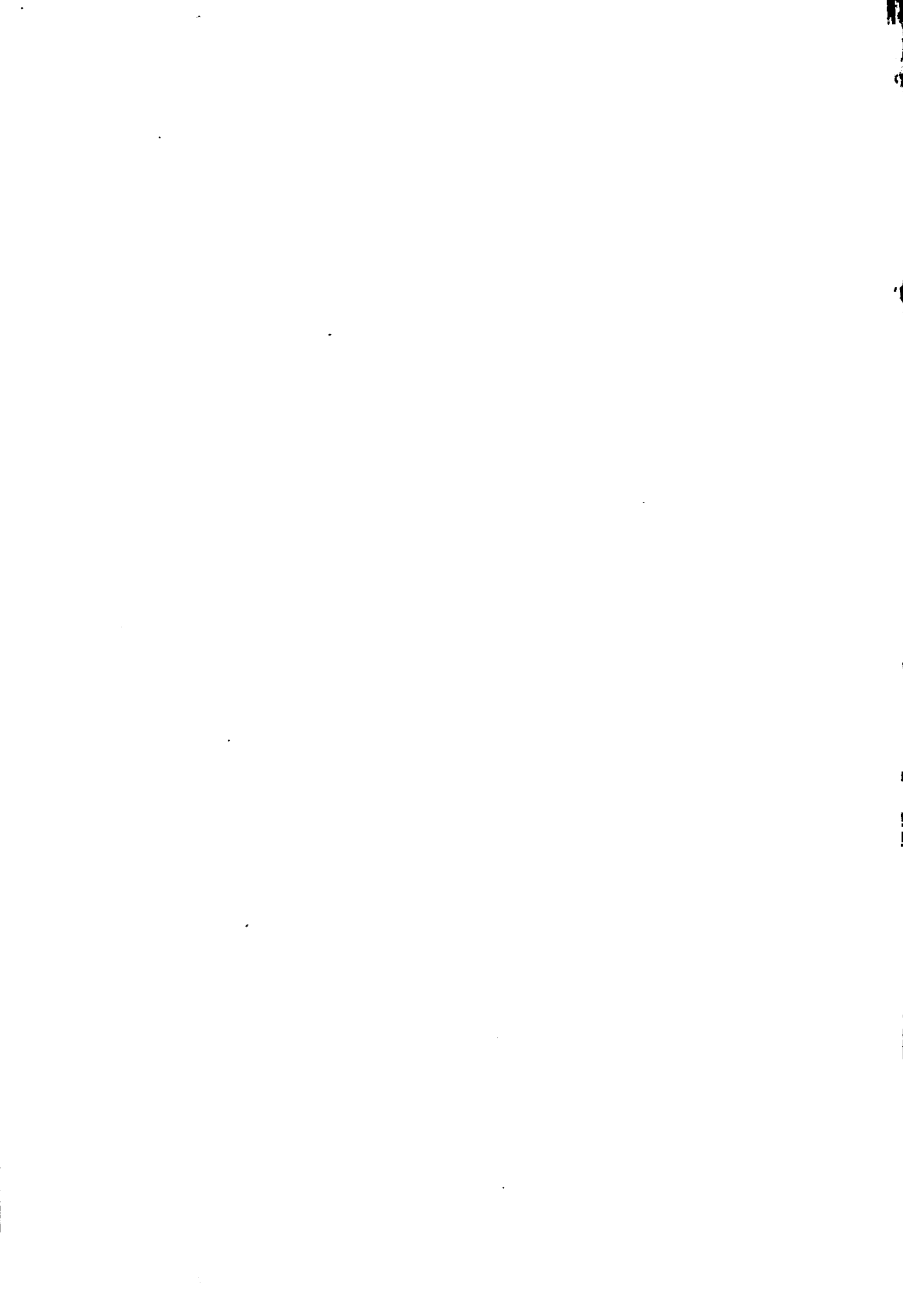




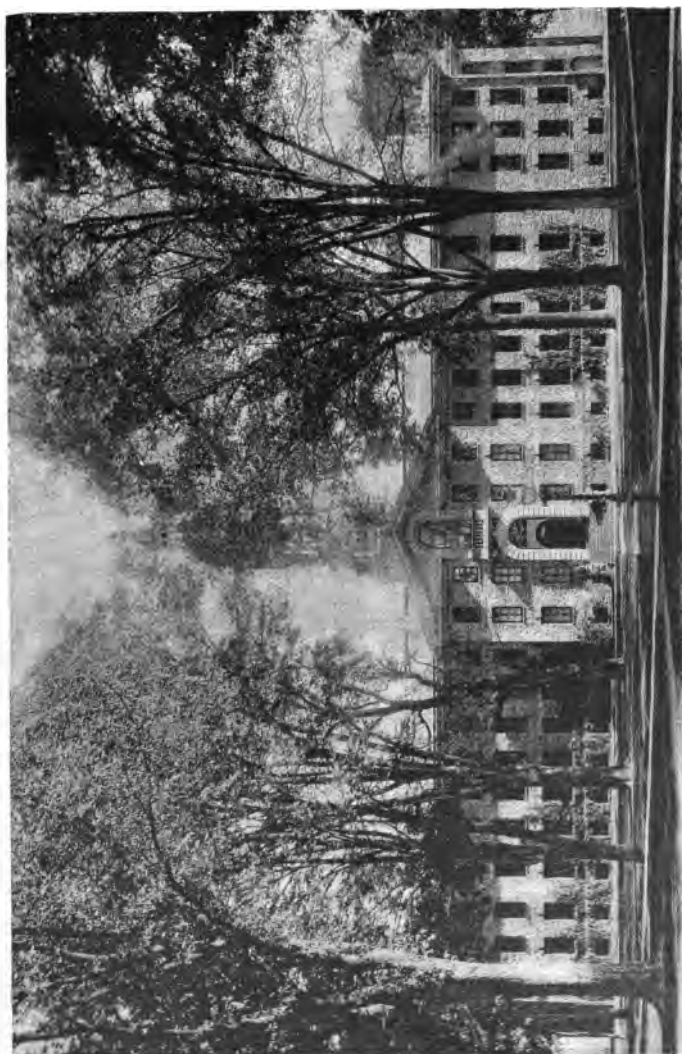












*Frontispiece.*

OLD NASSAU HALL.

# A PRINCETONIAN

EDITOR OF UNDERGRADUATE LITERATURE  
THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

1918

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1918



J. ATKINS NOYES,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

# A PRINCETONIAN

A STORY OF UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT  
THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

BY

JAMES BARNES

CLASS OF '91

AUTHOR OF "FOR KING OR COUNTRY"  
"MIDSHIPMAN FARRAGUT," ETC.

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ILLUSTRATED

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

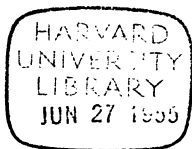
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1896

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

TO THE PRINCETON MAN  
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE  
TO ALL LOVERS AND WELL-WISHERS OF  
OLD NASSAU  
TO AN ALMA MATER  
WHO HAS SHELTERED US AND WHOSE  
PRIDE AND HAPPINESS ARE IN THE WELFARE OF HER CHILDREN  
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED





## PREFACE.

THIS story deals mostly with a time that is recent, but *tempora mutantur*. Some of the references I fear will appeal to memories only. If I have mingled the what-might-have-been with what-really-did-occur, I shall make no excuse. I have done this with the idea in my head that the one might seem quite as probable as the other.

If I have been personal, it is without malice, and if I have the merit to stir your recollections, I am rewarded.

One thing will never change, the Princeton spirit. I trust that it can be felt in this tale from old Princeton in the measure that it stirs the heart of the writer.



## CONTENTS.

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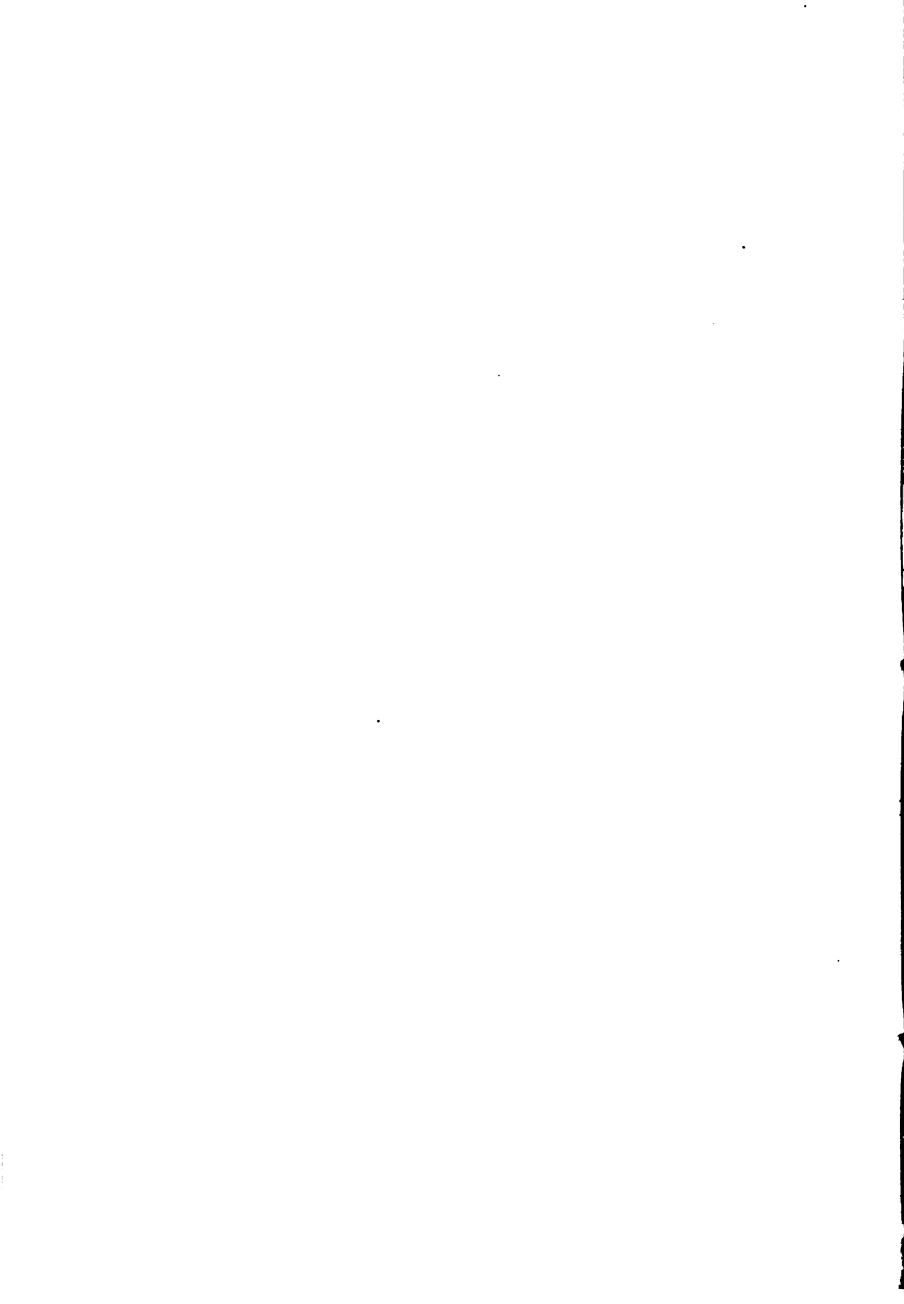
CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AN AMBITIOUS DEPUTY . . . .	I
II. CARMINA PRINCETONIA . . . .	11
III. AB INITIO . . . . .	25
IV. QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM . .	32
V. WORK, STUFF, AND NONSENSE . .	50
VI. A CONVERSION . . . . .	71
VII. A RETROSPECTION AND AN INTER- RUPTION . . . . .	75
VIII. THE HERO OF A TEA-FIGHT . .	81
IX. THE YOUNG MAN WITH A PURPOSE,	98
X. THE DANCE . . . . .	106
XI. THE BLUE DEVILS . . . . .	116
XII. A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION . .	124
XIII. THE MAN IN THE 'VARSITY SWEATER . . . . .	138
XIV. CONSEQUENCES . . . . .	152
XV. A CHANGE OF FRONT . . . . .	162
XVI. THE WRONG TACK . . . . .	179
XVII. SPRING TERM . . . . .	187
XVIII. A CHANGE OF PURPOSE . . .	196

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIX. COMMENCEMENT . . .	209
XX. A SET BACK . . .	220
XXI. IN HARNESS . . .	236
XXII. A PARTNERSHIP . . .	254
XXIII. SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID . .	265
XXIV. PARTISANS . . .	273
XXV. SENIOR YEAR . . .	296
XXVI. IN TOWN . . .	305
XXVII. CONVALESCENT . . .	313
XXVIII. A HOUSE-PARTY . . .	322
XXIX. PATRICK EXPLAINS . . .	333
XXX. A DISCOVERY . . .	342
XXXI. A PARTING . . .	357
XXXII. A PALAVER . . .	364
XXXIII. A CALL . . .	378
XXXIV. IN SEARCH OF REST . . .	393
XXXV. A FEW DEVELOPMENTS . .	400
XXXVI. ALLIES . . .	407
XXXVII. AMOR VINCIT . . .	416
XXXVIII. TWO INTERVIEWS . . .	423

## ILLUSTRATIONS

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	PAGE
OLD NASSAU HALL . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"A GRAY BENT OLD MAN" . . .	74
UNDER THE ELMS . . . . .	97



# A PRINCETONIAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### AN AMBITIOUS DEPUTY.

THE combination store of Van Clees & Jackson looked out upon the huge, empty square. It had a high, false front, with very tall lettering upon it. This notified people who drove into the town of Oakland (by any one of the roads that wiggled out across the prairie) that Van Clees & Jackson sold everything and anything.

In front of the store on a tall pedestal was the only wooden Indian in town, and just inside the window was a handsome show-case filled with cigars in very gaudy boxes; next was a lamp with little alcohol tapers, and then came the soda-water fountain. But there was more. There were boots and shoes, and rolls of cloth



and calico, and overalls, and jumpers, and cutlery. The back part of the long room was permeated with the smell of nails and ham; with the insistent sub-effluvia of oats, of tea, and of cinnamon. Rows of brilliantly wrapped canned vegetables lined the shelves, and beautiful advertising chromos were tacked up in conspicuous places. Anything that could possibly be wished for, could be bought, and anything not in sight, could be ordered,—from a Walter Wood reaper, to an Amoskeag fire engine.

It was a Monday morning, and it had been raining. If there was one dismal place to look out upon when it rained it was the town of Oakland. Through the obscuring drizzle, the wooden buildings that surrounded the square looked like huge freight cars, all ready at a signal to be pulled out in different directions. The residences of the townsfolk were not very much in evidence, but rambled off toward the railroad station a half mile or more away.

A big farm wagon towed by two plunging grays, their legs brown with mud, trundled and rumbled noisily through the heavy ruts and stopped at Van Clees & Jackson's platform. A young man in a yellow "slicker," with a

beard growing up to his eyes, tied the reins to the seat and jumped out. After an admonitory curse at the tired horses, he flung open the door and stamped into the store.

He peered down the narrow room.

"Hello, Newt!" he shouted, leaning over the counter, and giving a fat, gray cat a poke with the butt of his whip, "Going to the dance this evening?"

This remark was not addressed to the cat, as might be supposed, but to a young man who sat at a desk with a tall wooden railing, reading a book by the light of a dimly burning lamp.

"Well, I don't know, Al," this young man answered, untangling his legs from the rungs of the high stool. "Mabel has kinder set her heart on going, so I suppose I'll turn up. Are the Dixon boys coming?"

"Harry calls off the figures, so he told me," said the first speaker, "and Dirk's goin' to play the fiddle. Let's have some pipe-fodder. I'm run out."

The clerk walked down behind the counter, but, before he reached up on the shelf, the two young men shook hands, without making any further remarks at all.

When Al had pocketed the tobacco, which was tied up in a long, tight bag like a sausage, he slouched into a comfortable position and poked the gray cat again; this offended her dignity evidently, for she slid silently from the counter and dodged behind a flour barrel.

"The *Eagle* kinder complimented you on the way you took Bord McGovern last Wednesday," said Al, giving a glance out across the square at the only brick building in town (which happened to be the jail), "an' Sheriff Holly says you done a good piece of work too," he added.

"Oh, pshaw!" said the clerk, "It was n't much. Bord did n't have anything against me. He came along as peaceably as a lamb."

"More like a bull with a ring in his nose, I reckon," said the other. "He'd swan he'd drill a hole through any one that tried to take him."

"Changed his mind, I guess," was the calm rejoinder. "How are things out your way?"

Al pushed himself to his feet and began buttoning his long, yellow coat.

"Oh, looking up a little," he answered; "going to dig a new well this spring."

"That so? Don't forget to give us the order for the wind-mill," called the other.

"Bet your life I won't," said Al, from the threshold; then he slammed the door behind him, thumped into the spring seat, and cursed the horses into action.

Newton Wilberforce Hart, for that was the clerk's name in full, went back to the lamp (it was very dark in the store on rainy days) and opened his book. It was an old-fashioned volume and it gave forth the attractive, musty smell that the bookworm delights in. It was written by somebody (long since forgotten) on *The Laws of Civil Government*. The young man read a few lines, and then closed the book with a snap that sent some of the loose way-bills flying off the desk lid on to the floor. He picked them carefully up, and, turning down the lamp, walked to the front of the store. Two months before he had been appointed deputy sheriff, and had signalized his appointment immediately by taking into custody Mr. Bord McGovern, who, after committing various offences great and small, had long defied the authorities along the Platte River; the gentleman's last little venture being the wounding of

a United States Marshal, who objected to the manner in which Mr. McGovern dispensed bad corn whiskey at his State-line shanty.

It would have pleased most men, or women, for that matter, who studied character, to look at Messrs. Van Clees and Jackson's chief clerk. He had a great pair of shoulders, and a broad, flat back; his face was not handsome, but his eyes were well set in his head; his thick hair rose straight from his forehead and waved slightly at the top, much in the manner that we see affected in portraits of the early part of the century. His face was smooth-shaven, which was out of the usual run in a place where the barber always complimented the young men on their mustaches, but it had the blue-black appearance of a heavy growth of beard. Mr. Hart's mouth was straight and very strong; he stood a shade over six feet in his boots, and the scales in the back of the store had shown his weight to be one hundred and eighty pounds with his coat off. He was twenty-three years old.

A year before, when he had been teaching the school at the Junction, he had first made a name for himself by bumping two of the schol-

ars' heads together, and compelling the largest, a husky youth of nineteen, to write, "I will be a good boy," twenty times on the black-board. As the failure of the Junction school had been attributed to the muscular resistance made by this youth and his companions to the introduction of knowledge thereabouts, the committee had upheld Mr. Hart, and, strange to say, the unruly scholars had become his friends and admirers. It was one of these who was going to call off the figures at the coming dance.

As he stood looking into the rain, the deputy sheriff was thinking things over. He realized the difficulties which confronted him; it was his ambition to become a member of the bar of the State of Nebraska, but the obstacles that arose before his vision were great and many; the necessity of knowledge never appeared so strong as it had in the last few weeks.

Suddenly there was a clattering on the rickety stairway that led down from the second floor. Hart recognized the footsteps, and sang out, "Hullo!" without turning to see who it was.

The Van Clees lived up above, and Hart's courtship of the buxom daughter of the senior

member had been conducted at first by conversations up the stairway, but, after the capture of Bord McGovern, Mabel's heart had softened, and Van Clees, greatly delighted, had accepted his clerk as his future son-in-law. It was father Van Clees himself who was coming down the stairway. Odd to remark, Mr. Hart called his employer by a nick-name.

"I say, Van," he said, "we'll have to get a boom on this town somehow. Did you ever see anything so dead as that?"

He nodded his head toward the square, where two or three spectral-looking horses, tied to a well-gnawed hitching post, were the only living things in sight.

"There was a man here last week going to put in a lumber yard," said Mr. Van Clees, yawning, and taking a position by his clerk's side. "Look here, Newt, how would you like to go to Omaha to-morrow, and buy a bill of goods? I think we could do better than ordering by mail. Look at them cheeses last week."

"Why, certainly, I will go," said Hart, turning. "There are some things I would like to get there too." He had in his mind a ring among the other things.

"Newt! Oh, Newt!" came a voice down the stairway.

Mr. Van Clees jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"She's kinder anxious about the dance to-night; wants to know what to wear."

Hart moved quickly back to the stairs, and, after some conversation in a low voice, trotted up to the second story. The older man smiled contentedly. It would be a relief to him to have his daughter married. To tell the truth, she had a will of her own, and had displayed a partiality for somehow getting into conversation with the drummers, and Mr. Van Clees distrusted the travelling fraternity, having an opinion of his own concerning their habits and their general ideas about young women. With the aid of the village dressmaker and the fashion papers, Miss Van Clees had long been renowned as the best-dressed girl in town. But the father hoped that the cares of matrimony would tone her down as a mere matter of economy.

It might be well to say that "Jackson," whose name appeared upon the advertisements of the store, was a silent partner who lived some thirty miles away at Platemouth, whence



he shipped cattle and hogs to the hungry East. The prospective father-in-law was wording in his mind a letter to his partner, telling him the news of Mabel's engagement, when a woman with a wet shawl around her head, and a basket upon her arm, entered the store.

Mr. Van Clees dropped his cogitations to sell her a side of bacon.

## CHAPTER II.

### CARMINA PRINCETONIA.

THERE was a long Pullman sleeping-car resting on the side-track in the Omaha freight yards. A banner that stretched along the side had the word "Princeton" upon it in black letters on an orange background.

Inside there was a great deal of hubbub and confusion. Young men were dressing in various parts of the car, that was thick with clouds of tobacco smoke, and there was the sound of the tuning of banjos.

"Great Snakes! I'll have to buy a shirt before I go on the stage to-night!" said a young man, who had upset the contents of a dress-suit case on a seat by the window. "Biff Wainwright did n't do anything to this last night,—only stepped on it when he got into the bunk. It looks like a hoop after a circus lady is through with it, does n't it, eh?"

"Oh, you are too particular, Bliss," returned a good-looking chap with a Southern drawl. "Who's seen my studs? I hope there'll be some pretty girls there to-night."

"Say, I'd like to get into Hollingsworth's trunk," remarked Bliss. "These heelers take too much room anyhow. He's got a wash-line full of shirts. It's enough to make him bilious."

John Hollingsworth, who was already dressed in an immaculate suit, closed the trunk lid with a snap.

"Go to thunder!" he said; "wear your own shirts." Then he turned to the looking-glass, and brazenly inspected his shadowy mustache.

"If you get on the wrong key to-night, Tommy Wilson," said Emory Smith, the Glee Club leader, knocking a short youth on the top of the head with his ebony baton, "I'll have you sued for breach of contract."

"He'll be sued for breach of promise before he gets through with this trip," said a deep bass voice from another compartment. "The way he carried on with that little yaller-haired thing at Kansas City was scandalous. Let's chain him up to-night."

"Chain nothing," said Tommy Wilson, who had the mobile face of the comedian, and a twinkle in his eyes that never failed to catch his audience. "You fellows are jest 'jealous. Now we handsome men——"

"Oh, shut up!" said one of the banjo players. "If you don't get a move on you, and get dressed, Tommy, you'll be late again. Then the 'gentleman of the cash box' will throw a fine at you."

At this, a tall, rather sleepy-looking youth turned about. He put a finishing touch to his white tie, and came down the aisle of the car.

"Now I want all you fellows to be witnesses," he said, "that I have bought Tommy a pair of suspenders. He had on the porter's last night."

"Oh, but they were giddy," said Tommy, "kinder hated to give 'em up; brought me luck."

But he took the ones Manager Bishop handed him, objecting strongly, however, to the style, "because they did not have a flower garden on 'em."

"There's one of our posters," said some one, looking out of the window, and pointing to a

bill-board fence. "Read as you run: 'Concert! Princeton College Glee and Banjo Clubs!'" he quoted; then he added: "Come one; come all; bring your children; make the little tots happy—you don't word these things right, Manager! You should star the performers like Tommy here, and have a street parade in advance, and you have n't said anything about the 'Maudlin Club' at all. Oh, I tell you, I have a head like a tack."

In a few minutes the banjos and mandolins were placed in their leather cases, and, leaving the porter (who promptly went to bed in the most comfortable bunk) in sole charge of the car, the party of well dressed and gaily hilarious young men crossed the freight yard, and wended their way toward the big hotel near the opera house, at which the concert was to be given.

"Newton Wilberforce Hart," read the manager, from the hotel register. There it was written in a round, strong hand that was more or less characteristic of Mr. Hart's personal appearance.

The latter had arrived only a few minutes before the Glee Club came into the hotel; he

had made up his mind that he would go to the theatre that night, if there was anything in town, and the big posters of the college entertainment outside the hotel door had caught his eye. But he had not decided, and being very hungry he had gone into the dining-room and had taken a seat in the corner, when he heard the sound of men's voices talking together, as the Glee Club entered in a body.

They excited a great deal of interest among the other guests of the hotel, and Hart, who had his napkin tucked in at his collar and spread across his broad chest, found himself watching them attentively. He had the Westerner's contempt for the East, and had placed the college graduate in a category of his own. Although he had never been thrown in contact with the type, he was prejudiced entirely in the matter, thinking that the college man was apt to be self-satisfied, assuming, and somewhat useless.

But there were two or three young men at the table whose shoulders were quite as broad as his own, and whom the deputy sheriff would have picked out in an instant as bad men to handle in a "rough-and-tumble." Besides this,

they minded their own business, and, although their good spirits were evident, their manners were very different from those of a travelling minstrel show that he had once seen at this same hotel. The head waiter bowed them out of the room with a graciousness that was different from his usual condescension. Hart had secretly admired their well-fitting clothes, and, noticing that they did not have their napkins tucked around their necks, he had pulled his down into his lap.

When he went out into the rotunda of the hotel, he found himself at the cigar counter at the same moment with a young man of almost his own age who said, "After you," politely, as both reached forward toward the match safe. Hart was not bashful, and the remark had broken the ice. He struck a match and held it for the other to light his cigar. "Where can I get a ticket for your show to-night?" he inquired.

"At the Opera House," was the answer.

"Oh, I did n't know," said Hart, "but what you sent out invitations, or something."

"No," said the other, "we are just like any other show, and have to run the same chances."

"I did n't know but that your *Alumni* helped you," said Hart, who knew he used the word correctly.

"Oh, they do,—once a college man, always a college man," was the response. "I hope you 'll come." He nodded pleasantly, and walked away toward a group that was seated in a corner.

The manager was acting as whipper-in and was gathering the clan, as it were, preparatory to starting. Hart followed them to the Opera House and bought his ticket from a business-like young chap, who assumed the position of agent behind the little glass window. When he entered the orchestra circle, he was shown politely to his seat by another of the young men he had recognized as one of the party at table.

Soon the big hall began to fill.

Never in his life had the young deputy sheriff seen so many well dressed people together. There was a chatter and hum of conversation that was confounding; people bowed and nodded to one another, and the young men who were acting as ushers stopped and spoke to many of the girls. Every one appeared to



*expect* a good time. There was nothing of the sitting-in-judgment that Hart had noticed in the audiences of the few entertainments he had attended. It was all very new to him.

Soon the curtain went up, and the white-fronted little army marched out from the wings. It was not like the minstrel show at all; they appeared really quite dignified and much at their ease as they formed in line at the centre of the stage. The leader stood in front. He gave a little toot with something like a penny whistle that he had in his hand; made two or three flourishes with his baton, and at once the young men burst out into a marching chorus with a swing and spirit that set Hart's feet to keeping time. He looked at the program and found that the words of the first song were printed there in full. He read them as the song went on:

" Tune every heart and every voice,  
    Bid every care withdraw,  
Let all with one accord rejoice  
    In praise of old Nassau !"

And so it went. The music stirred with the words, and at the end Hart found himself applauding as loudly as the old gentleman

behind him who had brought his daughters to hear the old song again.

"They sing it a little faster than they used to," the old gentleman remarked.

But, hold! They were all back again.

The encore was not printed, but Hart caught the words:

"Through the four long years of college,  
'Midst the scenes we loved so well,  
Where the mystic charm to knowledge  
We vainly seek to spell."

"Mystic charm to knowledge" touched a chord in Mr. Hart's bosom. What would he not give to have the advantages that these young men evidently seemed to appreciate. A desire to learn more about it all came to his mind. But the Glee Club had left the stage, and the men with the banjos were coming on. They each dragged forward a chair from the back of the scenery and seated themselves. Now it was more like the minstrel show. They did not all strike the same attitudes (in fact, some were not very graceful). However, it was a rattling good jig they played, and Hart thought it would have delighted the Dixon boys to have heard it.

"I 'll get the music of that," he said to himself, "and have Dirk learn it."

Then Mr. Hart thought how much Mabel would enjoy being there with him. The prospects, however, were that he never might have the pleasure of going to another entertainment like this, and the dreary square of Oakland rose up before him.

But despite this, and to make it short, Mr. Hart enjoyed the evening hugely. He laughed at "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "Mary's Little Lamb" with the "Ba, ba" chorus. He enjoyed the tinkling of the mandolins and Tommy Wilson's tale about a man who fell up or down three flights of stairs, and he was tickled to death at Tommy's imitation of a hee-hawing donkey, and wanted to tell him how good it was.

At last it was all over, and he drifted out with the audience, and went back to the hotel. There, in the corridor, he again met his friend with whom he had exchanged the few remarks after dinner.

"Best show I ever saw," he said. "You won't mind my asking you some questions, will you?"

"Why, no," said the other, "fire away."

"Could you tell me how much it costs to go to college?" (Mr. Hart flushed at the idea of *his* going to college.)

"Well," replied the young man, "I came there with one hundred and fifty dollars, and mud on my boots. But it all depends."

"I suppose I'd be too old to go to school now," suggested Mr. Hart.

"Oh, I don't know," said the other, "I worked on a farm five years before I thought of going. If I'd known what it was going to be, I'd have worked five years longer rather than have given it up."

"Oh," said Mr. Hart.

"If you'll let me have your address, I'll send you some books on the subject," the college man continued. "But, hold on," he exclaimed, come down to the car, and see how we live.—My name's Franklin."

"My name's Hart."

They shook hands.

"I'll introduce you to some of the boys," said Franklin.

Hart was delighted, and they left the hotel and walked toward the car. All the way down

the dark street they chattered, and at last they reached the freight yard and stumbled out across the tracks.

"Why, I was a 'Long-horn,' a regular hayseed, when I came to college," said Franklin, continuing the subject of their conversation. "Seems a long time ago, but it's only four years. Take care of that switch-bar, it nearly broke my leg!"

"Thank you. What are you going to do when you leave?" asked Hart, who had allowed his new friend to lead the way.

"Don't know, exactly," Franklin returned. "All I want is the chance."

"That's what I've said for a long time," replied Hart, "but chances are not lying loose in the place from which I come. I am afraid," he added, retrospectively, "it's a one-horse town."

When the two entered the Glee Club car (which they found had been moved down the track), there were only a few of the members present, most of them having stayed up in the town to attend a small reception given by one of the *Alumni*.

Mr. Hart's guide introduced him to four or five young fellows, who, Hart noticed, did not

have their hair parted in the middle (he had considered this fashion characteristic of college men in general); they welcomed him, and soon he was smoking and joining in the talking. Tommy Wilson had not stayed for the reception, and Hart congratulated him on his solo; expressing pleasure at the songs he had heard; he was immediately presented with a book containing them with the notes and music, and when he had shown his admiration for the jig the banjoists had played, one of the latter proposed copying it, and promised to send it to him. Altogether, Mr. Hart had a very fine evening, and when he left the car he had made up his mind to talk a certain idea over with his prospective father-in-law, and also see what Mabel thought of it.

As soon as their guest had left, Ned Bliss thrust his head out from his bunk.

"If those wild Indians make any noise when they come in to-night, let's chloroform them," he remarked. "But I say, Buck" (this was addressed to Franklin), "that was a mighty nice chap, that prairie friend of yours."

Franklin responded sleepily from behind the curtain.

"I think I sized him up about right," he said. "He's got the proper stuff in him,—and what is more, I think he'd play football."

"Did you notice his neck?" asked the banjo player, who was putting his eyes out trying to read in an upper berth. "He's a second Hector,—am I right, or am I right?"

The sound of voices was heard outside just then, and a detachment of the club came in. They evidently did not feel in the mood for "wild Indian" antics, for, seeing that the others were apparently asleep, they went to bed quietly themselves which was wonderful to relate.

Buck Franklin was as good as his word, however, and in three weeks' time, Newton Wilberforce Hart received a package by mail. It was some old entrance examination papers, notes on text-books, and a catalogue of the University. It was this that caused him to broach the subject seriously to Mr. Van Clees, with the result that he was left to decide matters for himself,—the usual method in such cases. Mabel had at first objected, but had suddenly changed her mind in rather an unaccountable way.

## CHAPTER III.

### AB INITIO.

ON the way up from Princeton Junction as the engine coughed and choked along the marvellous grade, and slid with a grasp about the next-to-impossible curves, Simeon Tolker Congreve, aged eighteen, gazed up and down the car and heartily wished that his mother had not insisted upon accompanying him.

"It makes one feel so awful young," Simeon was thinking. "It's more like going to boarding school than college."

But he took heart when he saw a sweet-faced matron sitting just in front of him carefully rearrange the neck-tie of a tall young man with a tendency to growing whiskers.

"I'll bet a bean," said Mr. Congreve to himself, resting his eye on the occupants of the corner seat, "that those two fellows [they had smiled at the neck-tie affair] are sophomores."



It was no credit to Simeon's discernment to make this statement. One of the youths he looked at so enviously had the sophomoric earmarks, and the other had a new hat-box with his initials plainly marked on the top, which would have pronounced him a junior to the initiated. Each, however, carried a silver-headed stick.

"There's my old room," spoke up one of these two as Witherspoon Hall came into sight. He made this remark with the air of returning as an old man to the haunts of his youth.

"I wired Hiram to meet me at the station and take my bags," said the other. "What do you think of the freshmen?"

They glanced boldly into the faces that lined both sides of the car.

"Fruit," said one of them. "Did you notice the big fellow down the aisle? He looks as if he might play football, don't you think?"

"Pretty good build for it," was the rejoinder.

Mr. Congreve, who had overheard the conversation, turned about. Directly behind him sat a broad-shouldered figure. The little black satin tie caught under the bone collar button

and the cheap straw hat could not detract from the resolute look on the sun-browned face of the young man who gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"Hoosier," remarked the sophomore, who had said "fruit" before.

"Yeppy," was the answer. "Here we are in a minute at the station, old chap."

After a final struggle to catch its breath, the engine slid along the wooden platform and came to a stop.

Simeon helped his mother down the steps and noticed as he did so that the young man with the black tie was directly behind him. Firmly grasped in his big-knuckled right hand was a brand new imitation leather bag—the kind peddlers carry,—and a worn paper bundle was under his arm.

"We had better call on the President first," said Mrs. Congreve, brushing the dust from her sleeves, and giving her son's shoulder a tap. "I want to meet him. You must have a dry, airy room, Simeon, dear."

There were a number of youths in orange-and-black caps waiting at the station. When they saw the two young men, who carried

walking sticks, they came up and slapped them on the back.

"Hullo, Jack—Hullo, old boy—Hullo, Clark—Hullo, fellows! Hullo, Hollingsworth!" There was a studied carelessness in the dress of the welcomers and a pronounced partiality for pipe-smoking and corduroy trousers.

The freshmen stepped about them quite conscious of being contemptuously gazed upon, and the noisy hackmen gobbled up bags and boxes. Two short Jehus with fat, bull-dog faces called the sophomores by name and were scorned in return for it. Some colored room-servants were waiting also to take up anything thrown at them. "Hiram" was conspicuous.

As the train backed out like a ferry-boat from a slip, the broad-shouldered stranger with the paper bundle was left standing alone.

The group of young men in orange-and-black caps had given a cheer for something or other, and now gathered about the tall figure.

"Glad to see ye in taeown," said one of the corduroy-clad young gentlemen with a good imitation of a "Shore Acre" accent.

"Thank you, sir," said the "Hoosier," look-

ing up at the campus. "Can you tell me where I would find the college officers?"

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, "we are all going over that way. Have you come to pay our honored college a visit, or do you intend to enroll your name as an applicant for the degree of A.S.S.?"

"I don't know," replied the broad-shouldered young man, who towered above the crowd around him, "I've come to try for the examinations."

A fox terrier with a roguish black eye had been sniffing around his trousers. He bent down and patted the dog as he picked up his bag.

"You had a very narrow escape with your life," said another young man, who had drawn back with an assumption of horror, "that dog likes fresh meat."

"Pooh! He looks good-natured," said the "Hoosier," tweaking the dog's ear. He did not seem to be at all overcome by his surroundings.

The party crossed a desert of cinders and loose gravel and climbed some worn stone steps up to the campus.

"What building is that, sir?" asked the freshman, looking at the great mass of Wither-spoon, in whose windows could be seen seated a number of flannel-clad figures who shouted down to the group on the path.

"That 's Gee-Whiz Hall. You had better apply for a room there. Don't let 'em bluff you. Insist on getting one. What State are you from?"

"Thank you, sir; I 'm from Nebraska. Western part—Oakland. Guess you never heard of it."

Baiting a freshman who was so oblivious to his terrible position afforded little pleasure to his inquisitors, and, besides, he was so big that there was not much fun in it any way. Some one pointed out the college offices, and the group left him.

"That fellow 's no fool, I can tell you," said one.

"Did you ever see such a neck and shoulders in your life, and he 's got a hand like a ham," said another.

"Perhaps he can fill Greene's place at guard," observed a third. "Greene 's not coming back,

you know. Going to get married or something—just our luck, is n't it?"

In the meantime the object of their conversation had entered the little building where the Registrar held court. Here he found that a cheap room in Edwards Hall had already been engaged for Newton Wilberforce Hart, and that Franklin was evidently looking out for him.

## CHAPTER IV.

### QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

IT was toward the latter half of the first entrance examination—all was silence and gloom within and sunshine and shouting without—baseballs were in the air and a very amateur battery was practising beneath the window.

Congreve looked about the room. He had just printed Q. E. D. in very large letters at the end of a labyrinth of algebraic signs and formulæ. He was quite sure in his own mind that he was entirely wrong, but, nevertheless, Q. E. D. looked well in place.

In the next seat to him, writing with a long gold pencil attached to his heavy watch chain, was a short young man, very natty in dress, with a big pearl horse-shoe in his spotted neck-tie. He had nearly finished his paper, and he occasionally shuffled with his feet. At last he looked at his huge gold watch, and, despite the

fact that the time was quite evident by a glance at the face, he pressed a spring and the hour rang out in the repeater's musical tinkling notes. So still was the room that the sound was quite audible, and even the professor, seated cross-legged on the platform, looked up. The young man closed the watch with a snap, heaved a sigh, and, walking down the aisle, was the first to give in his papers. Inscribed in a bold hand on the outside sheet was, "L. Putney Betts, New York, New York."

There was a flutter as he passed.

Once outside the door, he paused and drew a cigarette from a silver case.

"Dead easy," he said: "struck four out of five. Knew 'em by heart." Then he chuckled, "There 's nothing like having a professor's brother for a tutor," he remarked to himself; "there 's where I had a great head."

But to return to the busy room again.

The big freshman was seated in one of the back seats. His brow was wrinkled and he had run his fingers so often through his hair that it stood up from his head in all directions like an aurora. At last, however, he wrote his name carefully in the right-hand corner of his paper



and walked to the professor's desk. The latter glanced up from his book, and turned the paper about so as to read the signature. It read Newton Wilberforce Hart, Oakland, Nebraska.

Mr. Congreve, who had been drawing a picture of a yacht on the arm of the seat, grew nervous; several more candidates had gone out of the room. He glanced at the questions again. To his delight Simeon Tolker remembered having once had the next problem given him at St. Paul's. He wrote Q. E. D. a little bit larger and, if anything, more distinctly than before; and now there seemed to be an epidemic of finishing; figure after figure left their seats and the pile of little white pamphlets on the professor's desk grew taller and taller.

Soon only a dozen or so were left and there was but one problem for Mr. Congreve to answer. A short thick-set youth with eyeglasses was drumming on his teeth with the end of his lead pencil. As he caught Congreve's eye, he winked and shook his head hopelessly; at last, however, he dashed his name on the paper with a flourish, yawned extravagantly, and sauntered slowly down the aisle. Congreve was

at his heels. When they emerged into the sunlight, the latter turned and spoke :

“Stickler, was n’t it?”

“Mucilaginous,” replied the young man with glasses; “I hope he does n’t send mine to *Puck*.”

“It ’s a funny thing how you can forget now, is n’t it? My name is Congreve.”

“And mine is Golatly,” replied the other.

They shook hands. In another moment there was quite a group about the door-way, and after a short discussion upon the examination, the freshmen strolled off in groups of three and four.

L. Putney Betts had been fortunate enough to secure a room in University Hall. As he had already been in Princeton for the past week tutoring, it was quite habitable. There were yachting pictures and English sporting prints all over the walls. A handsome mahogany cigar box with silver handles rested upon the table. The room was filled with blue smoke and the odor of very excellent tobacco. The window seat was packed with young men who

appeared to be very much at home. It was ten o'clock at night.

Three or four uncomfortable-looking figures sat about in chairs. A roar of laughter broke out and even the uncomfortable figures joined in.

The occasion of the merriment, Terence Golatly, emerged from the bedroom. He was in charge of a pudding faced individual who wore an orange-and-black Tam O'Shanter.

"As Master of Ceremonies, gentlemen, I beg to introduce this promising little boy who will talk of politics in his native city, Newark," said the fat sophomore.

Freshman Golatly was attired in a dressing gown and had on his head a waste-paper basket, shaped like an Uncle Sam's beaver hat. If this was hazing, there was nothing cruel in it—he apparently was enjoying his position as much as the rest.

L. Putney Betts nervously passed the handsome cigar box.

There is no use recording Mr. Golatly's oratorical outburst; but in the midst of it there was an interruption. Three or four freshmen entered the room, and among them the broad-

shouldered man from Nebraska. He glanced awkwardly around, declined a cigar, and leaned back in the corner.

"That will do," said some one from the window seat, after the young man from Newark had rambled on at some length; "let 's, let 's try what somebody else can do for us." He approached one of the figures seated against the wall.

"Dance, sing, or tell a story. What 's your name?" he said.

"My name is James," was the answer. The speaker was a slim, sharp-featured lad with deep-set eyes like a young hawk's. He was sun-burned and had a keen air about him. His fingers showed the marks of the base-ball player. "Oh, I say," he replied, "I 'm no good at anything of that kind, or I would do it in a minute. Ask some one else.

"Try the large infant in the corner," came another suggestion from one of the visitors. Thus publicly dared, the sophomore walked up to Hart.

"Come, come," he said, "let 's see what you 're good for. Do a stunt, you son of Anak."

Mr. Hart appeared quite embarrassed. It all

seemed very foolish to him, though he tried to smile good-humoredly, but there was a nervous twinkle in his eyes that should have been a warning.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is Huckleberry John, the Hoosier Giant. You will find him pleasing and affable in conversation. He also has his photographs for sale," began the sophomore. Encouraged by the success of this attempt to be amusing, the orator bowed. "Bow, John," he said, and struck the tall man from Oakland a sharp blow on the back of the head, and just here something happened! Where it came from the assumed showman never knew, but there seemed to be an explosion before his eyes, and he went backwards across the room, bringing down a chair, and upsetting two of his classmates who had seated themselves on the edge of the sofa. There was a dead silence, and Hart was the first to break it. He had partially taken off his coat, but he slipped it on again hurriedly. His face was very white, and he spoke with an effort.

"I did n't mean to hit you so hard," he said, "but you made me mad cuffing a fellow like that,—no fun in it."

It would have been all right if it had not been for the foolhardiness of the discomfited sophomore. As soon as he regained his feet, he picked up a small book from the table, and hurled it with all his might. It caught Hart squarely in the forehead. Everyone gasped, but the tall figure walked over to where the now frightened crowd were gathered in the window seat.

"Get out of this! I have had enough of all of you," he said. "Get out!"

This was a nice way for a freshman to address members of the class above him. No one stirred, and there was an uncomfortable silence. "Clear out!" said Hart again, a little louder.

He stretched out one big hand and caught the sophomore nearest to him by the back of his coat. This lad had played on his class football team, and he ducked and grabbed the freshman by the knees. Then commenced what was described as a "rukus" in resounding Alexandrines from the pen of Mr. Terence Golatly and spoken by him on many occasions afterwards.

At once there was a rush made by the unbidden guests. They swarmed at the big fresh-

man valiantly. The swaying crowd backed against L. Putney Betts's centre-table and over went the drop-light and fine cigar box.

It was dark as a pocket. Some one ran down the hall-way and thumped upon the door, for the noise had startled the dwellers in the rooms along the corridor.

"Here's Mat! Here's Mat!" they shouted, and joined in the pounding.

In the darkness and confusion a deep puffing voice was heard.

"What's going on here? Let me in! Stop it there!"

The door opened and a burly figure forced its way through the crowd.

Well known, well liked, and feared, Matt Goldie, the proctor, had hardly ever failed to stop or quell any disturbance by the mere intervention of his presence. But this occasion was an exception.

To and fro in the darkness surged the struggling mass. Matt extended his great arms.

"Stop this right here," he cried, "or you will be all up before the faculty! Do you hear what I say!"

He had grasped two of the combatants and tossed them to either side, when, suddenly, he

himself was caught by a strong pair of arms and down he went.

Some one struck a match. It went out at once. But in the brief spurt of light those around had caught a glimpse of a battle royal on the floor.

The sophomores had withdrawn from the fight and had retreated into the hall, but Hart, blind with rage, was grappling with one who had been reckoned only a few years before as the strongest man in Princeton.

A second match was struck and the drop light held in L. Putney Betts's trembling hands was lit. Straining like two fighting bulls were the proctor and the ex-deputy-sheriff, trying to roll from under the table.

"Who are you?" asked Hart, unclasping his fingers to get a stronger grip upon his opponent's collar.

"I am the proctor of the college," panted Matt, whose years told upon him.

"I don't care if you are the President," said Hart, "let go of me or I'll choke your throat."

At last they parted cautiously, and getting to their feet stood looking at one another. The crowd in the hall whispered excitedly.

"What is your name?" panted Matt.



Hart gave it in full, but his spirit sank within him. No one smiled. Was this to be the end of his college career? He thought of the miles he had travelled,—of what he had given up. Despair and anger filled his soul.

“Is this your room?”

“No, sir; I have a small room in Edwards.”

The proctor still breathing hard cleared the crowd out of the hallway. The hilarity that had been going on had ceased entirely, and the freshmen were seated silently about. Newton Wilberforce Hart was much depressed. He had straightened his crumpled collar and brushed his torn clothes, and was now twisting his big fingers nervously. Never had he felt so young or so foolish in his life.

An upper-class man knocked on the door. He had been one of the group who had gathered outside. Every one knew him; his pictures had appeared in the illustrated papers for the last three years—Minton, the Half-Back.

“You had better go over to your room, old chap,” he said, addressing Hart; “I will see if I can’t straighten matters out. I would n’t hang around here any more, if I were you.”

The big freshman waited a few minutes and

then, accompanied by three or four of his class, he walked across the campus. Another figure joined them at the corner of the observatory—"Hullo! don't you remember me; I'm Bliss—met you at the Glee Club car," said a cheerful voice.

When Hart reached his little room in Edwards, there was some lettering in green painted upon the door. He did not appear to notice what was written there, as the hall was but dimly lighted.

Bidding his friends good-night, he closed the door behind him and slipped the bolt.

Simeon Tolker Congreve turned to the others who had accompanied him. He struck a match, lighted a cigarette, and then he saw that the lettering had been done within the last few minutes, for the paint was running.

The legend ran, "CAVE CANUM! Do not touch. This animal is dangerous."

Congreve daubed his finger with the pigment and inscribed beneath, "Q. E. D." "Quod erat demonstrandum, which is a true fact," he added.

"By the horn spoon, I wish he was rooming with me," said L. Putney Betts.

When the others had gone Hart seated himself on the edge of the narrow little bedstead. He leaned his head forward in his hands. Such a feeling of hopelessness came over him, such a great wave of self-pity and remorse (that he had ever been foolish enough to imagine that a man of his age could adapt himself to a college existence) overwhelmed him to the extent that he could hardly control the bitter curses that came to his lips.

All at once there was a knock on the door. Hart arose. There was a devilish expression in his face. It would have gone hard for any sophomore who would have dared to put his head inside that room.

"By the Lord, I'll kill 'em," said the Westerner, through his clenched teeth. "Who's there?" he called aloud.

"It's I, Franklin," was the answer. "Don't you remember? Omaha, you know."

Hart dropped the little poker which he had taken from the fireplace and opened the door.

"Come in," he said, with an effort to be polite.

Franklin noticed, however, that Hart's hand was shaking nervously as he turned up the sin-

gle gas-jet. He seated himself in the only chair, and Hart leaned back against the bare mantelpiece.

"Well," said Franklin at last, seeing that he was expected to speak first, "how did you pass to-day's examinations, and what do you think of it?"

"I wish to God I had never come," said the ex-deputy-sheriff; "this is no place for a man like me. Why," he added, half smiling and yet angry at the recollection, "they treated me like a pesky tender-foot. I got riled up and got into a rukus with the proctor of the college, I believe. I expect I shall be expelled in the morning. Expelled!" He laughed bitterly. "There's a fine rocket for you. But I'm very much obliged for all you've done for me, I'm sure."

Franklin stood up. He stepped over and put one hand on Hart's shoulder, but there was no patronizing in the action.

"Look here, old man," he said, "now don't get disgusted. I went through this same thing when I came here, and you may have it for a week, but don't give up. The most of these fellows are not so old as you and I, and look

at things very differently. You've got to put up with some of it—there's a lot else that will make amends. After what happened to-night you'll never be bothered again. But you must not be above things at the first, whether you like them or not. You will have to enter in somehow and have them over with."

"I don't exactly understand you," said Hart.

"Well, just for instance," said Franklin, "there are things that freshmen are expected to do. Why, Heaven knows, but they've always been done. They steal the clapper out of the bell. They paste what they term 'proclamations' all over the scenery, and very often they behave like hyenas. Now, it is not necessary for you to lead in any of this, you see, but you're a freshman, you know, and your class would not like to be sneered at by one of its own members. After a few weeks, or a month or so, you'll have begun to make your friends. Then you can pick out a line of action for yourself. But if there's any way that you can help without doing any harm, pitch in! It may be amusing or not; but then it's a sort of a duty. Now the cane spree——"

"What 's a cane spree?" inquired Hart.

"Well," said Franklin, "the sophs pick out three men from their class, and you pick out three men from yours. They catch hold of a stick and see who can get it. Of course, you 'll be chosen."

"Give me a chance," said Hart, grimly.

Franklin laughed. "You 'll get it. You 'll get your stick, too, old man," he said.

At this moment there came another knock on the door.

"That 's Minton," said the senior, as the half-back came into the room.

"Hullo, Buck," he said ; "I 've fixed things all right with Matt. There 'll be no report made of that affair. Matt thinks you 're a 'dindy,'" he said, turning to Hart.

"Hope I did n't hurt him," said the latter.

"That 's just what he said about you," replied the half-back, laughing.

"Oh, I guess I 'm all right."

A voice was heard at this juncture in the hallway. "Throw him down, McCloskey," sung in quick-march time, echoed along the walls.

"Here comes Noisy Tom," said Franklin ;

and Tommy Wilson appeared on the door-sill.

"Hullo, you 've not forgotten me?" he exclaimed, coming into the room, with the chorus of the song still on his lips. "Don't you remember in the Glee Club car in Omaha you told me that I imitated a jackass more successfully than any man you ever met."

They all laughed and Tommy began to talk torrents of words. Hart found himself feeling much more at ease, and when they had all shaken hands with him, he bade them good-night and went to bed, relieved of much of the bitterness that he had felt an hour or so previously. But he dreamed that Matt, the proctor, was gunning for him with a revolver, and that Mabel had come on all the way from Oakland to tell him to "look out for himself."

He was awakened the next morning by the ringing of the chapel bell, and as he walked along the pathway he was conscious that he was being pointed out. He had that uncomfortable feeling that people of retiring dispositions have when they are being talked about.

After the services were over he was joined by several young fellows whom he recognized as

his own classmates, and who apparently esteemed it quite an honor to walk over with him toward the hall in which he was to attend his first recitation.



## CHAPTER V.

### WORK, STUFF, AND NONSENSE.

A WEEK went by; a week that meant a great deal to many members of the freshman class, but to none more than it did to Newton Hart. Much to his surprise he found that he had passed all of his examinations with the exception of one, in which he had received a partial condition. He was congratulated by Franklin and by all of the young men whom he had met upon the Glee Club trip, finding to his delight that they remembered him and apparently were glad to see him.

He thought of telegraphing the news of his having passed the examinations to Oakland, but he remembered that possibly Mabel would not understand,—and then rates were high. So he wrote a long letter, which, if it had been read between the lines, would have decided one that Mr. Hart had not altogether settled

the question whether he had done wisely or foolishly in coming to college. Another thing would have been apparent—that he was really rather homesick.

The expenses that he found he had to incur were much less than he had had any idea of, but friends had been working for him, and he found that Franklin and Tommy Wilson had secured for him an eating club (where he did not have to wait on the table, but only kept the accounts), and for this small trouble his boarding dues were remitted.

The rent of the small room at Edwards amounted to very little; and the furniture had been purchased fifth or sixth hand at one of the college shops.

Hart was the first in the recitation rooms and the last to leave. He took notes of the professors' lectures with a seriousness that was flattering and which in a freshman is bound to attract attention. In fact, merely on account of his age and personal appearance he had been discussed by the members of the faculty, and it might be said that they as a body had their eyes upon him.

Another thing had happened which was of great importance. He was now president of his

class. This was the result of rather unusual circumstances. At the first class meeting, the freshmen, not knowing one another, were generally disturbed by the sophomores, who crept in to upset the proceedings, if possible. Hart's figure and his age marked him at once, as we have said, among his classmates. He had entered the room in which the meeting was being held and found perfect pandemonium. Young men were jumping up all over the room, some standing on chairs. The meeting was presided over by a junior, who lacked the qualifications necessary to enforce either silence or respect. He was rapping upon the desk with a black-board eraser, which only sufficed to enclose him in a chalky cloud.

Hart stood in the background for a minute until something that was being said got his ear. He was well up in parliamentary law.

"That's not the way to go about it," he remarked to a slim, pale-featured youth alongside of him. "Why don't they stop all this talk and propose nominations and organize. Let some one have the floor."

"Get up and tell them," said the slim youth, "you can do it."

Hart stood on a chair. "Gentlemen!" he began.

The effect was quite wonderful. He hushed the gathering as if they had been children (which some of them really were), and to his surprise Hart found himself talking in a low voice, but with intense determination in every gesture of his heavy hand. Order began to reign, and when three or four intruding sophomores, who had been the cause of the uproar, had been unceremoniously bundled out of the room, the chairman announced that nominations were in order for President. Three or four jumped to their feet at once.

"I nominate that man," said a little shrill-voiced boy who managed to get the word in first. He pointed his finger at Hart. "I don't know the gentleman's name," he said, "but it seems to me he 'll do."

There was a stamping of feet and an incoherent cheer.

And thus it happened that Newton Wilberforce Hart, of Oakland, Nebraska, had to carry upon his shoulders what he considered a tremendous responsibility, for he took it as a most serious matter.

An hour after the meeting, as he was puzzling over a Greek verb in his room, he stopped and thought. It was not a conceited thought that had flashed across his mind ; but it was this : He might be here for something after all ! He could see that his experience was bound to help him. He had felt somehow that these lads, so much younger than himself, were looking to him to help them through, for he had come to regard the freshman year as a very difficult term of service. He longed in truth for the comforts that upper-class men seemed to possess in being able to mind their own business, if nothing else. Yet, although a great deal of the hubbub appeared froth and foolishness to him, he had ceased to hold it all in such contempt.

Since his first night in college no one had attempted to haze or interfere with him. A few whistlings and remarks upon the campus he had ignored entirely. But he was to indulge in one little escapade (which was long afterwards remembered, by the way), and as this makes a story in itself, it may be brought in without really being a digression, before we go deeply into any one's personal history.

Congreve, Golatly, and L. Putney Betts, who

had attached themselves to Hart, and who apparently were glad to be seen with him, lived in University Hall. If there was any trouble or mischief afoot in the freshman class, Matt, the proctor, had learned by short experience to put their names down first on his list of suspects. Their motto was happily expressed by Mr. Golatly when he said: "What is the use of living, if you are not in it?"

But all this brings us to a night when the class of 189- was only three weeks old. There was dead silence down the corridors at University Hall, when suddenly it was broken by the sound of a low thick voice:

"Ged oop! Ged oop! in dere."

Then followed some incoherent words, and there was a rapping on freshman Congreve's door. It was Steve, the old German night-watchman, ally of all the freshmen in University Hall.

Hearing the racket, Congreve started up in bed. "Heavens! What's happened?" he said to himself, throwing off the blankets.

"Ged oop quivickly," came in mumbling accents from the hallway. "Vat is de matter

in dere! Vy dond you ged oop, Mr. Congreve?"

"It may be a fire," Congreve said to himself, his heart beginning to thump loudly.

It was pitch dark and two o'clock in the morning—the clock struck the hour just as he opened the door.

"De sophomores are gedding out the progla-mations," said Steve in a whisper that could be heard at the end of the corridor.

At first the meaning did not penetrate Congreve's sleep-muddled brain. Finally, however, he remembered what it meant. He, Betts, Terence, Golatly, and Jimmie James, freshmen of course, and as yet in good standing before the faculty, had gone down to Trenton three or four times in the last week to see about the printing of their own class utterances of defiance; wherein the members of the class above them were decried and slurred upon in a jumble of incoherent and turgid English. The sophomores generally began this little game and the printers profited.

As these notices were addressed to the world in general, and often pasted upon long-distance freight cars, they probably had puzzled many

who had never heard of the College of New Jersey.

"Have you told Mr. Betts?" inquired Congreve, putting his suspenders over his night-robe.

"He is oop, yes, ten minutes," said Steve; "told me to come and vake you—if I could."

Congreve hurried into a coat, and going down the hallway found Betts dressing in the dark.

"Now get the others out," the latter said without a word of greeting, "you know the juniors told us to do it quietly. "Let's go over and get old 'Cave Canum' and make him fuss for us."

"Have you got the procs?" inquired Congreve.

"Here's a bale of 'em," said Betts, hauling out a long bundle from under the bed. "I have made fresh stickum every night for the last three days, and I have got it in the bathroom, by the great horn spoon!"

He disappeared, and Congreve heard him stumbling about. Suddenly there was a howl, a splash, and the sound of muttering.

Betts's bathroom consisted of a closet, on the floor of which was a big hat tub. In the dark-



ness he had stepped upon the edge, and the tub had sprung up at him.

Congreve began to laugh. "You're a prize jay," he remarked into the depths of the closet.

"Feel me, I'm soaking wet," was all Betts said when he emerged.

Congreve went off into another fit of laughter. "Had n't you better mop it up?" he asked.

"No, let it go," replied Betts; "we have n't time. Here, take the magoo."

After producing a complete bill-poster's outfit from the lower bureau drawer, the two conspirators stole down the stairway.

It was a mild September night. There was a deal of dampness in the air, and so dark was it that they could hardly see the path before them as they walked across the campus.

"When we get over to 'Gentle' Hart's, we will divide our forces," said freshman Betts. "Always divide your forces, you know, for strategy's sake."

They entered the hallway at Edwards and stole carefully down to the room that had the legend in green paint, "Cave canum!" upon the panels. Congreve knocked softly with the back of his finger nails and they were admitted.

Three or four of their classmates had gathered there. The gas was burning low, and a blanket had been tacked up at the narrow little window. Charles Townes, a pursy youth from Washington, D. C., was seated on the edge of the bed, He was yawning. "Gentle" Hart was drawing on a pair of cowhide boots. Jimmie James, "the Hawk-Faced Man," as he was called, was pulling away at a corncob pipe. As the others entered the room questions were fired and answered in hoarse whispers.

The sophomores had been seen a half hour ago, and one of their proclamations was pasted on the side of the railway station. Charlie Townes had read it himself with the aid of a match.

"Why did n't you tear it down?" asked Terence Golatly, who had just come in.

"It had such a good thing on you, McFadden, my boy."

"I would not take your judgment," said Golatly, "you have no wit."

"It 's time we were starting, don't you guess?" said Hart, who treated the whole expedition very seriously. He had, the day after his talk with Franklin, received politely a long

lecture from a condescending junior upon proclamation posting and clapper stealing, and seeing that it was placed before him in the light of a duty, he had determined to enter into the venture because it was expected of him ; but his expressed opinion was that it was " stuff and nonsense."

L. Putney Betts was chosen to lay out the plan of campaign, and at once sent one of the group around to rouse up a dozen or so of the larger freshmen and tear down the proclamations of the enemy, while he and his party devoted themselves to placing the counter-irritant in conspicuous places.

On the top of the hill to the southward of the Theological Seminary was the iron water-tower of Princeton. It stretched upwards like a huge stove-pipe on a tripod of iron beams and was not an ornament in reckoning up the beauties of the landscape. But it had its uses.

Some time before, an adventurous freshman had been lowered by his companions at the end of a rope, and had painted his class numerals in huge orange and black letters on the side of the iron tank some eighty or ninety feet above the ground. Since then it had be-

come the custom for the succeeding classes to paste their proclamations on each side of the huge letters, and every fall some zealot risked his life to perform this sacred duty.

Down the road in the direction of the water-tower tramped the party in Indian file. On the fence at the roadside near the little church they saw something white and halted.

After several attempts to strike a light, Betts at last succeeded with the last match in the party, and then read the notice aloud. The nonsensical combinations of words and the comical vituperation appeared to anger him.

"Tear it down! Tear the devilish thing down!" he said, and as it had been but freshly pasted up it came off readily.

"Save it," said some one, "as an example of dense ignorance." The proclamation began in the same way as did their own:

"To whom it may concern: Whereas——"

Then on went the little party down the road once more.

"And born without mark, we all see in the dark,  
Like owls in a gooseberry tree,"

hummed Mr. Golatly, as they climbed a fence and went across the meadow.

"Hush!" said the ex-deputy, suddenly; "Don't you hear voices?" They listened. Sure enough. Some one was talking, and the sound came from up in the air, above their heads. Before them loomed the great shape of the iron tower.

"They are at work now," said Congreve, in an excited whisper. Just then a light was struck by some one standing at the bottom of the ladder, which climbed a leg of the tripod and then stretched along the perpendicular sides of the great cylinder itself. The match was used to light a pipe, and the watchers by the fence saw that there was only one figure at the bottom.

"If we could only get hold of him," said Betts, "without the others knowing it, eh!"

"Let's try it," said Hart, in a whisper.

All at once the conversation between the top of the tower and the figure at the bottom of the ladder became more audible.

"Send up that paste, Reddy," called a voice from the sky.

"Y-y-you've got it y-y-yourself," stuttered the voice from below.

"No, we have n't," from the top of the tower.

"W-w-well, I-I have n't s-s-seen it," came from below again.

There was some consultation, and a few angry words from the top. Then another hail.

"Chump says he left it at the fence. I've got half a mind to throw him off." There were some more words.

"Th-th-throw him off," said the figure at the bottom. There was no answer to this, and a long silence followed.

"That's the little red-headed Smart Aleck that was at the 'Prep' with me two years ago," whispered Golatly. "Hush! they're speaking again."

"Go find that paste, Reddy, you jackass!" came the order in the voice that had done all the talking from the sky.

The short figure with the pipe stammered something in reply, and grumblingly stumbled down the path to where the party of freshmen were lying beneath the fence. As he threw his leg over the top rail he was grasped in a pair of mighty arms.

It was one of the peculiarities of the red-headed one's impediment of speech that when excited he became absolutely tongue-tied, and

he carefully avoided allowing his feelings to get the better of him. For this same reason now he was so surprised that he could not utter a word, and the freshman from Nebraska, taking him at such a disadvantage, hurried down the road. He carried the little sophomore as if he were a bag of meal.

Then led by freshman Betts, the rest of the party stepped quickly forward to the base of the water-tower. A white bundle was lying there on the ground.

"Jove! It's their own proclamations," whispered Golatly in Congreve's ear.

"Are you down there, Reddy? Where's that paste?"

"A-a-all right!" answered Golatly, with a good imitation of the stutterer, "S-s-send down a r-r-rope."

"It's hanging alongside the ladder, you bally idiot!" said the voice.

There, sure enough, was a stout cord reaching almost to the ground, and within easy reach.

"P-p-paste on s-s-six," stammered Mr. Golatly, tying a bundle of his own class proclamations at the end of the string. Then he attached

the freshman paste-pot, and the party on top hauled them up. In the darkness the papers looked much alike, the only difference being that the sophomore effusion was printed in dark-green ink, instead of black.

"All O.K.," came the answer from the top of the tower.

"Say, you fellows, I-I-I'm going back to the college," stuttered Golatly, nudging Congreve, and taking up the bundle of papers from the ground. There were some observations from above, but Mr. Golatly vouchsafed no reply, and in the darkness the party stole back to the road.

When they reached it, the success of the exploit was too much for them, and Betts fairly rolled in the dirt.

"McFadden," he said to Golatly, "come to me arms, you're a jewel!"

"I say, you chaps," said Congreve, "let's tear up their 'procs,' and leave a trail along the road. Oh! vote me a piano!"

It was no sooner said than done, and one of the bundles was divided and the fragments scattered by the roadside.

They had found the sophomores' bucket of



paste at the fence corner, and had also found Hart and his captive seated on the railing of a small bridge across a little brook a full mile down the road.

"What shall we do with him?" questioned Hart, removing his arm from the sophomore's shoulder.

"Make him carry the paste. That's what they would do to one of us," said Congreve.

"Don't you trust him with it," put in Golatly; "just have him walk along with us for fun. He's real good company."

The red-headed one was so angry, and had been so frightened at his captor's seriousness, that he did not reply. They were standing just then beside a high board fence which guarded the property of one of the professors.

"Let's begin to put them here," said Congreve.

Under the branches of the great pines which extended above the wall, it was darker than ever. They could hardly see the printing. Golatly smothered one with the "stickum," and put it on the boards. A few yards farther down he did the same thing again. The captive meanwhile had been standing close to the

fence, smoking furiously, the ember in his pipe glowing like a fierce red eye. A dozen or so of the big pasters were distributed in this manner without any comment.

"Where shall we put the rest?" said Congreve, turning to the group, for they had come to the end of the fence.

"I-I-know a good place," stammered the red-headed one, suddenly. "If you will I-I-let go of my hand, you g-g-great big stuff, I'll tell you where it is."

Hart had been leading him along much as a nurse would take an unruly child out for an airing.

"Where is it?" asked Golatly, surprised.

"T-t-other side of town. You will have to hurry. It's where we were going to p-p-put ours."

The big fellow dropped his hand at this traitorous speech, and the prisoner pulled each of his fingers separately to be sure they were in place, then, with a "Come on, you Fresh!" he turned down a lane that led them back along the road.

"I-I-I give you my word of honor, I-I-won't run away," he said, breaking the silence (Hart

had transferred his grasp to the collar of his coat); "I-I-like you fellows anyhow," he added.

Truth was, there was a bare chance just then of Reddy's joining their ranks and losing his sophomoric standing through a process of faculty conclusions. But this was not in his mind at the present speaking.

"It's a great place. We'd have never thought of looking here for them," said Congreve, as their pilot stopped before a building on the right of the road. "By Jove! How dark it is! Take care! This is barbed wire!"

The sophomore now appeared quite as eager as the rest at the success of the venture. He held up the strand of sharp points and pointed out good places to paste the proclamation. So black was it that these desecrators of the township seat of learning had to feel their way, but they pasted six of the big papers in conspicuous positions and went back into the road.

"Now there are as-as good places all the way along t-t-toward t-t-town. Please let me go now, I've done the best I could," said the sophomore.

So at every fence and every gate post they

left a memento of their journeying. It was growing a bit lighter and they could discern faint streaks in the eastern sky, when suddenly Freshman Simeon Tolker Congreve started as he smoothed out the last poster.

"Fellows!" he exclaimed, "they are all printed in green; they're the sophomores! Those were our 'procs' we tore up! Great Peter! Are n't we Lulus!"

"Where's that red-headed, stuttering rascal?" said Golatly.

"I don't know," said Hart, from the top of a fence. "He was here a minute ago."

Then he laughed, but he was the only one who viewed matters in a comical light.

"We are a pack of fools," said Golatly, seriously. "I'm going to send a bill for my services."

Congreve half smiled. "Let's go back and tear them all down," he said.

"You don't catch me," said Hart; "I'm going back to bed."

In the bright morning light the six freshman manifestoes upon the water-tower were the only ones to be seen, but the roadsides were covered with the screeds of their natural and hereditary enemies, only half obliterated.

The red-headed sophomore, whose name was Mudge, publicly stated that he had compelled the freshmen to follow his orders by the mere effect of his commanding voice and gesture.

“M-m-mind over m-m-matter,” he said.

Terence Golatly celebrated the affair at the water-tower in blank verse, and a member of the faculty related the story with gusto at a meeting of that august body, where, strange to relate, they often crack jokes and often laugh at such nonsensical foolishness as this.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A CONVERSION.

THREE days after the posting by proxy, Hart worked off his condition in Greek.

This really meant more than it seemed ; it left him free to think, and Franklin, who had been coaching him in grammar at odd moments, now insisted on his coming out and trying for the scrub eleven.

"I came here to work. I did n't come here to play games," Hart stated bluntly.

"Oh, yes you did," Franklin replied ; "that's part of your course. Your brains belong to you, —but the college has an interest in that thumping old back of yours."

"Well, I don't see it that way," grumbled Hart. "I'm afraid I'd get fighting mad if they mauled me the way they did you yesterday. Just look at the side of your jaw."

"Let not your angry passions rise," hummed

Franklin, rubbing his face. "Look here, old man, you've got to come down to the 'Varsity grounds and put on a canvas jacket this noon—you've *got* to, you know."

"Oh, get out!" grunted Hart.

"But why not?" he kept thinking. Only two or three practice games had he seen and he had no idea that the whole college was waiting for his appearance. Nevertheless, as he had stood at the side lines, he had felt all the excitement of the strong man who watches the struggles of others; he had itched to try it.

"I believe I could play that game," he said, looking at Franklin from head to foot. "I'd just like a chance to put you on your back." He smiled grimly.

"Good! that's the proper spirit," Franklin laughed. "Shake a leg; it's time we were starting. You'll have to play opposite me. I'll make you hustle."

Green's football togs were a little bit tight and very stiff and muddy, but Hart managed to squeeze into them, and as he came out of the dressing-room he found a small crowd waiting to "size him up," as Tommy Wilson expressed it.

There was a grin on the ex-deputy's face, but of course he was a little excited. The grin was occasioned by thinking of what Mabel would say if she could see him now. "Oh! how funny it all seemed!"

"Looks the part," one of the group of pipe-smoking young men observed, as the football men elbowed their way through.

His class gave him a reckless, uncadenced cheer, at which the sophomores smiled.

To make a long story short, Hart learned a great deal in the next forty-five minutes. His respect for Franklin wonderfully increased. He played off side and received a curt lecture beginning, "I say you," from the scrub captain, without answering back, and two or three times he made a tackle, rather high, of course, but successful. Strange to say, he found that there were so many things to think of that he did not have time to get mad clear through. A graduate player stood behind him coaching every minute, and a wild, fierce excitement came to him, and Franklin made him hustle most convincingly.

When it was all over, and he was walking back to college with Terence Golatly, Jimmie



James, and Betts, Hart delivered himself of the following opinion :

"Boys," he said slowly, "that 's a great game; jingo! Say, really! I 'm glad I came to college."

"You 've got to use your think-tank a bit," said Golatly.

The poor scrub players walked, but the 'Varsity men rode in a 'bus. As the clattering, rumbling vehicle went by, Hart made a mental statement that, although unexpressed, is worth recording, "I 'll ride in that shebang soon," he said to himself.

As the freshmen walked down the path under the arched branches of the elm trees, a gray, bent old man, with a noble head and a kindly smile, stopped and spoke to them. He asked their class and names.

"Freshman or Sophomore, Junior or Senior," observed Golatly, as they walked on after the short interview, "we 're all old Jimmie's kids."

It was irreverent in Terence to speak thus of the college president, but his words had an element of truth.



"A GRAY, BENT OLD MAN."



## CHAPTER VII.

### A RETROSPECTION AND AN INTERRUPTION.

HART was puzzling over a problem in geometry one evening when the door of his room was pushed open and, without knocking, Ned Bliss, one of his friends in the junior class, entered.

"I want to congratulate you, old man, on the great game you put up to-day. I say, you 've got the 'Varsity sure if you keep on. Minton and Elliott were talking about it."

Hart shuffled his feet.

"Oh, I 'm beginning to catch on, perhaps," he said, "but there is a lot to learn in everything; is n't there?"

"I suppose that 's what we are here for," returned Bliss, "but upon my word, I can forget things quicker than any man I know. I hope all I 've forgotten has done me some good.—You 're going to the senior dance?"

"Had n't thought of it," Hart answered. "What is it?"

"Oh, just a dance," said Bliss, taking a seat on a window-sill and drumming with his fingers on the glass. "You had better come. Lots of pretty girls. Care much for dancing?"

"Not much," replied Hart. "I can stumble through a quadrille, if some one calls off the figures."

Bliss smiled.

"I've got my sister's card here," he went on; "you know we fill them out in advance. Would like to put you down for something. We don't have a senior function every year."

He shoved a little card on Hart's desk. The latter blushed.

"I don't know that I would be much of a success," he said, looking at the array of waltzes and two-steps mostly filled with the names of upper-class men.

"There's a lancers," said Bliss, pointing out one of the few remaining blanks with his finger. "Put your sig down there."

"You will have to explain," said Hart, as he did so, "that I aint much of a dancer."

"Well, if you don't want to, you can sit it

*A Retrospection and an Interruption.* 77

out," said Bliss. " Anyhow, I am glad to hear you are coming."

When the junior had left, Hart leaned back and rattled his pencil against his teeth and fell into what Terence Golasly might have called a "trance."

It was a fine night. The windows of the college rooms were open. The tinkle of a banjo and a snatch of a song occasionally wafted out on the air. Young men stopped before the buildings and hulloed up at the buildings. There was a constant chorus of this from all over the campus.

" Hull-l-l-o o, Charlie Jackson!" would come a shout; then " stick—your—head—out—of—the—window," in one long word.

This generally resulted in a conversation (in which any one was entitled to join) between the occupants of a second- or third-story room and some one on the ground.

Hart listened to it all with a sense of unreality. A year ago the idea that he could adapt himself to such a life as this would have seemed impossible. His thoughts travelled back to Oakland. He could smell the ham and combined odors of Van Clees & Jackson's store.

He knew exactly how the square would look. It seemed very long ago and very far away. He felt that he had bidden farewell to it for good and all, and he began in his mind to go yet even farther back to the time he had lived with his father in the little claim shanty on the North Fork of the Platte. He recalled the first book he had read, Wood's *Natural History*, filled with cuts of wonderful birds and beasts. He remembered how he used to spell out the chapters while he attended to the sheep. He could hear now in his imagination the plaintive first bleats of the new-born lambs. And then the day of the freshet, which carried off almost all of the little herd and drowned out the corrals, came to him. Then the death of his father all alone in the sod-house, and the weary ride down to the town for help. The grave with the slab of shale for a head-stone, where they had laid the only relative he knew of in the world, to rest. The kindness that had been shown to him by a German family on the next half section was the next remembrance. Then came his apprenticeship to Mr. Van Cleeves; his attending public school; his growing to be a man, and the awakening of ambi-

tions and desires for other things. Oh! It all seemed very long ago and very far apart, and toward what was he tending now? Life struck him as a very peculiar game in which little things turned the course of existence into unsuspected channels—a very non-original thought, but he dwelt on it.

“Hullo, Pop Hart!” rang out beneath his window.

The interruption had come just as his thoughts had reached the time when Mabel had first come to occupy his mind. He thrust back the letter that he had half taken from his pocket, addressed to him in Miss Van Clees’s round, shaded hand, and walked to the window.

“Hullo!” he answered, squeezing through the window.

“Come out on the campus,” was the rejoinder. “Save the midnight oil, cool your fevered brow, and breathe of liberty.”

It was Terence Golatly, Congeve, and Jimmy James. The light of Mr. Golatly’s cigarette gleamed like a firefly below as he waved it in time to his oration.

Hart turned down the light and put on his shabby wide-awake and joined Terence and the



others below on the grass plot. They strolled over in the direction of Old North. Several young men whom he did not recognize in the half-light called Hart by name as they passed him ; he limped slightly, he had received a wrench in the practice game of the morning.

"How is your ankle, old man?" inquired some one as they passed a group lying at the foot of one of the great elm trees.

"All right, thanks," he answered. But a thrill of pleasure went through his veins, for the inquirer was Minton, the half-back. He remembered feeling the same sensation when Sheriff Holly had congratulated him on the way Bord McGovern had been brought into town.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HERO OF A TEA-FIGHT.

THE afternoon before the "senior function," Ned Bliss, Jed Elliott, the football captain, and Minton, the half-back, were walking across the campus. They were dressed in their very best clothes. Two girls were walking in the midst of the little party, which also included Hollingsworth and a small bearded senior with eye-glasses and a pale ascetic countenance.

Hollingsworth was the only man who wore a silk hat. This of course was the prerogative of the junior, but he alone laid claim to it on this particular afternoon.

One of the girls was walking ahead ; she was very tall and graceful. She had rather a small head, well set above a pair of splendid shoulders, and she stepped like one who enjoyed life.

Her features were very regular, and her eyes,

that were deep-set, were an honest gray, although her hair (she had a wealth of it) was so dark as to be almost black. There was something in her face that resembled Hollingsworth, but in the resemblance a great deal of the pride and the look of rather sneering superiority had been eliminated. Little Miss Bliss, who was walking beside her, was a pretty girl, with that prettiness that is most attractive in the days of early womanhood, and that is prone to change as the spirits are dashed by years or trouble. Her hair curled in a roll above the prominent forehead. Her eyebrows were exquisitely drawn, and as delicate as the lines of a brush stroke.

"What is the matter with your brother to-day?" inquired Miss Bliss, looking up at the tall girl, whose shoulder was about even with the top of her head.

Miss Hollingsworth turned.

"He is awfully grumpy for some reason or other," she replied. "Probably sat up too late."

The truth was Mr. Kenmore Hollingsworth had been sitting up too late for a good many nights in succession, and to-day he was rather

angry and disappointed. Not angry at himself—that would have been quite impossible to his nature; but angry at luck, which meant lost money, and disappointed that his father had refused, in a letter received only half an hour ago to allow him to draw three months' allowance in advance.

As they walked past the old chapel that grateful and righteous sentiment had permitted to hold its innocuous existence under the shadow of Nassau Hall, Bliss leaned across his friend Minton, who was walking next to the tall young woman, and spoke in a low tone, interrupting the conversation.

"Here he comes now," he said.

The girls looked down the pathway. Two figures were approaching.

"Who is that chap with him?" inquired Elliott.

"Oh, he's a character," returned Bliss. "You see characters get nicknamed very early. That's Patrick Corse Heaphy—'the young man with a purpose.'"

Hart and Mr. Heaphy by this time had approached so close that they had stepped off onto the grass to allow the others to go by. As

he and his friend lifted their hats the salute was returned with a few words of greeting by all except Hollingsworth, who laughed rather sneeringly.

"That is the funniest-looking freshman I ever saw," he remarked to the senior with the beard.

The latter, who had not joined in the conversation, raised his eyebrows.

"He looks like a prehistoric Hibernian," he said, "a Stone Age Irishman,—get the idea? Rather fancy there's good material in that chap, eh! I'll draw him out some day."

The little senior, whose name was Danforth, prided himself upon his deep perceptions. He exalted in individuality, and was the apostle of sensation. It was Danforth's one idea to be not eccentric but original. He laid claim to being a cynic, a pessimist, and an unbeliever. Gifted with a mind that grasped quickly and a power of ready expression, he could have gained honest laurels. His wit was ready, and he drank deeper of learning and liquor and showed it less in appearance than any man on the college roster.

Mr. Danforth played an extremely good hand

at poker; wrote good verses that were too wicked for the college literary magazine; and, in his search for artistic sensations, had once smoked hashish behind the locked doors of his room in Witherspoon Hall.

Now, it was toward Witherspoon Hall that the group turned their steps. Ned Bliss was giving a little tea in his rooms, his mother was to join them, and as an evidence that something unusual was going on, a number of other girls, each accompanied by a few satellites, could be seen walking in the direction of Witherspoon along the college walks.

As Hart had passed by he had noticed the tall girl, and his eyes had happened to meet the frank glance of the gray eyes. It had affected him so much for the moment that he had paid little attention to what his companion was saying.

Patrick Corse Heaphy was certainly a character. He sat next to Hart in the class-room, and during the last three or four days the two had struck up quite a friendship.

As Golatly put it, Mr. Heaphy might "wear a French bonnet but he would never get the map of Ireland off his face." The heavy

upper lip, the shock of coarse red hair, and the strong lines to the corners of the mouth would have betrayed him, even without the slight touch of the brogue that was more in the inflection of his sentences than in the pronunciation of his words.

Hart had been at first rather annoyed by Patrick's attentions, but his earnestness, and the bond of sympathy that comes from serious determinations, had rather awakened a desire for better acquaintance.

Heaphy's room was a small one not far from Hart's in Edwards Hall. In a rash moment when visited by a sophomoric press gang, Mr. Heaphy had forcibly stated that he had come to college "for a purpose." As he always walked in quick, short steps, as if the purpose was only a few feet in advance and rapidly receding, the sobriquet had stuck to him.

"That was a pretty young lady," said Hart, interrupting Heaphy's opinions on the morning's lecture in chemistry,—“the tall one I mean.”

"I don't get on very well with ladies," returned Heaphy. "I never know what to say to them. Do you envy people?"

"I don't know," Hart answered ; "I never thought about it."

"I do," answered Heaphy, with a bitterness that Hart failed to recognize. "I envy success. I envy strength. I envy lots of things."

He had started to walk faster and Hart lengthened his stride to keep up with him.

"I like to win," continued Heaphy. "There's a power-r-r," (Mr. Heaphy's rolling r-r was Irish and no mistake)—"a power in it."

"I suppose there is," said Hart, absent-mindedly.

"Power in success," went on Heaphy. "No matter what it is. A fool can be well liked if he chooses, but the other is different."

"Hold your horses," said Hart, "you're getting beyond me."

The "young man with a purpose" did not pursue the subject, but turned it at once.

"Will you come up into my room?" he asked suddenly. "We'll pole our Greek together. Will you come now?"

Hart thanked him and shook his head.

"I think I'll go over to the gym," he said, "and pull those weights."

"Which would you rather do?" inquired



Heaphy, "play the best game of football or win the Baird prizes?"

"I don't know," said Hart, frowning a little, "I never thought about it much."

Without another word he took the cinder cross-path that led in the direction of the gymnasium. Just at the stone steps that led up to the dingy entrances of Witherspoon Hall he ran across the party that he had met on the front campus. Bliss stepped out to meet him.

"I say, old man, won't you come up to my room? We're going to have a little tea-fight up there. A lot of girls, and you will meet a good many you will see to-night at the dance."

Hart at first thought of backing out. He had almost forgotten about the dance.

"I am going over to the gymnasium," he said. "Besides"—he hesitated and Bliss broke in:

"Oh, never mind going over and dressing up; come just as you are. Tommy Wilson's up there in a pair of corduroy breeches."

He plucked Hart's sleeve, and the latter allowed himself to be led toward where the others were standing.

"I am going to present you to Miss Hollings-

worth and my sister," said Bliss. "Miss Hollingsworth is a ripper, don't you think?"

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance," said Hart to each of the young ladies.

Miss Hollingsworth had extended her hand and he had bowed over it not ungracefully. Her brother, whom Hart remembered as one of the heelers of the Glee Club whom he had seen in Omaha, hardly nodded, but Elliott and Minton greeted him in a familiar and friendly way. Danforth, to whom Hart was also introduced, used the latter's own phrase in recognition.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hart," he said, and he spoke tactfully of having desired for some time to meet him.

Despite all this Hart was not altogether at his ease as he followed the others up the worn, narrow stairway. On the second floor, Bliss threw open the doors and ushered the party into his room. It was a typical college interior. There were already some people there, and an odor of brewing tea. There were photographs in profusion, and orange and black bedecked every corner.

On a window seat sat Tommy Wilson in a

very *old* pair of corduroys, and beside him a vivacious little girl, who was playing an almost inaudible accompaniment on a banjo she held across her knee to Tommy's conversation.

Mrs. Bliss, kindly faced, with gray hair and a young girlish figure, welcomed the newcomers, with a little reproach to her son for having been so late.

"I have heard about you, Mr. Hart," she said, extending her hand across the table.

"Oh! And Mr. Minton told us about your adventure with the proctor," put in Miss Hollingsworth.

Hart looked reproachfully at the half-back, but, failing to catch his eye, he answered, flushing:

"I am rather glad the faculty did not hear of it. I am afraid it was very foolish."

"Why, I think it was splendid," said Miss Bliss.

Hart did not know what to reply to this, and he took the cup of tea that Mrs. Bliss extended to him, wondering why she had slipped a slice of lemon in it.

An old colored man, with gray hair and a dignified family-servant countenance, came from the bedroom. The room was so crowded that

he got no farther than the door, where he paused with a large plate of chicken croquettes in one hand and a bowl of salad in the other.

"Won't you pass the croquettes, Mr. Hart?" asked Mrs. Bliss, glancing up kindly.

Looking down rather hopelessly at the cup of tea that he had been blowing to cool a little, Hart stepped forward.

"Let me take your cup," said Miss Hollingsworth, readily, "then you can come back to me and get it,—or here, put it on the corner of the mantelpiece, and I will save your seat for you."

Hart took the plate of croquettes in one hand and the bowl of salad in the other.

Hollingsworth had lifted himself into the window seat on the other side of the girl with the banjo. As Hart approached he said something that caused the girl to stop her playing and look up curiously.

"Won't you have some of this, Miss?" began Hart, politely, and then he saw for the first time that no plates had been handed around. Bliss at this moment came to his rescue.

"Hold on, old man," he said; "wait till I get the platters."

Hart stood there awkwardly, not knowing

what to do, while Bliss passed around and distributed the plates from the table. Hart had just perceived that something in his method of procedure was wrong, when there came the sound of singing from outside. Hollingsworth turned suddenly in response to an interrogation of the girl at his side, and his elbow struck the bottom of the bowl of salad. How it occurred Hart could never tell, but the bowl slipped from his fingers and landed bottom uppermost on the top of Mr. Hollingsworth's silk hat, which received the contents without spilling even so much as a drop of the dressing. Hollingsworth observed the accident with an exclamation of anger.

"The clumsy chump!" he said, looking up at poor Hart, who in his effort to secure the lost balance of the salad bowl had distributed two or three of the croquettes on the floor. "What are you doing?"

"I am very sorry, sir," Hart began.

Hollingsworth was in an irritable mood.

"Oh, get out," he said, "before you do more damage!"

Hart had now grown to be a little angry himself.

"It is your own fault; you did it," he answered, a snap coming to his eyes. "You struck it with your elbow."

Bliss had now for the first time observed the catastrophe. He broke out into a roar of laughter, in which the others joined.

"Who ever heard of handing things around like that anyhow!" went on the owner of the silk hat; and he said something about being "brought up in a saw-mill," beneath his breath.

At this moment the girl in the corner spoke up.

"Oh, never mind that little thing, Mr. Hart," she said. "Your tea is getting cold."

Bliss had relieved his guest of the plate of croquettes, saying in an undertone:

"That's all right, old man; the cleverest thing you ever did."

Poor Hart could not see anything clever in it, and only stumbled through an inaudible reply as he managed to reach the corner where Miss Hollingsworth was seated. She made room for him on the little sofa and reached down the cup of tea. Hart looked at her. Her eyes were full of laughter.

"I am awfully glad you did that," she said;

"it was simply lovely. Now he will have to give up wearing that horrible thing for the rest of the evening at any rate."

Tommy Wilson took up the hat and the bowl just as it was.

"Will any lady in the audience please lend me a gold watch?" he said; "or a wedding ring; or a lace handkerchief would make a good substitute. You have observed, ladies and gentlemen, what my assistant has carefully deposited within this ornamental head gear. Sir," he remarked, turning to Hollingsworth with a mock bow, "pray don't be worried."

"I am sorry I was so awkward," began Hart, in a low voice.

"Don't say a word," interrupted Miss Hollingsworth. "It was most successful, and his getting angry was the funniest thing of all."

In fact the ridicule that Hart had at first felt would have been heaped on him seemed now to cover Hollingsworth, and seeing there was nothing for it, he accepted the situation as gracefully as he could.

The old colored man removed the débris, and things went on much as if nothing had happened. The feeling of embarrassment had

left Hart's mind. The girl at his side had not asked him any questions, but had begun a little story of a similar accident she had once seen at a dinner.

"But it was not half so good as this," she added, at which Hart's spirits rose. "You're coming to the dance to-night?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Hart answered, "I am."

"Miss Bliss told me you had a dance with her," went on Miss Hollingsworth. "I have just one vacant place."

Something prompted Hart to do the proper thing.

"Won't you give it to me?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," said the girl. "It's the fourth,—now, don't forget, will you?"

The party broke up, and it being too late to go over to the gymnasium, Hart went to his room. Suddenly a peculiar thought came to his mind. He remembered that the young men of the Glee Club troupe had all worn what are termed "swallow-tails" in Oakland. The idea that it should ever be necessary for him to possess such a thing had seemed preposterous. What if it were necessary to appear in one at the sophomore dance. He would have given



a great deal to have gotten out of the whole affair, and yet he felt a thrill of disappointment at the idea of missing the fourth figure, as he termed it. It plunged him into despair.

"Hull-l-l-o, Hart!" sounded beneath his window,

It was Franklin.

"May I come up?"

In another moment he had entered the room. Without beating about the bush Hart explained his predicament.

"Yes," said Franklin. "Of course, you have got to wear evening dress. But here's the idea,—take mine. I'm not going. It will just about fit you. Here's the scheme,—come over to my room and dress."

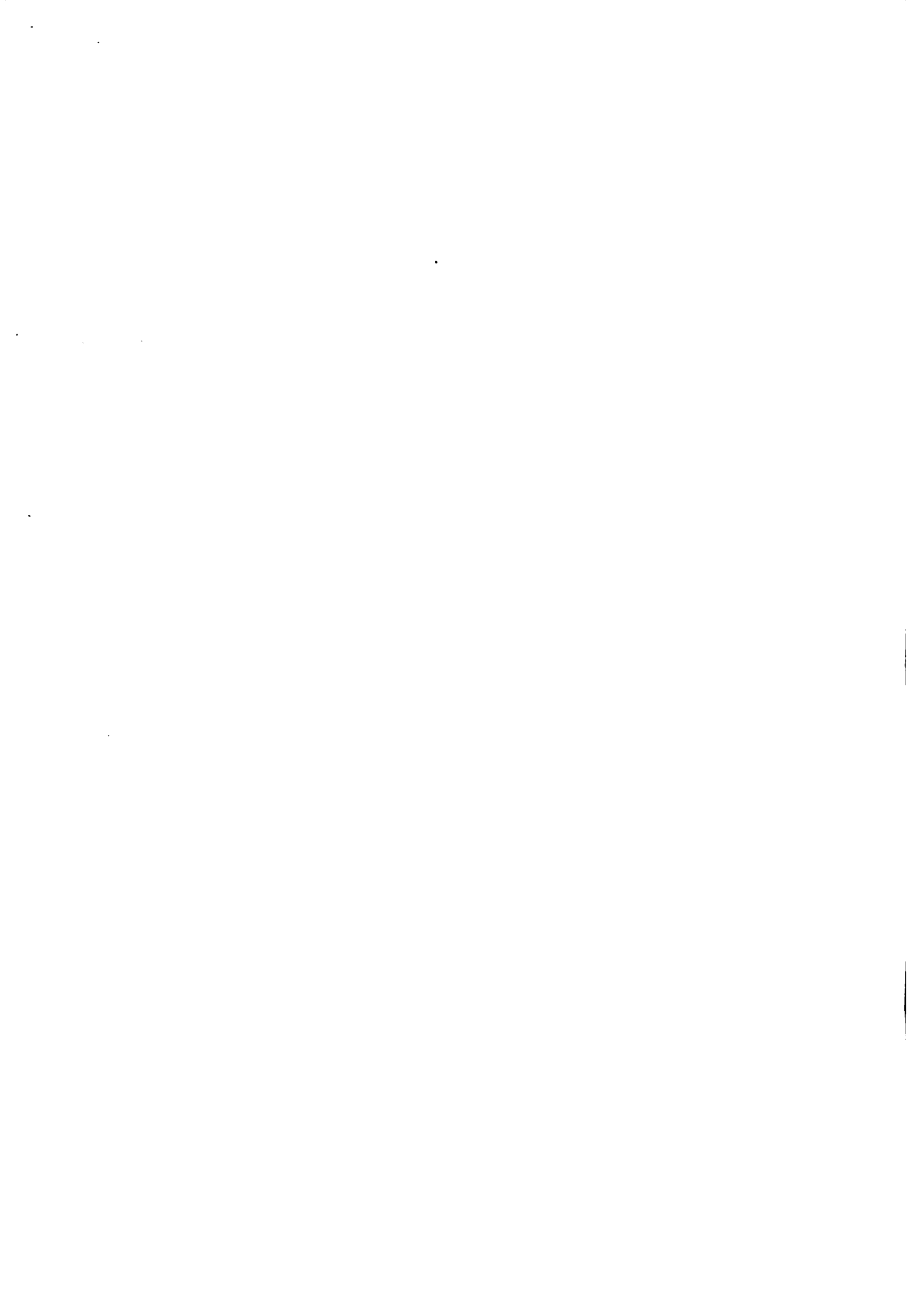
As they went out into the corridor, Patrick Corse Heaphy came up the stairs.

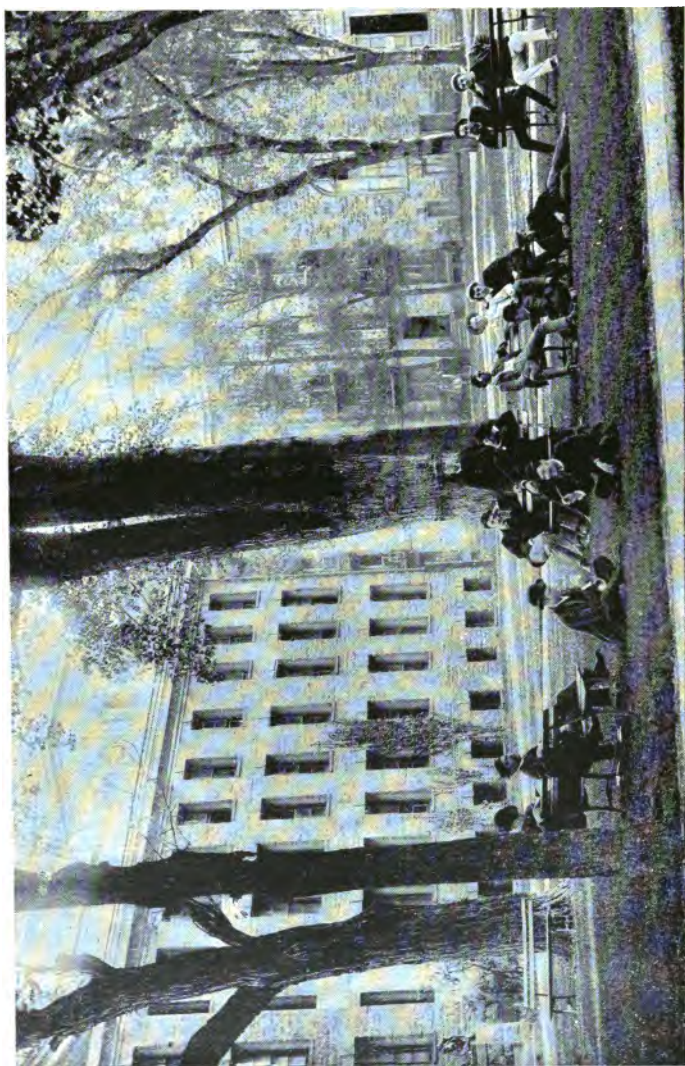
"What are you going to do to-night?" he inquired.

"Going to the dance," answered Hart.

"That's a good idea," Heaphy suddenly responded. "Guess I'll go too."

To tell the truth, Mr. Heaphy had surprised himself in making this statement more than he





UNDER THE ELMS.

had surprised the others. He hesitated a moment, plunged up the stairs, two steps at a time, and slammed the door of his room behind him.

Hart and Franklin stopped and joined one of the groups sitting under the elms on the front campus.

"Queer duck, that friend of yours," observed Franklin. "I wonder what he's going to make out of this place."

"I wonder what I'm going to make out of it," said Hart slowly; "that sort of puzzles me."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE YOUNG MAN WITH A PURPOSE.

BESIDES slamming the door, Mr. Heaphy had carefully locked it. Then he had opened the lid of his trunk and took out some neatly folded clothes. It was a dress suit, ready-made, but cut in the latest fashion. It had never before adorned Mr. Heaphy's person, except upon the occasion when he had tried it on. Why he possessed it, or why he possessed many other things, which did not show or to which he never referred, would have been a mystery. But Heaphy was something of a mystery himself, which may be sufficient excuse for an explanation later. He laid the clothing carefully out on the narrow little bed and sat on a chair at the desk. He half repented of the sudden decision he had made, and as there was an hour or more before he would have to begin to dress, he opened his geometry notes and turned the leaves slowly over with his thumb.

For some time he sat there trying to force his mind to work, but there was one idea that he could not get rid of—Why did he not enjoy things? Why could he not go about life in the careless, happy fashion, after the manner of so many people about him? Even Hart seemed to be catching it,—he was being sought after, his friendship seemed to be desired. *He* was going to make a success. Poor Heaphy sighed. If there had been a feminine streak in his nature he might have wept.

There were many things, however, that the young man with a purpose did not bring into his reasoning. His life had been a most peculiar one, to explain which takes us back to his early youth. It had been spent in luxury. He had been born in a house with a large French mansard roof, and there were any number of beautiful cast-iron statues in the front yard before it—Dianas, Newfoundland dogs, and stags, not forgetting a spurty little fountain with a slimy green cherub.

It was a remarkable fact that Patrick Corse Heaphy's father had had one large regret when his son was born. It was that this small, gurgling, spluttering bunch of life would have to

inherit the name of Heaphy. It would not have been so bad, Patrick's father reasoned within himself, if he were poor, but along with the red hair and the much-despised name, his son would one day inherit wealth, real estate, and the sole ownership of the Pliny Mills, where the elder Heaphy had begun his own successful career at the age of twelve.

Patrick's father had another secret also. He had envied the appearance of those members of the near-by country club, men of his own age, who rode stockily built little horses and drove tandems. Mr. Heaphy had sense enough to know that he would look ridiculous dressed in loose breeches and tight boots, and he felt sure that, if he ever drove a tandem, the leader would turn around and laugh at him ; but he envied these people nevertheless, and would have given worlds to have been one of them. Of this of course he said nothing, not even to his wife. In fact Patrick's father had been a somewhat sensible, shrewd, uneducated snob.

Patrick's mother had become accustomed to her life of luxury only by degrees. Before little Patrick was born she had sat looking out of the window at a laundry-maid hanging up the

wash in the latticed enclosure behind the house. She remembered the time when she had done just the same thing, a clothes-pin in her mouth, the way the laundry-maid was standing. Her knuckles had itched for the ridges of the scrubbing board, and she had craved cabbage and blue corned beef. Her strong-mindedness, however, had been shown by the way she stood out for "Patrick Corse" (her father's name) against "Clarence Alexander," proposed by her husband. And she had lived just long enough to see the result of her victory, for little Patrick was baptized out of a silver soap-dish in his mother's high-ceilinged room, two days before she died.

After Mr. Heaphy had laid his wife to rest beneath a magnificent pile of assorted granite, he had turned his attention to his only son.— "He should be a gentleman and have all his fancy spoke for."

Thus it might seem that young Patrick's path was to be one of roses; but he would have none of it.

The glass pilot-house affair that topped the mansard roof became stocked with Patrick's cast-off playthings. His greatest pleasure was



digging in the garden or working with hammer and nails in the empty chicken-house behind the stable.

He was not pretty as a child ; he had a broad flat face, a well shaped head, and a tangle of coarse red hair. When dressed in his velvet suit and leggings—like the children of the country-club people,—he looked awkward and uncomfortable, and, if the truth be told, at such times he was most unhappy. He had one or two odd habits. If he was puzzled, he scratched his head, and he walked in long strides with his arms hanging loose from his shoulders, like a laboring man. His hands and feet were large and heavy ; there was no elasticity in his figure.

The day before Patrick's eleventh birthday an accident occurred on the railway, and poor Mr. Heaphy the elder had been a victim of the usual conflagration.

The funeral services were not impressive, nor was the scene at the reading of the will. At the reading it was shown that the Pliny Mills were sold. All the property had been given in trust for Patrick in the care of a well-known New York firm, and the income derived therefrom left—as the words ran—"To my son Patrick

for educational and travelling expenses and the covering of expenditures that are necessary to the life of a private gentleman of means and leisure. It is my wish that he engage in *no* mercantile pursuit."

Mr. Heaphy's cat was out of the bag at last. But Patrick, sitting there in an ill-fitting suit of black, swung his heavy feet and ran his fingers through his coarse red hair, unconscious of the amused glances of the lawyers. No one would have thought that the boy was grieving deeply.

And after this, Patrick, having no relatives, had been hustled off to boarding-school. Here he made no intimates, and only once had he attracted attention,—the time when he fought for one whole hour, with a dogged weeping courage, and had the school bully at a standstill.

There had grown upon him during these years—for he spent his vacations at the second master's house—a curious way of walking; he carried his head to one side and raised one shoulder higher than the other. Neither the school physician nor Patrick himself knew that his grandfather (Heaphy, the charcoal man) had carried his head and shoulders in that same

way, and had been the strongest man in thirteen counties. No matter how Patrick dressed he had the appearance of a child of ambitious poverty.

And thus he had come to college, loving no one, trying hard for complete success; his only happiness, hard work,—and eaten up with ambition.

No wonder that this strange, unusual creature should feel bitter against the world. It did not believe in him, he thought, and he had begun to doubt himself—a most unhappy thing to do.

Money to Heaphy meant nothing. He did not know how to spend or how to enjoy it. At the mere scratch of a pen, he could have bought the best room in Witherspoon Hall; he could have hung it with tapestry and filled it with beautiful things.

It is not a remarkable fact that if a man does not know how to spend his income, there are plenty willing to teach him, and Heaphy could have held court and driven tandem, if he had so willed it, but the role of Aladdin held no attraction for him. He had no desire to stroke the lamp or to command the genii. But to return to the room in Edwards and leave this

long digression. Looking up at his cheap little clock, Heaphy perceived that he had just time to run over to his eating club, if he did not wish to go supperless to the reception.

He had never been to a dance in his life, and had it not been for Hart's expressing his own determination to put in an appearance, he would never have thought of such a thing.

Heaphy had determined deliberately to make a friend of Newton Hart, and to win, if possible, his regard.

At about half-past nine Mr. Heaphy had completed his toilet and looked at himself in the glass. He had paid particular attention to his hair, but it stood stiff and straight in a red, wiry tangle that refused to remain parted. Around the narrow standing collar was a white satin tie, forsooth made fast with a palpable elastic band ; and, to complete the tone, he had thrust a black silk handkerchief with a red border into his waistcoat.

With many misgivings he left the room and walked down the corridor, and knocked on Hart's door. There was no answer. His courage almost failed him for a moment, but at last he started alone across the campus for University Hall where the reception was being held.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DANCE.

THE windows were down and the music of the orchestra throbbed on the air. The big veranda (the Hall had originally been intended for a hotel) was enclosed by sheets of canvas. A large crowd was gathered about the entrance. As he approached the table at which the tickets were being sold, it not being an invitation affair, he saw Hart and Congreve in the line ahead of him. The three freshmen entered the room together. It was very brilliantly lighted and decked with banner trophies and long streamers of orange and black. The orchestra occupied the stage at the end of the hall, and the first number had just begun.

Congreve saw a girl whom he knew well in the city, and left Hart and Heaphy standing in the corner. Little Miss Bliss walked by on the arm of a tall senior. She leaned back and

nodded pleasantly to Hart. The senior followed her glance.

"Do you know," he said, "it is a strange thing that in the freshman year about twenty-five men come to the front for some reason and become known to the college at large. It takes two years about to bring the others out. Those two chaps are in the twenty-five. I don't suppose that there is a man in college who does n't know them by sight. Of course the big fellow's belonging to football accounts for it with him, but I think we will hear from the other one too. Strange looking bird!"

Heaphy had begun to feel very ill at ease, and Hart was struggling against the same sensation. As soon as he had come in he had looked around for Miss Hollingsworth and at last he saw her surrounded by a cordon of black coats in the farther corner.

One thing that made Hart nervous was noticing that they danced very differently from the way people danced at Oakland. There was no stamping or calling from one couple to another, and they went through a quadrille without any one shouting out the figures.

He wondered what Mabel would say to the

dresses. Hers had always been the best at Oakland, but somehow he could not exactly imagine her here beside him. He felt sure that she would be uncomfortable. Instead of entering into the gayety, Hart began to be much depressed.

"I would n't know what to say to these people," he thought to himself. "I wonder what they talk about."

Neither he nor the "young man with a purpose" had moved since they had entered the room. Suddenly Bliss caught sight of them and hurried up.

"Look here, can't I introduce you to some of the girls?" he said. "I know four or five good dancers who might give you an extra. There 's Sally Redmond over there,—jolly girl. She 's all alone. Come on!"

He took Hart by the sleeve and led him across the room. Hart felt like a lumbering deep-sea craft in charge of a pilot. Bliss took his time and avoided impending collisions without having to jump for it, and steered through the dangerous shoals of whirling skirts and projecting elbows, and brought his convoy to anchor at last before a little girl seated near

the window ; and now Hart found out what they were talking about.

"Is n't it dreadfully warm, Mr. Hart?" said the girl. As she had been dancing and was fanning herself furiously, Hart agreed.

"The hall looks very pretty, does n't it? You are so clever at decorating things down here!"

Hart looked around him.

"Yes, I think it's pretty," he said.

"Those pillars are dreadfully in the way."

"I should think they were."

This was easy enough. A pause followed.

"The floor is very good," said the girl.

Hart looked at the floor.

"Yes," he remarked, "and it is quite crowded."

From the floor his glance passed to Miss Redmond's face. She appeared to be having a very good time. She was animated and smiling as if they had been indulging in quite a wonderful and brain-enlivening conversation. Somehow Hart began to pluck up courage. He ventured some remark about the music. It was accepted.

Just as they had got back to the weather again



a young man came up and claimed a dance, and Miss Redmond whisked away.

Hart somehow felt amused. In fact he had learned as much in this short conversation as he might have derived from reading a book on the subject. He arose and joined Heaphy. He had found out that by walking slowly people got out of his way.

He did not note the envious look in Heaphy's eyes. The latter took him by the arm. His question rang in such accord with Hart's thoughts that he was forced to smile.

"What did you talk to them? Did you have to pay them compliments?" asked Heaphy.

"No," said Hart, "just let them begin it and agree with what they say."

Again Bliss happened to go by.

"The next is your dance with my sister," he said, tapping Hart on the shoulder. "She is over there near the door."

Hart walked in Miss Bliss's direction. As he came up he saw that Congreve was talking to her.

"Here he is now," said Congreve. "Oh, Pop!"

Hart had become quite used to his nickname.

"I was reciting Golatly's poem about your struggle with Matt."

"You don't know what a hero you are made out to be," said Miss Bliss, looking up at Hart with a laugh.

"Well, I don't feel like one," Hart answered awkwardly. "It's very hot this evening."

"Yes, it is," said Miss Bliss.

"Floor is very good."

Miss Bliss appeared astonished. Somehow the smile of interest was fading away.

"The music is very good too."

"Yes," answered Miss Bliss.

"How pretty the decorations are."

Why, it was as easy as swimming. The music struck up, and Hart after three or four collisions in getting started managed to get through four or five turns of the polka.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Bliss, as they swung near their seat again. "I promised to give half of this to Mr. Hollingsworth."

She left Hart with a little smile, and Hollingsworth guided her away into the crowd.

"I thought you said he was a character,—a hoosier, you called him," said Miss Bliss.

"Well, he is," returned Hollingsworth, "a regular yap. Does n't he talk like it?"

"No such luck," said Miss Bliss, shortly. "He talks like the rest of you, and is just as uninteresting."

Hollingsworth frowned, and the rest of the dance was finished in silence.

Meantime Hart had begun to enjoy himself, when suddenly a qualm struck him about poor Heaphy. Passing Congreve, Hart stopped him.

"Why don't you introduce Heaphy to some of your friends," he said.

"Good idea," said Congreve, "I'll knock him down to Daisy Smith. She'll play tag with him."

But Heaphy was nowhere to be found. Only a few minutes before he had taken his things from the cloak-room and walked away from the hall, added bitterness eating into his heart.

Now it was the fourth figure and Hart approached Miss Hollingsworth. She greeted him with a smile.

"You've not forgotten," she said.

The crowd about her made a little way for him. She took his arm and they walked off slowly.

"It is very warm," Hart began.

He went through the formula that he imagined so successful and had gotten as far as the condition of the floor when Miss Hollingsworth interrupted him.

"Now go on and speak about the music and the decorations," she said. "Heavens, how I enjoy originality!"

Poor Hart was embarrassed now and no mistake.

"Oh, never mind," said Miss Hollingsworth, "I know you are really better than that. Don't let's dance; let's go out on the veranda."

They went through the doorway and found seats together where the air was cool and fresh. Hart had not spoken and now could imagine nothing to start the talk with. Suddenly Miss Hollingsworth began.

"Mr. Bliss told me something about you, Mr. Hart," she said. "Now, I should say that you had a great deal before you. You see, women divide men into two classes at first,—men who are usual, and men who are different."

"Do you mean the usual are indifferent?" asked Hart.

"Now, that's better," said Miss Hollingsworth. "No, I don't. This is what I mean."

And then she went on to explain. Hart found that he had lost all his embarrassment, and to his strange surprise an unusual enjoyment came to him. The girls he had met at Oakland had never talked to him like this. There was an excitement about it.

Miss Hollingsworth was finding a great deal out about her new acquaintance. She had been given by nature the strange gift of being able to draw out the best from people,—to make them interested and interesting.

Hart was telling something of the life in a new town, of the emigrant farmers, their ignorance and suffering. From that he had come to speak of his early youth.

He had grown away from any awkwardness and no man ever forgets a conversation of this kind, or a woman who has once eased the awkwardness of new surroundings.

Suddenly the talk was interrupted by the tall senior who had first spoken of the two freshmen, claiming the dance.

"I hope we shall meet again, Mr. Hart,"

said Miss Hollingsworth, giving her hand as she went away, leaving him alone. He came back into the room for a minute, but had lost all interest in the floor, the music, and the decorations.

Despite the entreaties of Congreve to remain, he got his hat and coat (at least Franklin's coat) and strolled over to the latter's room.

It was quite early and Buck had not gone to bed.

"Well," he asked, "how was it? A success?"

Hart paused.

"Well," he answered, "it was and it was n't."

"You are non-committal," yawned Franklin.

"Perhaps so," said Hart, thoughtfully. "Do you know that there's a lot to learn that's never been put in books."

"That's just life," returned Franklin.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BLUE DEVILS.

"POP, old boy," said L. Putney Betts, "you 've got something on your mind. Your presence exudes a blue haze suggestive of remorse or a dread of impending trouble. Cheer up! Care kills cats, you know."

Hart was sitting in the window with his feet up on the cushion, looking out at Nassau Street. Three or four chilly nights had scattered the leaves from the trees and they littered the walks and roadways. It was now late in October.

The Westerner's appearance had changed not a little in the past two months. He looked somewhat younger than he did when he had climbed up the stone steps from the station, the day of his first encounter with the sophomores. His face had become thinner, but it glowed with health. His coat was open and a big orange P flared on the breast of a new sweater. His only reply to Betts's remark was

a half smile and a straightening back of his shoulders.

"If I did n't know they fed you well at the training-table," put in Terence Golatly, slapping the soles of Hart's feet with the handle of a tennis racket, "I should say that you had the same thing that was the matter with the little bird who sang 'Tit Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow,'—love, or-er-indigestion."

"He's ashamed of the way he treated that big right guard from Lafayette yesterday," said Simeon Tolker Congreve. "You were awfully rude, Pop, and if I were you I should write a letter of apology."

Again Hart smiled. The day before he had played his first game on the 'Varsity eleven (although he had been riding in "that she-bang" for the past week) and, making use of a college expression, in the game referred to, the big freshman had "everlastingly torn his shirt,"—which means that he had accomplished everything expected of him and a little bit more; but there was something on his mind and this was a fact. It was nothing very tangible as yet, and certainly nothing that he could talk about, being merely this :



He had carried a letter from Mabel unopened in his pocket for half a day, and he really found it growing difficult for him to write. He no longer felt thrilled by the mental picture he drew of her, standing at the head of the rickety old stairs that led from the store to the second story of the frame house in Oakland, and even her photograph (with her hair beautifully frizzed with a hot iron), that he had on the mantelpiece of his room in Edwards, failed to stir him. She was very different from—from some one else, the tones of whose voice would not leave his mind, and yet who was as far above him as the stars above the earth—the way he looked at it.

All this made him very unhappy, and made him think that he was somehow a very mean individual, and resulted in his studying harder and playing football with a grim, cool determination in which, perchance, he found some relief.

Miss Hollingsworth had been present at the game with Lafayette the day before, and upon one occasion, when he had dashed through the crowd and fallen on the ball outside the boundary, he had looked up and caught her eye as

she was watching him eagerly from the front seat of an open carriage. Despite himself, his heart had given an almost sickening leap, and he had gone back and thrown the Lafayette guard so heavily, in breaking through the line, that the man from Pennsylvania said afterwards that he "thought he had been hit by freight."

Hart had carefully avoided meeting Miss Hollingsworth, although Bliss, on congratulating him when the struggle was over, had said: "I say, the girls are over there. Why don't you trot across and see them—never mind the dirt."

Hart, however, had hidden himself in the dressing-room and wished to be alone. That night, however, he had dreamt that Miss Hollingsworth had told him she was proud of him, whereat he had blushed in his sleep. So all this may account for his exuding a blue haze, and being in a "Tit Willow" frame of mind.

The bell in old North had commenced ding-donging, and Putney Betts and Golatly asked each other "What the dickens was the next recitation?" Hart knew, of course, and pulled a well thumbled note-book from his

pocket. Then the freshmen hurried down the street and crossed the campus to attend Livy Wescott's Latin. If there was one thing that Hart was disturbed about in his mind, there was another upon which he had reached a satisfactory conclusion. It was that he had completely changed his mind about college, and that if he had only nothing to worry over, he could live from day to day as happy a man as ever breathed.

So the time went on. The first of November came. It was growing too chilly for lolling out on the grass without a dread of pneumonia, and the day of the first big game with Harvard was fast approaching. The usual big scores had been rolled up against the smaller colleges in the practice games without much effort, although there had been quite a tussle with Pennsylvania, where it was rumored they were catching on to the tricks of the trade—a renegade "Eli" had them in hand.

Of late Hart had not seen very much of Patrick Corse Heaphy, but the latter joined him on the way across the campus and falteringly asked him if he would not come over to his room. There was something he wished to

talk about, Heaphy said, and he could not say it where they might be interrupted. Hart was not prepared for the surprise that followed. He had supposed that Heaphy, who belonged to a small coterie that exchanged note-books, wished to talk to him upon some such matters. But when he had reached the bare little room, the "young man with a purpose" had locked the door carefully. He appeared fidgety and nervous.

"Now don't mind what I am going to say," he began, first picking up one book and then another from the table under the drop-light, "but you're in trouble. There's something worriting you (Heaphy had inherited the word from his father). I've seen your face in recitation. Do you think playing football is interfering with your studies?"

Hart was shuffling uneasily.

"Not a bit," he said; "I wouldn't let either of them interfere with the other."

"Then," said Heaphy, with his face lighting up, "I know what it is. You see, you see,—it costs money to go to college, and sometimes it is n't aisy to get it."

Hart was now regarding him quietly and had

stopped twirling the bunch of keys about his forefinger.

"Now, I know a man," said Heaphy, "who's got some money to spare, and if you're hard up, I could get some for you. He don't want any interest," he went on eagerly, "and you can pay him back after you get through college. He's helped me." And Heaphy at this turned as red in the face as his carrotty crop of stiff bristles,—“and I'm not going to worry over it; some day, perhaps, I'll tell you more about the matter, but I don't want to just now, for reasons.”

Hart was touched. Heaphy's shorter nickname was "Irish," but Hart had a tendency (that he was nearly overcoming) to call almost everybody "Mr." But as he had found that this prevented close relationship, he was growing out of it. On this occasion his reply was so polite that only its heartiness prevented it from being distant.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Heaphy," he said, "but it is n't that. I have enough to carry me through the term, I guess. But—" he paused. "I'm ever so much obliged to you, and if I'm ever in trouble that way I

shall tell you, bet on that. Perhaps I've been training too hard. Mr. Robinson says I look a trifle stale."

Heaphy, replying to the thanks and not to the last remark, murmured, "Don't mention it." Then he opened the door and ushered his guest out into the hallway with an awkward bow. When he returned to his room, the latter found Ned Bliss waiting for him.

"I say, come home with me and spend Sunday," said Ned, twirling a button on his friend's jacket. "On the level, it'll do you lots of good."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

AT first Hart refused the invitation, but Bliss was so bent on having him come that in the end he accepted. Elliott and Franklin both urged his going when he spoke to them about it.

So after the last recitation on Saturday morning, Bliss and Pop Hart hurried to the station. As they passed by East College there were two big figures standing at the corner, and one of them, a heavy mustached man with the stamp of Great Britain upon him, turned and spoke as if he felt it incumbent upon himself to say something.

"Now don't heat any sweets and be back in time for an 'ard practice on Monday."

Hart grinned.

"All right, Mr. Robinson," he said, and Bliss put in :

"I'll take good care of him, Jim, and send him to bed early."

The trainer turned and spoke to the burly figure at his side.

"He's goin' to make a good 'un some day, when I get through with him."

Matthew Goldie, the proctor, shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"I thought he was a pretty good 'un when he got hold of me," he grunted.

The story of the struggle in L. Putney Betts's room was abroad, even if it had not been discussed at a faculty meeting—officially.

Ned Bliss lived in Orange, his father being a well-to-do business man who had travelled untold thousands of miles in the aggregate between New York and the New Jersey suburb and had never missed a train.

"It's Saturday and we may meet the governor at the station," said Ned, as he and Hart settled themselves in their seat, "and that means that there'll be a family driving party.—Care much for driving?"

"I've never done much of it for pleasure," Hart responded, "but I like a good horse.—Does your father raise them?"



"Not exactly," Bliss answered; "he just keeps them,—keeps them longer than anybody else would, most likely."

To show that the junior and the president of the freshman class were on very good terms, it is only necessary to state that most of the trip between the junction and Newark was made in silence, Bliss reading a novel, and Hart occupied by looking over his notes on English and gazing thoughtfully out of the window.

When they arrived at their destination, which was one of the many Orange stations—which one it does n't much matter,—Hart found himself wishing that he had not come; not that he was shy, but knowing that Miss Bliss was a friend of Miss Hollingsworth, he positively began to fear that he might have to meet the latter, and this made him nervous. At last he plucked up courage enough to ask a question:

"Will Miss Hollingsworth be at your house?" he inquired.

"Don't know,—maybe," Bliss returned carelessly. "She and my sister are very thick. I think Miss H. is a corker,—don't you?"

As this adjective did not exactly describe the young lady to Hart's mind, he did not an-

swer, and soon the train pulled up at the platform. A short, thick-set man, with iron-gray whiskers, and bright sparkling eyes behind gold-rimmed eye-glasses, greeted the young men as they stepped from the train.

"Ah, Neddy, my boy; glad to see you. And, Mr. Hart, how d'ye do? Heard my daughter speak of you. We've got the horses here,—what do you say for a drive? Mary is over there waiting."

He nodded his head in the direction of the street, where an un-English-looking coachman in a derby hat was driving a pair of healthy, long-tailed horses leisurely up and down. In the back seat sat Miss Bliss. She waved her hand, and the carriage was drawn up close to the snorting engine that the horses regarded in a very friendly fashion. The coachman, who answered familiarly to the name of "Tom," was left in charge of the luggage.

Ned took the front seat beside his father, and Hart sat down beside Miss Bliss. Her very first words caused him a mingled feeling of relief and disappointment.

"I had hoped that Madge Hollingsworth was going to be with us," she said, extending a

little gloved hand, "but at the last moment she said she could n't come. But she's here in town with the Blakes however. Are n't you disappointed?"

Hart mumbled something.

"Oh, anybody would be," replied Miss Bliss, as if she caught his meaning. "She's just immense, is n't she?"

"She's a very nice young lady," returned Mr. Hart, "and very pretty."

Then Miss Bliss began to cross-question him anent the football team.

They took quite a long drive and Mr. Bliss's chief pleasure seemed to be in turning around and saying over his shoulder:

"That's where Mr. So-and-so lives. This is the residence of Mr. Somebody-else,"—to all of which Hart responded, although why it should be of great interest to the old gentleman, he could not see.

When they returned to the Bliss's house, which was a very neat wooden dwelling, with a slate mansard roof, Hart was shown to a little back room all blue chintz and white furniture. The surroundings were very odd, but it gave him an indescribable pleasure. To his surprise

he found his bag—at least Congreve's bag, he had borrowed it for the occasion— had been unpacked, and Franklin's dress-suit was laid out on the bed.

Before he began to dress Hart looked out of the window. Tom, the coachman, was rubbing down one of the contented-looking horses in front of a diminutive stable at the end of the neat driveway.

Hart sat for some time watching him. He was not filled with envy at all this luxury, yet he thought how fine a thing it must be to be rich—for he imagined that Mr. Bliss must be a nabob and nothing else, to possess all these comforts. How different it was from Oakland. What a strange break had been made in his life!—and yet suddenly he checked himself. Was not this sort of thing going to make him discontented and unhappy? Could he ever go back to the smell of ham and nails, or to sitting again in his shirt sleeves in the front room over the store, where he could imagine Mabel pouring over the pages of *The Lady's Journal*, her hair neatly frizzed, and, alas and alas! her pretty jaws working contentedly and thoughtfully on a bit of fragrant chewing gum?

Somehow this picture gave him a shock. Would it not have been better if he had never come, or would it not be best for him to return before further discouragements and the attendant heartaches would grow upon him?

All these complex feelings Hart charged up to his own account—as if they arose entirely through some fault of his own, and as if they should not be harbored or dwelt upon.

With a sigh he arose at last and dressed himself and went down stairs. No one else had appeared and he entered the drawing-room alone.

But no sooner had he sat down in a chair to wait than he jumped to his feet—there was a picture of Madge Hollingsworth smiling at him from a silver frame on the mantelpiece. He picked it up and looked at it. A half-frightened sensation went over him. For an instant he wished that he were going to see her, and then a moment later he felt relieved because he was not. Hearing some one come down the stairs, he seated himself in a chair again, as Mrs. Bliss entered. The little lady was very curious concerning her guest, and this was the first opportunity that she had had for asking questions.

"Do you intend to go out West again, Mr. Hart?" she began,— "after your graduation, I mean, of course."

"I've been thinking that I would never be graduated at all," was the return.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bliss, raising her eyebrows, "why this determination?"

Hart paused before replying.

"I've been going over it all," he said at last, "and I think I may be happier if I go back right away."

"You must have some strong reason," Mrs. Bliss suggested, becoming intensely interested.

"Yes, perhaps I have. I don't mean 'perhaps'—I have a strong reason."

For an instant Hart was tempted to unbosom himself, and tell all about Mabel, but he was deterred from this by the entrance of the rest of the family, and they went in to dinner.

The glimpse of the delightful home surroundings and the affection that the Bliss family had for one another was comforting to Hart, and the way they received him into their circle put him at his ease. The conversation at dessert took a turn, however, that threw him into a peculiar mood. They were talking of some mem-

ber of the junior class, who was known to all of them, and Mrs. Bliss made this observation,—“I don’t think it pays,” she said, “for an engaged man to come to college.”

“Why?” asked Miss Bliss, eagerly, for speeches of this kind interest young girls especially.

“Mother is right,” put in Ned, from the bottom of the table. “An engagement is a sort of a millstone,—a dead-weight for a man to carry for four years.”

“Oh, how wise we are becoming!” smiled his sister.

“Well, take Clarkson, for example,” Ned went on, “He’ll never be happy with his wife,—that is, if he ever marries her. I met her once,—a silly toy of a girl, and upon my word I could not help feeling as if Clarky had outgrown her, so to speak.”

“A man never knows his own mind until he’s thirty,” remarked Mr. Bliss, thoughtfully.

“But don’t you think it is rather hard on the girl?” said Miss Bliss. Then she turned to Hart,—“Don’t you agree with me?” she asked. “It *is* hard on the girl.”

Hart winced.

"I should think it would be," he replied. And then he fell to thinking.

Would his engagement to Mabel, that he felt in honor bound to fulfil, ever become a millstone, a dead-weight, for him to carry! The thought of it made him shudder, and then and there he came to a decision, and the right way out of it all, and the only way, he saw plainly. He should leave college and go back to Oakland, marry, and take up his life as it had begun. He was very silent all the rest of the evening.

Ned and his sister sang duets, while he listened, and Mr. and Mrs. Bliss played dummy whist in the corner, until good-night time came.

During the morning hours Hart tossed uneasily, but his frame of mind did not alter. The next morning, at breakfast, his appearance caused Mrs. Bliss some uneasiness.

"I'm afraid you've been training too hard, Mr. Hart," she observed. "All that doesn't pay."

Ned tried to nudge his mother, but Hart replied:

"Perhaps I have, ma'am. Mr. Robinson said that I had grown a trifle stale."



At this Mrs. Bliss recommended a tonic, which had done her worlds of good when she "felt that way" herself, whereat everyone laughed.

As it was Sunday they went to church. No sooner had they entered the pew, than Miss Bliss leaned over and spoke to her brother.

"Why, there 's Madge," she said.

Hart started. Three seats in front of him he recognized Miss Hollingsworth. He could see nothing but the back of her head, and occasionally the side of her face, as she turned a little, but he could not keep his eyes off her. Oh, the wild thoughts and fancies that filled his mind! He almost wished something would happen,—the roof fall in, a fire break out, in order that he might do something for her, save her if possible from some danger! From all this, it is easy to perceive that Hart was given to imagining at times.

As they went out of church, he did not have a chance to speak to the tall beauty, although he received a kindly nod and smile of recognition. But as soon as he reached the house he inquired if there was not an afternoon train by which he could return to Princeton, and pleaded some excuse to account for his hurry.

Bliss, seeing he was so earnest, got out a time-table and agreed to go back with him.

After the good-byes, when they were once on the train, Hart turned and laid a hand on his friend's knee.

"See here," he observed earnestly, "I've been going over everything, and have concluded to go back West [he did not say 'home'] next week."

To his surprise, Bliss's answer was a burst of angry remonstrance.

"You can't do it," he said, "and leave us in the lurch that way! There's no one to play right guard, you know it well! and the college would n't stand it. If you're going to be an idiot, and prove yourself a non-compos by destroying your life, wait until after the Yale game anyhow."

He opened his novel, then flung it at the back of the seat in front of him and glared at his companion in silence. Hart gazed out of the window.

"All right," he said; "I'll stay until after the Yale game."

This was somewhat appeasing, and Bliss's frown relaxed,

"You're nutty on something. What's eating you anyhow?" he asked inelegantly.

"Oh, nothing," replied Hart, who felt his anger rising. "I've just been thinking things over, I tell you."

Bliss picked up his book again and made himself comfortable.

"Too bad about Clarkson!" he said with a sigh. "Oh, I forgot that you did n't know him."

"I don't see that it's any one else's business," muttered Hart.

The young men did not indulge in much conversation during the rest of the trip. A constrained feeling had grown up between them. They parted at the steps leading up to campus, but before they had done so, they shook hands and Hart thanked Bliss for the pleasure he had had, at which Ned poked him on the shoulder, and said laughingly:

"Oh, pshaw, you must come again, good-bye, old boy!"

But on the way up to his room Ned ran across Buck Franklin.

"I know what's the matter with Pop Hart," he said, speaking confidentially. "He's not stale at all; he's just got a girl on his mind."

"Oh, ho!" returned Franklin. "That's the row, is it? Now it's as clear as mud."

In the Monday practice game, Hart did wonderful things. The two scrubbies that were placed opposite to him found him all shoulder and elbow and he stopped four of the full-back's kicks and made three touch-downs. His class had learned to cheer by this time and they kept up a prideful howling in which even the sophomores joined. Trainer Jim Robinson observed:

"I knew wot was the matter with 'm. 'E just needed a Sunday off;"—which shows all Mr. Robinson knew about the matter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE MAN IN THE 'VARSITY SWEATER.

THERE was no cane-sprees this October at Princeton, for the reason that the sophomores decided at a class meeting to frown upon it; this determination being arrived at really because they had no man to put in against the freshman heavy-weight, who, despite his playing on the Eleven, had expressed his determination to go in for it.

But Hart was growing very moody and L. Putney Betts, Congreve, and Golatly did their best to draw him out of himself, but he kept away from them.

"It's the big game that's on his mind," observed Congreve one afternoon. "Wait till he breaks training and we'll teach him some of the pleasures of existence—oh! beer, beer, glorious beer!"

"Let's go over to his room and razzle-dazzle him now," said Golatly.

They all three crossed the campus and made their way towards Edwards. They pounded on Hart's door and were admitted, but they did not stay long, and the razzle-dazzle was not a success.

Upon their entrance, Hart had slipped a letter he was writing under the blotting pad. It was one addressed to Mabel Van Clees, telling her that he would be in Oakland on the first of December and that he hoped they could be married before Christmas.

Days flew by, and Princeton won the Harvard game—score something big—and bonfires blazed. But the great event was yet to come—"Yale ! Yale !" was the talk on the campus.

One day the college waked up in a peculiar manner. Very early in the morning some one had thrust his head out of a window, and it only needed a glance to show that the weather was fine—crisp and cool, cheerful and bright, and not a cloud in the sky !

The early riser was Tommy Wilson, and after squinting about he proceeded to do a very curious thing. He skipped over to the corner of his room and picked up a shot-gun, which he carefully loaded ; then he went into the little room

in which his room-mate, Manager Bishop, slept, and he awakened the latter by tweaking both of his great toes :

“Resurrect, ye sleeper!” he cried. “Resurrect! The great day is here! Come forth! Break out!”

Bishop aimed a kick at Tommy’s chest and threw off the bedclothes, but by this time Tommy had reached the window.

“Bang! Bang!” went the shot-gun, and then the two inhabitants of the corner room in West-middle Witherspoon began to shout :

“Heads out! Heads out! Waow! Ya yi yi Waouw!”

The booming of a great tin horn answered from the direction of Edwards, and then six quick pops from a revolver spurted out of a window over the early risers’ heads. Another horn took up the tooting. A bunch of fire-crackers began crackling in another direction, and then a screaming and roaring and rippling of sound arose from all over the campus.

The college had not gone crazy as might, at first, have appeared ; nor was it a prearranged *émeute*, or an open rebellion. It was merely the greeting accorded to the Yale Game Day,

and the undergraduate pulse was high and feverish. Steam was at top pressure; and this was a preliminary blow-off, as it were, for the sake of health. No one is late for breakfast on this morning, be it put on record.

At the same early hour Newton Wilberforce Hart awoke in a room in a hotel on Fifth Avenue. He looked across at the other bed and saw that Minton, the half-back, was fast asleep, doubled up like a ball. Hart went to the window. He had never been in the city until the day before, when the team had arrived and driven straight to the hotel. The avenue was quiet, but at a window across the way a little orange-and-black flag floated, and farther down Hart could make out a great blue banner with a huge Y upon it, stretching from one window to another.

Minton had heard him stirring and stretched himself sleepily.

"Good weather, eh?" he grunted. "What time is it?"

"Five o'clock," returned Hart, pulling a watch out of a pocket.

"Skivings! Is that so? I'm going to sleep again." Minton turned over on his side and



began to snore ; but Hart sat down in a chair by the window. He marvelled at and envied the half-back's capacity for repose. So far as his own sensations went, he was never so wide awake in all his life. It was the veteran and the novice over again. But the difference in temperament might be taken into account also—Minton always paled when confronted with excitement, while Hart flushed, although he never lost his head.

Just at this present moment Hart felt as though he had swallowed a trip-hammer. He looked at the soiled canvas suit spread out on a chair, and the striped stockings, and would have given the world to have put them on and gone out to do battle on the instant—he hated suspense. Suddenly there was a knock on the door and Franklin, fully dressed, came in.

“Look at that cold-blooded fish,” the senior chuckled, pointing at Minton. “And say, Pop, how do you feel, old man, how 's the ankle?” he asked, slapping Hart on the shoulder.

“Out of sight,” Hart returned. “How 's your knee?”

“First-rate,” answered Franklin. “Let 's go out and take a stroll before grub.”

"Come ahead."

"Do you know it's a strange thing," remarked Franklin, as they went out upon the sidewalk, "I never get this way before a Harvard game. It only strikes me when we meet the man with a Y on his shirt. I'd give a dollar to know if he feels the same way about us."

Already a few coaches, decorated in blue or the colors of old Nassau, were rumbling down the avenue to pick up their patrons. The breakfast hour passed and the food was swallowed somehow.

"I wish to thunder," Elliott, the football captain, observed, "that Jim would crack a smile. He's as glum as a hospital nurse."

"You never mind me," returned the trainer, who had been carrying around a couple of spare footballs all the morning, as if afraid some one would steal them. "You just play your 'ardest, that's hall I hask of you."

The morning passed so quickly that it hardly seemed an hour from the time of rising before the team climbed on the coach and started up-town for the battle ground; all the town seemed bound there also. The streets echoed

with cheers, horns, and howling, and many a clerk from the drygoods district imagined himself for the nonce a college man, and claimed what he apparently thought were all the privileges; which resulted in many instances—sad to tell—in his supposed alma mater falling into disrepute.

Owing to Hart's turned ankle, he had not played in the Harvard game, having been one of the small army crouched along the side-lines on that momentous occasion. But every Princeton man knew that he was fit, and the only weak spot in the line of striped legs was now invulnerable.

More printer's ink has been expended in the description of this one game than on some conflicts of the civil war perhaps; and for the detailed description of the plan of campaign, see the daily press, or look into a college scrap-book for that year. But the points of view of reporter and spectator are very different from that of the sweating, deep-breathing individual, whose sensations and bruises are taken into small account. He has little time to notice anything but what is close to hand. His ears are alert for the quarter-back's signals,

and the roaring of the thousands of voices makes but an undertone, over which he must not fail to hear orders. If he attends to duty he sees but two things—the man opposite and the slippery oblong ball.

When it is all over, his heart is lead or feathers, as the case may be, and he wonders where the black and blue marks came from, and who it was that gave him that frightful crack on the jaw,—but during the game he thinks of how much he wants to win—that's all.

As the team clambered down from the coach, upon their arrival at the grounds, and elbowed their way through the roaring multitude, Hart had a grin on his face that fixed the corners of his mouth as if they had been moulded.

“Holy smoke! look at the size of him!” observed a flashy individual in a silk hat, pointing with his cigar.

“Them's the boys!” cried a knotty-faced little Irishman. “Them's the Princetons!”

Some of the crowd even extended their hands and touched the players as they elbowed their way toward the dressing-room. Once inside, there was a confusion of low talking and

much stamping of heavy-cleated boots. Then a graduate coach stood up in a corner and gathered all about him. (They leaned on one another's shoulders and listened breathlessly.) He began his speech in this way :

"Now, I'm going to talk to you fellows like a Dutch uncle. Remember this——"

There is no use in going into what the big graduate with the light-blue eyes said, but if a "Dutch uncle" speaks always in the manner he did, he is the most earnest orator and the most inspiring talker on the face of the green earth.

The confused jumble of sound from the outside suddenly raised itself into a well-defined burst of cheering—the other team was out; and, pulling off their sweaters, the ten men from New Jersey, and the subs, followed their captain at a dog-trot through the walls of curious gorming faces and reached the field.

Hart looked about him, and it seemed as if the world must be present on the bleachers and the hillside; the enclosed space was very small. The grand stand, as the reporters put it, "was a mass of moving color."

"High there, Pop, mind your eye!" shouted Minton, directly in front of him.

The little half-back was pale, his teeth were showing, and he continually licked his lips and rubbed his nose on the sleeve of his jersey.

Hart dove for the ball as it came bounding toward him, and fell on it. A short distance away a Yale man did the same thing, and rolled over and over, and got to his feet Yale-fashion, somehow. The full-backs were making practice drop-kicks and punts, and the crowd was howling indiscriminately. Young men with badges and walking-sticks appeared on the edges of the field. But soon there came a silence, then the flash of a coin, and Princeton won the toss, taking the westward goal with the wind behind them, and giving Yale the ball.

"On your toes, there, everybody!" cried Elliott. "They 're going to try our old flying wedge, Buck. Get into them! Look out, you end rushers!" He blew into his hands as if his fingers were being frost-bitten.

A shrill whistle, and down came the charge of the men in blue. The game was on! Hart felt as though he weighed a thousand pounds. He plunged forward, and was first to meet the crush of legs, and arms, and bodies. It rolled over him like a sea, and underneath him, dou-

bled up; his straining fingers were searching for the welcome touch of the smooth leather. There it was locked tight in the grasp of the thick-set captain from New Haven.

A futile struggle to obtain possession of it, then the umpire poking about, managed to reduce the mass to order, and the teams lined up. No longer now did Hart see the crowds or hear the cheers and shouting; no longer did he think of who he was or what he was. There was the goal, there was the ball, and there was that wild-eyed, set-jawed man in front of him. But oh! the joyousness of the moment when he got through the line unhampered! Oh! the bound of his heart as he stopped the full-back's kick (with a noise heard upon the hillside) and saw nothing before him but the erratic leaps of the ball as it twirled across the turf! If he could only pick it up! But just as he reached forward something bumped him from behind and he slipped and missed it. The Yale man did the same thing, and at last a half-dozen swooped down upon it at once. Another disentangling of the squirming pile of striped legs and blue elbows, and underneath was Minton, laughing in a nervous chatter. Line up again!

And now backwards and forwards, gaining what was lost and losing what was gained, they fought it out. The steam rose from their soaking backs, and lips grew dry and cottony, but the ball stayed in the centre of the field.

Occasionally there were anxious, nervous moments when time was being taken out and a figure, for the instant limp or struggling, lay on the ground, surrounded by a bending crowd (prominent among which were a young man with a bag, and an eager individual with a dirty, soppy sponge); then a swaying, dizzy player, lurching into line again, a cheer from all around, or a substitute dashing up to fill a vacant place, set things agoing. A minute more to play! Slowly the ball went down toward the eastern goal. Thirty seconds more! Fifteen yards more to gain! Would they kick, or try for it? A rush, a smash! Five yards! A kick this time! Elliott skips backward. The centre places his scratched fingers on the ball. Not a sound from the grand stand. A spring forward, confusion for an instant, and in the midst of it the sharp blowing of the umpire's whistle, and the world went crazy!

The first half was over—the result “no score.”



Back to the dressing-rooms again now, with the policemen trying to make a path through the surf and surgings of the mob.

Elliott was talking like one demented, stamping his feet and working his elbows.

"Never mind, never mind!" he was crying. "Oh, God, if we had had ten seconds more!"

Another "Dutch uncle" was speaking:

"You held them down, but oh! confound it, boys, you can win! Oh! why don't you do it! Rogers, play in closer! Buck, don't let that man get by you again! Follow the ball! *Follow that ball!* Elliott, try their left end. Keep hammering at it; you gain there every time! Oh! oh! oh! *win!* There's forty-five nice long minutes ahead—make use of 'em!"

"It only seemed to me that we were out there ten minutes," chuckled Hart to Franklin. The left guard was rinsing out his mouth.

"This half will be long enough," he spluttered. "Hullo, we're off again! You did well, old man!" he added, slapping Hart on the back. "Keep it up. I'm proud of you!"

If any one wishes to know the progress of the second struggle (or the first for that matter), he may be referred to the diagram

printed in the next morning's papers. To the uninitiated it may look like an engineer's profile platting, but it is well worth study.

Thirty-five minutes passed and it was the same thing over again. To and fro, hammer and hit, kick and return; bruises, charges, and countercharges, with long excursions toward the goal.

Now, how the great thing happened Hart never knew; but suddenly, as he scrambled to his feet, he saw a confusion down the field, off to the right. The umpire was working like a terrier at a rathole; the crowds were standing and still; but a striped-legged individual suddenly leaped into the air, and, turning around, addressed the gods at large with extended arms, and then threw a handspring!

Minton had the ball, and that was all there was to it! It was behind the Yale goal line! A hero had been made—a championship decided!

What matters the rest! More battering-ram work in the centre of the field, and then in the course of time the whistle blew. Time was up, and there was another ball for the Princeton trophy-room.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CONSEQUENCES.

HART was one of the many who returned to Princeton by the first train. He had shaken hands so many times and had listened to so much loud talking and cheering that it had palled on him—he wished to be alone.

Before the train drew out of the station at Jersey City, he found a seat in the rear of the smoking-car next to a dusty-faced workman who carried his dinner pail on his knees and puffed at a black clay pipe. He was spelling out the evening paper very audibly.

As Hart sat down the workman pointed out the big type at the head of the printed page.

“The Tigers won,” he said.

“So they did indeed,” was the reply. “I heard about it.” With that Hart pulled his hat over his eyes and fell to thinking.

This was the day he had waited for! Now

it was over, what did it amount to? He could not recall that he had done anything very remarkable. In fact it appeared to him that he had missed most of his opportunities.

"I did my level best, though," he muttered half aloud; and with that he tried to dismiss foot-ball from his mind.

There was one thought, however, that kept coming up over and over—had *she* seen the game? But why should he care? He would never see those grey eyes again; what right had he to think of them at all. To-morrow morning he would have put everything behind him; he would be on his way to the West, to the dreary, flat country, to the little one-horse town, to the smell of ham and cinnamon in the store fronting the half-deserted square.

As he remembered this, he wrinkled his brows; and tried to draw a mental picture of Mabel Van Clees, with almost a prayer in his heart that the image would thrill him, or at least would comfort him. At last he succeeded, but the result was not satisfactory.

He could see Miss Van Clees standing before the bureau in the sitting-room, her weak little mouth pursed into a self-contented smile as

from all angles she looked at her reflection in the glass. The large hat she had designed and trimmed herself from a picture in the *Young Ladies' Gazette*, set well back on her head. Hart could hear her words, "Don't you think it's dashing, Newt?" He closed his eyes; why should such a sneaking, mean little detail as the patch of powder smudged on her nose intrude itself on him, he could not tell—it was rather unfair.

Yet this was the girl he expected to marry—that he was in duty bound to marry—she loved him, of course she did; had he not kissed her and was she not jealous when he danced with other girls at the festivals? He had cared for her more than he had cared for any other girl—until the vision of some one very different had come to drive everything else out of his mind. Again he began to blame himself, as if this were some fault of his own. He struck his knees a blow with his closed fist and pulled his hat further down over his eyes.

"Hullo, old man, you look a prey to remorse. Come, smoke up and be joyful."

Newton looked quickly round as he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. It was Betts who

had caught sight of him and had hurried down the aisle of the car. As he spoke, Putney extended a long cigar with a brilliant red and gold surcingle; then he struck a wax match and held it out between his thumb and finger.

Hart accepted the offering and a feeling of relief came over him as he took the first long puff.

"It's one of the Governor's best," said L. Putney. "How does it go?"

"Splendid. I'd almost forgotten how."

"That's one of the evils of training, I dare say," Betts remarked. "But, come, brace up; the fellows are all singing up ahead here. Oh, but there are going to be times on the campus to-night. Come on!"

Half reluctantly Hart followed across the platform to the next car. It was filled with undergraduates. How he wished with all his soul that he could join in the clamor—his appearance started the noise afresh.

"Oh, here's to 'Pop Hart,' 'Pop Hart,' 'Pop Hart'!" somebody started singing, and every one joined in.

This was followed with "We love, we love, we love our Princeton foot-ball team," in a roar

of discord with one or two good voices ringing above it.

"Get gay, Pop, we don't win a championship every year!" cried Terence Golatly, running up the aisle. "By Jove, you played a great game," he added encouragingly—"sure you did."

But Hart could not "get gay." "I did n't do much," he answered. Then seeing a vacant seat he took it, and not till he sat down did he see that Heaphy was beside him.

"This is a great day for you, eh?" remarked the young-man-with-a-purpose, looking around half enviously as he extended his hand.

Hart muttered something in reply and then relapsed into silence—all at once he turned.

"I'm going to tell you something that I am not going to tell any one else," he said touching Heaphy on the arm. "I'm going to clear out to-morrow—going to leave college."

"And give it all up!" asked Heaphy in astonishment.

"Have to—please don't say anything—I'm going to pack to-night and leave first thing in the morning."

"Ah, don't do that!" exclaimed Heaphy.

"Let me talk to you—er—remember what I said—if you need any—er—help."

"I've got all the money I want for a time, thank you ; it is n't that," Hart answered. "It's another—strong reason."

"Oh," said Heaphy awkwardly, "I did n't know—can I see you to-night, eh?"

"Yes, come in about ten o'clock. I'll be glad to see you. I may tell you something then, that I can't tell you now."

It was dark when the train stopped at the little station. With a rush and a cheer the crowd made for the campus. The freshmen's duty was to collect anything for a blaze, anything that would burn. The old cannon would glow red before the morning.

Hart did not join in the rush that was made for the door. He loitered behind and paid little or no attention to the many invitations addressed to him by his hoarse young classmates.

"You'll have to let me off. I've got to go into my room," he said quietly to Jimmie James, who had caught him by the sleeve. "But, good luck to you, Jimmie. Run along and chase your wood."



"We 'll, see you later," said Jimmie, as he started hot foot after the rest.

Hart jumped the fence and ran across lots to Edwards Hall. Hurrying down the dingy entry, he locked the door of his room behind him. Now that he was face to face with his thoughts, and there was nothing to disturb him, he knew two things: he knew he hated to bid farewell for good and all to this new life; that it was an end to his ambition. As he thought of this with a quiver of bitter anguish, he looked at the pile of books on the little pine table—it had been a keen delight to feel that he was learning; it was a pleasure to know that his classmates looked up to him—there was even an accent of respect in this appellation, "Pop." Then as he thought of the cheers from the thousand throats that rose as he had broken through the line, he felt that pleasurable sense of self-congratulation that is not self-conceit. But it was all over—all over. A shudder shook him through and through. What was he going to do? He was going to marry a girl he did not love. But in his innocence of life he reasoned that he could grow to love her—by force of will he would make him-

self content, and above all this he would do his best to make her happy, come what might.

There was a great to do out on the campus ; an amateur drum-corps was rattling a confused march to the accompaniment of a tin-horn band. Cheers sounded from the direction of Old North, and suddenly there arose above the shouts, a crackling that increased to a well defined roar. Through the tree-tops beyond Clio Hall Hart could see the flames of the huge bonfire tearing up against the sky ; slowly the light grew and spread until the fronts of East and West Colleges glowed plain, their sombre walls tinged with a red reflection ; black, hurrying figures, some carrying loads, and others merely dancing, scurried to and fro. There was excitement in the smoky atmosphere. The sharp, clear sound of a bugle rang out above the clamor.

Hart stepped to the window. The scene tempted him. He put back into his pocket the time-table showing the west-bound trains from Philadelphia, and opened the door ; there was yet half an hour before the time that Heaphy said that he would call, and he could pack up his few belongings afterwards.

As he turned to lower the gas he noticed something on the door-sill; he picked it up; it was a telegram addressed to him. As he tore it open his heart was beating wildly, although he knew not why. The words seemed to speak out loud to him, startling and clear; but, strange to say, without at first a meaning. He read them gasping; then he closed the door softly and sat down on the edge of the bed, holding the bit of flimsy paper in his shaking fingers. He read the words again:

“Bad news. M. ran off with S. T. Saunders, of Snood & Co., last night. Mother and me heart broke. Will write.

“M. R. VAN CLEES.”

Now he knew what it meant—he was free! He felt as if he had received a blow—a blow that he could not return; yet no rage at being robbed grew within him.

The cheering and shouts waxed louder, but Hart did not hear them. So complex were his feelings that a thought uppermost one moment would be pushed out by another the next; the blood went in surges through his veins; a pain came through his temples. To a healthy man

in this condition physical movement is an absolute necessity. The body strives to restore an equilibrium; the nerves are tense; to remain inactive long is agony.

He twisted the telegram into bits, and with an inarticulate sound, half groan, half curse, he leaped to his feet. Picking up his hat he ran from the room, leaving the gas burning and the door wide open.

Full tilt he made for the wild scene about the cannon. Two little freshmen were staggering along, trundling a wheel-barrow loaded down with a huge packing box filled with straw and kindling-wood.

"Let me!" Hart cried, and pushing both aside he grasped the handles. Dashing through the ring about the fire, he ran the barrow and its load deep into the flames!

Immediately the fierce heat drove him back, but a cheer went up and the sound of his name echoed from the buildings.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A CHANGE OF FRONT.

THIS was the night that L. Putney Betts gave a punch in his room; of course it was contrary to the college rules and might have resulted in disaster, but it was a very nice, expensive punch, and had two bottles of champagne in it.

Betts being diplomatic had asked several members of the sophomore class to come in and partake of refreshments as honored guests. The list was small, however, including only those who had been known to him and Congreve and the rest of them before at Prep. school. They had all accepted and by half-past ten the punch was brewed.

Charlie Townes, whose appearance was large but non-athletic, was responsible for the concoction. He had declared that it was "good" so many times that Betts had broken out into the following:

"Why don't you stop tasting it and putting things in it and give us a chance?" he cried, to which Charlie had replied that it needed just a dash more of something or other, and proceeded to taste it again.

The first of the sophomoric guests to arrive was Mudge, the Red-Headed ; he was followed by Potter Clark, who liked everybody and had no enemies ; and Biff Wainwright, who sang in the glee club. Then there was a sound of loud talking down the hall and Jack Stahl, the right half-back on the eleven, came into the room with a rush.

Under certain conditions Jack's behavior resembled that of the traditional bull—he could break more things, accidentally, than any man in college. Apparently he was a little flushed and excited this evening, so Betts shoved the handsome cigar box under the bed and hid a huge Chinese jar in the closet. The freshmen sat about quietly, and very politely the punch was handed to the sophomores first, who immediately drank to their own health with a plain statement that they were "the people." Stahl declared that the stuff was so good that he could eat the glasses, and apparently started in to do

it ; whereupon a struggle to prevent such a sad calamity, took place between him and the rest of his classmates on the divan.

Things had warmed up considerably by half-past eleven when Briggs Talcott, who was wandering around with a guitar swung about him, troubadour fashion, came thrumming into the room. Some very lusty and well-intentioned singing took place, as might have been expected. The sophomores condescendingly allowed the freshmen to sing with them, and the latter discovered that their enemies were not such bad fellows after all, if they were rightly treated.

"Well, say, the president of your class is on the rampage, is n't he?" observed Talcott to Jimmie James who was sitting back in a corner smoking quietly.

"I don't know what became of him," Jimmie answered. "He disappeared."

"He went off with some juniors, Ned Bliss and some other fellows," put in Congreve. "I told him to come over here. My! but it would be funny to see old Pop get in the game."

They did not know that at this moment the dignified president of the class was on his way to join this little gathering. He was not

alone and it would probably have astonished any member of the faculty, or Patrick Corse Heaphy even, to have seen him at this moment.

Mounted on his shoulders was Terence Gollatly, heading a procession of one person, Tommy Wilson, breathless from his continued imitation of a brass-band, to the music of which Hart was cavorting and prancing, while Terence saluted an imaginary crowd to right and left.

"Whoa, whoa," shouted the rider, as his steed dashed up the steps of University. There was a wild shout of welcome as they galloped into Betts's room, and a look of astonishment crossed every face as the freshmen realized who it was that had caused the uproar. With a hasty wave of his hand Hart replied to the greeting and breathlessly gulped down the contents of a large china cup that was offered him.

The strong punch tingled into the tips of his fingers. He held the cup out again—it was not the first that he had had that night.

Betts looked a little frightened as he ladled out more punch. Some one started a chorus, "Oh, here 's to Princeton College, drink her down," which was loudly chanted and was



followed by, "Oh, here 's to" a great many other things.

"You 've got a great voice, old man," said Tommy Wilson to Hart. The latter was roaring out a deep bass to one of the songs of rejoicing; his face was red and his eyes were sparkling.

"Can't you get up and sing us something, Pop?" cried Potter Clark. "Briggs here will play an accompaniment for you."

"Yes," was the answer. "Hold on, I 'll sing you something."

The room was perfectly silent as he stood up. Truly the class president was developing in an entirely new direction.

The song was a plaintive, Swedish air; a friend of his, the editor of the *Oakland Chronicle*, had caught it and put words to it, and they were far from bad. Hart had a round, full voice, and as he stood there, firm and erect, he sang with a depth of feeling that no one would have thought he possessed.

Talcott had caught the accompaniment and the swing of the simple melody. As he finished there was a clapping of hands and a shout in unison. Hart stood there a minute, then he placed the china mug he had been holding, on

the table, and took one step towards the door.

"Good night," he said quietly, and walked into the hall.

Somebody shouted after him but he had hastened down the stairway and out of doors. As he hurried down the street, heading for the front campus, he could not account for the sudden impulse that made him leave the room. He had forgotten all about his engagement with Heaphy. It was now long past the hour.

The embers of the fire about the cannon were glowing, and the taint of smoke was in the damp air. From various directions came the sounds of a song or a chorus; occasionally a loud voice or two, or the twang of a banjo or guitar rang out. But the hubbub and confusion were over.

Hart stopped and leaning against one of the trees, folded his arms. Back again came all the thoughts that he had been so anxious to escape. He wished now that he had not left his companions. Why had he sung it anyhow? He remembered how Mabel used to sing it as she played her accompaniment on the squeaky parlor melodeon. Poor little Mabel! What was

going to become of her? With this thought he again grew angry with himself. Why was it that over all his feelings triumphed one of relief? He apparently felt no chagrin at having counted for so little in Miss Van Clees's affections. If she wished to be the wife of another man, he hoped they would be happy; but what was he to do? Yes, he was free to think of some one else without disloyalty! But would not all his imaginings turn into vanity? Was it not better for him to live and enjoy life, to think of other things; to take just what might come along! An impulse seized him to return to University Hall, but at this moment some one touched him on the shoulder.

"Hullo, it's Hart. Well met, by Jove. Congratulate you on the game you played to-day."

The speaker was Danforth, the bearded senior. "Let me present Mr. Sprague," he said. "Hollingsworth, you know."

Hart shook hands with a tall, unhealthy looking young man, and nodded to Hollingsworth who replied in the same way.

"I say," said Danforth, "come up to my room and have a chat."

"Got some fizz up there," put in Sprague.

• "Better come."

Hart was about to decline. Then all at once he changed his mind—without any further conversation they turned toward Witherspoon. There was no doubt about it, Danforth possessed the power of interesting people, even fascinating them. Many men and women had spoken of this; yet it could not be said that he possessed the gift of winning or compelling any lasting affection. Friends of the heart he had none; plenty of admirers in a certain way, and companions of the mind, nothing more. He was above that relation that makes friendly criticism possible; he made no self-acknowledged mistakes. No one gave Raymond Danforth any advice about his habits; he gave the impression of having calculated all the results, and decided matters coolly and collectedly. He said things worth remembering, and was often quoted—besides he was of age and wealthy.

Hart was astonished as he entered Danforth's rooms. Although Betts's quarters in University Hall were handsome, they did not begin to have the luxury of Danforth's. A brilliant Indian lamp hung in the middle of the room.

A divan, half concealed by some rich colored tapestry, occupied the window-seat. The walls were covered with things of unusual interest—old musical instruments, bits of valuable plate, and specimens of various enamels, for Danforth was a collector of no mean order. On each side of the fireplace stood a suit of Japanese armor. Little carved ivory figures crowded the mantelpiece. The book-case of black oak, bearing a date of the middle ages, with monastic facings, was filled with rare volumes. The centre table alone showed evidences of work; books of reference and written manuscript covered it. A number of quill pens were standing upright in a silver box filled with shot.

Hart could not conceal his interest. He was closely examining one of the ivory carvings when Danforth, who had returned from a trip to the other room, spoke to him.

“Have a glass of wine, Mr. Hart,” he said.

He extended a yellow, Venetian glass; two dragons were on each side for handles, and the golden wine seethed and bubbled from the bottom of it. Hart took it very gingerly. He had never touched champagne before, but the taste was not objectionable, and as Danforth

raised his glass, a duplicate of the other one, to his lips and drained it down, Hart did the same. This was a very different style of drinking from the riotous scene that he had left ; instead of being filled with a wild excitement, a calm contentment settled down upon him. A forgetfulness of self, a non-regard for responsibility, and a desire only to enjoy the mental and moral drift of the current on which he had embarked. Another glass of champagne and he found himself listening to Danforth's conversation with a grave delight. He had spoken of an object that lay upon a little bracket against the wall, a human hand, black and shining, with delicate finger-tips and pointed nails. The wrappings of mummy cloth were still plain about the fracture at the wrist. Danforth was telling something of it, its age and method of preparation.

"It belonged," he said, "to an Egyptian king. An Arab stole it for me at my direction—a bit of devilish vandalism, I admit. It had a ring upon the finger. I'm wearing the stone from that ring now."

It apparently gave the senior pleasure to talk on of his possessions. His manner was so

friendly and yet so polite, that a certain respect for him began to grow in Hart's mind. He did not hear the conversation that Sprague, a rather hang-dog looking chap, and Kenmore Hollingsworth were having together.

"Oh, he 's just drawing him out," Sprague had remarked.

"Looks rather to be giving a lecture on Egyptology," said Hollingsworth, with a contemptuous sneer on his handsome face. "It beats my time what Ray can see in such a countryman as that."

"A bit of fresh material to work on, besides a foot-ball man feels big to-day," said Sprague. "To-morrow night Ray 'll probably win all his savings without turning a hair."

"Never 'd fease him," replied Hollingsworth, whose speech was a little thick, and whose weary blue eyes had a far-away expression. "I say, talking of hands," he went on in a loud voice, with a chuckle, seeing that Danforth was just replacing the shrivelled object on the shelf, "let 's throw some, eh?"

"Perhaps Mr. Hart would join us in a little game," said Danforth, in very much the politely even tone in which he might ask a young

lady if she would have a cup of tea. "You play cards, of course, old man?" he asked as he opened a draw of the desk in a corner and took out a rosewood box filled with red, white, and blue ivory chips.

Rather to Hollingsworth's astonishment Hart's reply was non-committal.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've played a little, but only whist or poker."

To tell the truth Hart had played penny-ante, and, on one or two occasions, a quarter-of-a-dollar limit, with Mr. Van Clees and the sheriff, and had seen larger games take place between the drummers at the hotel, but with these latter gentlemen he had had little to do.

Now it was a great surprise to find himself taking things so coolly. He hardly recognized himself at all; he felt a careless exhilaration that if he had paused to reason over, might have frightened him. He had strange illusions about life, the present and the future creeping into his head at odd minutes.

When he sat down at the table, he manifested no surprise at the high limit of the game, and calmly opening his worn wallet he paid for a



pile of assorted reds and blues with a twenty-dollar bill.

Hollingsworth yawned as the first cards were dealt. Between him and Sprague a bottle of champagne rested in a silver-plated cooler on the floor.

Again and again was Hart astonished at his own sensations; he wondered at his coolness as he played his hands. No old gambler could have been more imperturbable.

Danforth was regarding him with admiration, Sprague was muttering in thick accents beneath his breath, and Hollingsworth's head would occasionally pitch forward on his chest, a motion which would be followed by a defiant glare around the table.

Such luck could scarcely be imagined as that in which Hart played. It required little skill for him to win. But all at once fortune showed her fickleness and the tide turned toward Danforth. Slowly the pile of ivory counters diminished and as the excitement of winning left him, a weariness came over Hart's eyes. Suddenly he realized that there was nothing more for him to play with; that Danforth had apparently swept the cloth. With a curse Sprague

threw his cards upon the board and, lurching upright, started for the door. But before he reached it he fell sideways against the divan, and lay there face downward and open-mouthed. Hart, who had risen as if to catch him felt the floor move sideways beneath his feet, but his brain was clear, and clutching the back of a chair, he steadied himself in an instant. Danforth was as nimble as if not a drop had passed his lips.

"Well, that was sudden," he said calmly; "come, bear a hand, old man, and let's get him off to bed."

They picked up the helpless mass and carried it into the other room, where Danforth, with a grim smile, began slowly to unlace Sprague's shoes. After the task had been finished, they returned to the study.

"What, another one," Danforth chuckled, pointing toward the table.

Kenmore Hollingsworth, with his arms stretched out before him and his curly head resting on his shoulder, sat there fast asleep.

"Don't touch him," said Danforth, "he likes to be left alone."

He spoke as if this was the usual method of Hollingsworth's retiring. Hart accepted it without the slightest questioning.

"I think I'll go to my room," he said at last, "I'm much obliged to you for your hospitality."

"No, don't hurry," said Danforth, "have a cigar before you go—no? hold on, by Jove, I think I'll walk over with you." And with his hand resting lightly on Hart's arm the senior walked down the entry.

As they came out on the stone flagging Danforth paused.

"There is always something grand to me in the gray of morning before sunrise! I've seen a great many of them, first and last," he said. "Have n't you ever felt it—the sensation of having a bigger breathing-space—of possessing a great advantage over all those people who are asleep and miss it?"

"It's a great sight to see the sun get up above the edge of the prairie," Hart answered. "But I never could tell what it was that made me feel it all through me."

"We don't put all of our sensations into words," said Danforth. "He who can express

his every thought is a mere creature of language—er, that's not original."

They had strolled about the corner and had arrived at the entrance to Edwards'. Here Danforth bade good-morning and, turning, walked away without looking back.

Hart sat down on the doorstep. Although it was damp and chilly his coat was open and his skin felt hot and feverish. A strange bodily weariness was on him, but his brain had begun to whirl again in ever changing thoughts. Now and then it appeared to him that his heart beat faster for a moment, only to slow down again. What strange happenings had taken place in the last few hours. What new chapter had he opened and what unknown capacities had he discovered within himself! Where would it lead? What did it mean? He arose to his feet and to his surprise almost reeled against the side of the doorway. The morning light had broadened, and the sun was up above the clouds. A line of mist hung over the canal to the eastward. There was a smell of freshness and salt in the air, as if the wind that was from the distant sea had brought the taint of it. From the direction of the railroad station there came the sound of

escaping steam. This was the morning he had intended to clear out and leave all behind him. How differently had things ended !

He passed his hand wearily across his forehead and entering the building walked down the hall to his room. The door was open and the gas was burning ; he turned it out and threw himself heavily on the bed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE WRONG TACK.

WINTER had come ; December was on the wane. Heaphy was sitting in his room at his desk, very late one evening. He had just finished writing out the translation of some Latin text. It was a good translation but his handwriting appeared (despite his best efforts to make it clear and legible) like that of a man well used to the swinging of an axe, or the guiding of a plow. It was growing dark, and he stopped his scribbling and rubbed his eyes. Then he rose, gave a loud sigh, and wiping his pen carefully upon a bit of blotting-paper stepped to the window.

It had been snowing all the day just passed ; the outlines of everything were softened by the white covering, and the paths that led from one building to another were undisturbed except for an occasional footprint. The vacation stamp was in the very stillness of the air. To-morrow

would be Christmas ! Heaphy was feeling exceedingly unhappy. He had declined two invitations to leave college and spend the holidays ; one was from a former schoolmaster and the other from a high official in the trust Company that was as yet Heaphy's legal guardian. Often had he acknowledged his bitter loneliness, for he possessed not a single relative, so far as he knew, in the outside world, and there was none here united to him by the close bonds of friendship.

He heard a door slam, down the entry, and footsteps approaching his room. He knew in a minute that it was Hart. The latter opened the door after a hurried knock, and stood there looking in.

"Why don't you light a light?" he said at last.

"I beg your pardon," returned Heaphy, and jumping up he began to do so forthwith. "Come in," he said, when he had finished. "Have a chair." Then he sat down at the desk again.

Hart walked over to the position at the window that Heaphy had left and watched the soggy wet flakes of snow fall slowly through the ray of light down to the white earth. Heaphy

had resumed his work and it was evident that the two young men were either on very good terms with one another, or exactly the opposite, for they did not speak. But the truth of the matter was that Heaphy had been both hurt and angered by Hart's conduct for some time past and was rather sulky. One glance at Hart would have shown how much he had altered in the last four months. He was thinner and at present his face had rather a worn look; but his eyes were bright and despite the frown on his forehead, and a worried turn in the corner of his mouth, his superb health was evident.

"Why were n't you at Latin, last recitation?" asked Heaphy, at last.

"Just took a cut," Hart replied. "Think I can stand it."

Heaphy whirled in his chair. A flush as of anger clouded his face but he restrained himself.

"I don't think you are very happy," he said, rubbing his knees and leaning forward. "Are n't you making some mistakes, eh, now?"

Hart paused before he replied. "I don't think I'll ever be very happy—that's a fact," he said. "And as for mistakes, I suppose they're my own; but there're some mistakes in life."



"Ah, that is n't the way to look at things," Heaphy began. "Life is a good deal like a book. What you get out of it does not depend so much upon what is written there as what you bring to it yourself."

Hart shot a curious glance out of the corner of his eye.

"That 's true," he said, leaning back against the wall. "You can make it dull or interesting. At present I am not so sure but that I enjoy myself very much at times."

"But, are you satisfied?" asked Heaphy.

"I don't know that I ever shall be."

"There 's something on your mind," said the young-man-with-a-purpose, running his fingers through his shock of hair. He stood up and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. "You want responsibility and work."

Hart laughed rather oddly.

"Yes, you do," returned Heaphy. "Incentive is the great thing. You ought to *want* something."

"Supposing what you want you know you can't get," Hart returned ambiguously.

"What 's left then?"

"Eh? Work, of course."

"If that were so, what's the matter with pleasure and interest?" inquired Hart.

"It won't last. I've tried it myself," answered Heaphy.

Hart picked up the 'Varsity sweater that he had dropped over the back of a chair. He began to struggle into it with a good deal of swinging and twisting of his arms about his head. When he had emerged, Heaphy was standing directly in front of him. He caught him by both elbows.

"Don't think me interfering, but I wish I could help you somehow."

Hart replied to this in a low tone, but with an impatient shrug.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm just trying to enjoy myself, because——"

"Because, why?"

"Because there is n't anything else to do."

"Well, you know your own mind," Heaphy returned somewhat testily.

"No," said Hart, "I don't; that's the funny part of it." With that he hurried off into the snow.

If there was one characteristic about him, it

was that he was perfectly truthful with himself, or he tried to be.

What he was doing he was doing very deliberately, with the hope in his mind that at least he might find it satisfying. His common sense made it plain to him that no lasting good would come from this careless, false philosophy, but he imagined that it afforded him relief—relief from pondering over an apparently hopeless situation. Mere work in the abstract without an object held no distraction for him. It did not forestall the imaginings that he knew were vain—the desire of the moth for the star. It was the mere relaxation that he was after. He had tried to ridicule himself out of his attitude ; he had tried to reason himself free, but no, it would not do. At night he dreamed of her ; by day, if he did not curb himself he would have walked alone, breathed her name to the air, or he might have carved it on the trees. All this may have gone to prove that he was very different from the average run of his fellows, and perhaps should have lived centuries ago when men allowed themselves to do such things. How strange it would have been if he could have replied to Heaphy's questions with the simple

words: "I am in love; that is what is the matter." What sort of an explanation would that be?

It was a desire to escape his thoughts and not the companionship of his classmates that made him seek stronger distractions than the limited possibilities and temptations that the freshmen generally afforded. Their principal occupation consisted in getting "grinds" on one another and giving strange nicknames to common objects. This did not amuse him. The friendship with Danforth afforded him much diversion, and, although he had not gambled since the first occasion, because he knew that he could not afford to lose, and for no other reason, many a night he and the senior had sat up until the short hours of past midnight talking. He was not drifting altogether aimlessly, for two things he had determined upon: one was to stay out this year at college and then to leave and work with hands or brain, because it would be necessary for him to do that, that he might live. The sum of money he had saved, intending it to last him at least two years would be gone, at the present rate of living, long before the blossoms

of the coming spring would have left the trees.

He kicked the snow ahead of him as he walked down the path under the leafless elms. "Oh, if I could but see her once again!" he said aloud as he thought of the time when he had watched her in the little church at Orange. But Bliss had hardly spoken to him on the campus for some time past, and Hollingsworth and he met but occasionally in Danforth's rooms. Hart felt rather constrained when he was there. What would he say if he only knew? But no one would know; there was no one he could tell. On he rushed into the snowy night, as if he could leave his thoughts behind him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SPRING TERM.

IT was a very early spring ; warm weather had come before the little patches of snow that lingered about the roots of the trees had fairly gone. The birds and the buds had seemed to come all at once, as if the latter had started at the first bluebird's note. Nature was prepared to give that wondrous leap from April into June.

The afternoon lectures and recitations were over and groups of undergraduates crossed the campus in all directions, some heading for their rooms, and some walking over towards Nassau street, calling back for one or another to come and join them.

Ned Bliss and Manager Bishop, with locked arms, crossed the muddy street and entered a rather disreputable-looking alley. They turned into a door-way on the right and entered the

big room at Dohm's, where the undergraduate drinks, sings, and, when very hungry, eats. Bishop sat down on one of the hard wooden chairs, and took out his pocket-knife. Bliss shouted an order at the waiter. Then he did some very skilful balancing on the back legs of his chair while Bishop began to whistle very correctly and loudly.

"Hear Pop Hart got on the Glee Club," said Ned at last.

"Oh, I knew he'd get on the club as soon as I heard his voice," returned the manager, who was adding his name to the many carved on the top of the stained brown table. "He's got one of those round, full bases like Thompson's in '87. You remember hearing him when you were at Prep. school, don't you? He'll sing second bag for us all right; we needed him."

Ned was making rings with the bottom of his beer-glass while the manager was talking; suddenly he looked up.

"I never saw such a change come over a man in my life," he said quietly. "You know I was attracted to him at first by his naturalness, by his self-reliant manner and simplicity. He's lost a deal of the last."

"All goes to show," replied Bishop, looking up from his whittling, "that success is hard to stand. The whole thing's developed from his playing on the winning 'Varsity team. I wonder if the faculty have talked it over, or if they have noticed anything at all."

"Outside of cutting recitations, it is n't usual for a freshman to become chummy with a senior, and the leader of the fastest set in college, at that. Hart does n't travel with his classmates any more, you know. I think they are getting a little bit soured on him. Now, Danforth is an interesting chap," Ned went on.

"I'll admit that. He has ideas galore——"

"But mighty little principle," put in Bishop.  
"But it's strange how Pop Hart has changed. He's lost all that Western hoosier-look."

"Well, why should n't he," resumed Ned.  
"He's wearing a suit of clothes made by Danforth's tailor now; so Sharky Sprague says. There's a pill for you, that fellow Sprague. They make a combination, that crowd: a senior, two juniors, and the president of the freshmen class."

"You know a funny thing about that—Hart never behaved like a freshman to me."



"That's because he didn't feel like one, I suppose," Bishop said, closing his penknife with a snap. "We seem to be taking an uncommon lot of interest in it. What do you think of that work of art?" pointing to his name freshly cut in the table-top.

"Sure you've spelled it right?" Bliss asked with a laugh.

Suddenly two figures came in through the side door. Tommy Wilson had a fisherman's sou'wester on his head; a brown leather shooting-coat, and rubber thigh-boots completed his costume. Fred Minton dressed in a long-cape mackintosh followed him.

"It's raining, by jinks," said Tommy Wilson, with a noisy stamping of his boots. "I say, you fellows, let's go into one of those inside rooms. Tad Elliott's coming over in a few minutes."

Bliss and Bishop rose, and the four juniors passed through the side door.

Dohm's would have possessed an interest for the stranger of an exploring turn of mind. The low wooden building had as many passages and strange out-of-the-way corners and recesses as the catacombs. Upstairs or downstairs you might travel, and to right and left

find bare little rooms with pine tables and wooden chairs. One room might be occupied by a noisy, singing crowd, while the next by a quiet, beer-sipping group, discussing science or religion, politics or football. Colored waiters, in long white aprons, now and then whisked out of one passage-way and down another. A short cut to some of those isolated apartments was through the backyard, saving the time spent in penetrating the labyrinth of dark hallways. Led by Tommy Wilson, the juniors descended two or three steps, crossed the yard, opened the door of a room and seated themselves. No sooner had they done so than Elliott, the foot-ball captain, appeared just as the waiter struck a sputtering sulphur match and lit the lamp.

"Had a strange time last night," Elliott began. "Happened to go into Danforth's room, and found Pop Hart."

"As usual," said Ned Bliss. "He does n't seem to go with his own classmates any more, I just said to the manager. He's had too many privileges, I'm thinking."

"Well, what about the evening?" said some one.

"Oh, yes," Elliott returned. "When I went into the room I found Danforth and Hart deep in an argument. You know what a keener Raymond Danforth is on an argument, especially in political history and such ; well, upon my word, he was getting the worst of it. They did n't pay any attention to me and I just sat there and took it all in."

"I don't think *that* was very exciting," put in Tommy Wilson, thumping on the table and calling for the waiter at the top of his voice.

"Well, it was n't that," Elliott went on, "but the fact that a bottle of Teacher's Scotch was on the table, it must have been filled when they started, and they kept dipping into it and dipping into it. They paid every attention to parliamentary rules and laws of debate, and, although I have a sneaking suspicion that Danforth saw some humor in the situation, I am sure Hart did n't."

"Oh, he's earnest enough in anything he takes up; the only trouble is he ought n't to take up the wrong thing," said Bliss; "sip, sip is bad business."

"Hear he got on the Glee Club," chuckled Elliott.

"Yes," answered Manager Bishop, "he's got a bully good voice."

After some more conversation upon various topics, the party at Dohm's broke up and went out into the drizzling rain.

Minton took one of the others under the shelter of his mackintosh while the rest of them attempted to crowd under the one umbrella in the party. Just at the entrance they passed two hurrying figures who were walking arm in arm.

"There they go!" exclaimed Elliott over his shoulder.

The two figures were Pop Hart and Danforth. The latter had not been popular enough to be elected into any of the exclusive junior or senior clubs, so with three or four of his satellites, he dined at a little place down Nassau Street; and his lack of general popularity seemed not to effect him in the least.

Hart and he were hurrying toward the station—they were bound for New York. It was Danforth's determined intention to put in practice a long fostered scheme to show the unsophisticated Westerner "the town." The pleasure that he would derive from it would

be from listening to Hart's comments, or witnessing his sensations.

For all his frankness and simplicity Hart had always kept a certain reserve, and this the senior would like to have seen broken down. He knew well that he should be careful to give Hart no offence: it was an interesting game that he had to play, and he doubted more than once whether he could ever obtain a domination over him in any way. But there was a secret of some kind that Hart held that Danforth wished to know—just from curiosity.

As the two young men reached the station, they were met by Danforth's servant who carried their bags.

"I have telegraphed ahead," said Danforth, "to have a dinner ready for us and we'll have just about time to dress.

Hart paused on the platform of the car. It seemed longer than eight months ago that he had arrived there with his paper parcel under his arm, and the bag he now carried was very different from the old one; he was very different from what he was then, life was very different! How it would all end he did not know, and he did not wish to think about it.

One thing he knew, however, and regarded it, strange to say, without much dismay. He was rapidly reaching the end of his financial tether. But if any one had asked him what he had gained, or whether it all had paid he could not have answered ; there was a sensation ' of loss, also, that came over him at times.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

"THERE are two kinds of remorse and two only," said Raymond Danforth, as he leaned across the table at Delmonico's.

"What are they?" Hart asked.

"Physical and financial. That is, if you feel well, there is no use having any regret for something which you've done that's past and gone. And, if your pocket-book is in good condition, you can't feel very bad any how. A full pocket-book is a great salve to the feelings—a balm to regret, eh?"

Hart paused a moment, before he replied. He had held conversations with Danforth such as he had held with no one else before; perhaps he had absorbed a little of the senior's pessimism—but he was too individual to come directly under his influence.

"What you say may be all right," he answered, "but you've left out conscience."

"Glad I did," Danforth returned, "it's the most shocking thing in human construction, and should be killed at an early age in children. It leads them to all sorts of morbid thoughts and actions and to unnatural conduct toward other people. Upon my soul, I rejoice to say I have n't any."

Hart looked at him wonderingly. "I've got one that I don't want to kill," he said thoughtfully; "at least I suppose I have."

"Mental indigestion—wish you joy of it," Danforth replied. "Hullo, there are some of your kids over there, are n't they? What are they in town for?"

Hart looked across the room. Simeon Congreve and L. Putney Betts had taken possession of a corner table. They looked very neat and young in their evening dress and immaculate ties, and Congreve's collar was so high that it made one nervous to watch him turn his head.

"Why don't you go over and speak to them?" Danforth said, seeing that this idea was in Hart's mind. "You'll have time enough."

Hart pushed back his chair and walked towards the freshmen.



"I can't believe it's the same chap," said Congreve looking stiffly across at Betts.

There was a little embarrassment in the meeting, as if Hart had been an upper-class man who had come to greet them. Hart did not know that his growing intimacy with Danforth had excited adverse comment among his classmates. He would have regretted it most likely, but being independent to the verge of obstinacy, it would have made little matter to him.

"What are you going to do to-night?" he asked Betts, as he leaned over the table.

"Going to the opera," Putney replied.

"That's just what we are going to do," Hart said eagerly. "You know, I've never been, in my life, and have n't the slightest idea of what it's like. Funny, eh? They won't have a hayseed like me in the audience every time."

"You might let them know you're coming," put in Congreve.

"That's a good idea," laughed Hart. "Give them warning, eh?"

After a few words more of friendly banter, he returned to Danforth who was waiting to remove the cover from the soup.

The president of the freshmen class was very well dressed in a well-fitting suit of evening clothes, and it was rather hard to imagine that so few months ago he had arrived at the station with the paper bundle under his arm and a shoe-string necktie around his throat. But the strange thing about it all was that with all this metamorphosis of habiliment there was no affectation of speech or manner. He was more at his ease perhaps with strangers, but the individual man had changed but little; he had picked up not a little of the knowledge that can seldom be learned from reading.

"Now, I dare say, old chap," observed Danforth across the table, "that our being seen together has excited a great deal of talk. Seniors don't very often travel with freshmen, you know."

"Let them say what they like," Hart replied. "Upon my word, I care mighty little. Certainly I am free to choose my friends; and, honestly, some of my own class are pretty young. What are these little pink things in the soup?" he asked suddenly after a pause.

"Oyster crabs," returned Danforth, "never tasted them before, did you?"

"Don't grow out our way. They're good eating."

Thus it went on through the dinner. Hart, natural, unassuming, and perfectly frank, and unsophisticated enough to be amusing. The conversation consequently was such as might pass between two men who knew each other well. It was not until the end of the meal, over the coffee, that they fell into some discussion and in the midst of it Danforth suddenly looked up at the clock and pursed his lips into a whistle.

"Hue!" he ejaculated, stroking his beard, "we have missed most of the first act with our gabble. Come on, we'll run out and get a cab."

As they entered the foyer of the Opera House, Hart was impressed with the deliberateness with which the people walked about. They seemed to be much at home. It was not a rush to get in and settled in deadly fear of missing something, they stopped and chatted, and all wore the unmistakable air of having been there before. But the novelty appealed so strongly to him that, as he sat down in his comfortable stall, a sense of bewilderment came over him. The brilliant boxes and the glare

of light, the immense circle, the movement of fans, and the gleam of bare jewelled arms—all these were new to him. It appeared to him as though he had suddenly grown into another life and was the inhabitant of another world.

The opera was "Carmen." It was the scene in the court-yard of the inn. In less than five minutes Hart had forgotten the crowd about him and, so far as he knew, he sat there all alone. The music swayed him with a delight that made him breathless. Danforth was sitting beside him leaning well back, and watching his face. Although the opera and the music was an old story to him, he was reflecting the enjoyment that his companion felt.

At last the act was over, and the curtain fell.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Danforth asked, as Hart looked around at him.

"I can't exactly tell you," was the answer. "I wish I understood the story."

"It's all here in the program," Danforth returned, pointing out with his finger. "Read it while I look about the house."

He swept the arches above him with his glass, while Hart buried himself in the fortunes of Carmen of Sevilla.

"Hello, there are the Hollingsworths!" ejaculated Danforth all at once. Hart looked up.

"Where?" he asked.

"Right there to the left—below that big, hideous woman in the blue gown—see, the one with the diamonds."

Yes, there they were, to be sure. He recognized Miss Hollingsworth sitting in the front of the box. Her mother sat next to her, and behind her appeared an array of white shirt-fronts. A strange, uncomfortable thumping came into Hart's breast. A half-frightened feeling that destroyed his peace of mind. He drew a long breath. Just as he looked up toward the box, Miss Hollingsworth raised her glass and looked down at the people in the seats below.

"Jove, she's a hummer," said Danforth. "See, she's bowing to us—look, she sees us."

Hart nodded confusedly, and an instant later Danforth jumped up.

"By Jove, I'm going up to speak to her," he said. "Come along, man, don't miss an invitation like that."

Hart arose after him and followed out into the foyer and up the velvet-carpeted staircase. Groups of well-dressed men were chatting on all sides, or by twos and threes were strolling up and down. Now and then one would rush over, open the door leading to one of the boxes, and disappear. There was a constant passing to and fro. But he had begun to wonder at himself. Actually, to the best of his recollection, he had never felt so frightened in his life. No; not even when he had looked into Bord M'Govern's angry eyes, as the latter had reached for his revolver. His throat was absolutely dry from fear,—and fear of what? Nothing tangible—the fear of meeting a tall, stately figure, the back of whose head and whose bare shoulders he could see as she turned to speak to one of the little court behind her. At last Danforth found room to press forward and speak to Mrs. Hollingsworth, much to the discomfort of an old, gray-mustached gentleman with a single eye-glass, who glared angrily, almost hungrily, at the little senior.

After a minute's conversation with the mother, Danforth spoke to Miss Hollingsworth, whom he had already greeted.

"Pop Hart, the big freshman, is in the back of the box, you remember meeting him, don't you?" he said in a whisper.

In reply Miss Hollingsworth glanced over her shoulder, and extended her hand in a graceful little way. Hart stepped forward. His great fingers were taken firmly and warmly in the long, slender ones.

"How do you do, Mr. Hart?" the girl exclaimed with real interest. "I saw you sitting down below and hoped you'd come up and shake hands with me."

At this, a narrow-shouldered youth with very prominent teeth and a perpetual smile, who had been occupying a chair immediately behind Miss Hollingsworth, arose. The tall girl smiled kindly at him, and then said in a low voice, "Do take that chair," and Hart did so. Not, for all his life could he think of anything to say. He was angry with himself for being so upset. No person, man or woman, had ever made him feel so strangely! and just then he noticed that all of the young men wore white kid gloves. What would Miss Hollingsworth think of him to have dared to shake hands with her without having them on. But apparently Miss

Hollingsworth was thinking of something very different, for she half turned in her chair, and inquired with a smile and a direct glance from her honest gray eyes, "Well, and how are things going at college?"

Hart started guiltily. "Pretty well, thank you," he replied, "that is, not very well, I should say."

"You know, it's a pleasure," Miss Hollingsworth continued, not noticing this last remark, "to meet a man who has come to college intending to be earnest. I am sure you have, and that you will succeed."

"Thank you," said Hart, bowing his head.

"Most young men don't know what they go there for," the girl went on. "I'm sure Kenmore has not learned, and he's been there three years, almost. You are working very hard?"

Hart paused before replying, but he was saved the trouble, for Miss Hollingsworth asked another question. "Do you like this opera?" she inquired.

"I never heard one before," Hart answered frankly, "and really I could not tell you what I think of it,—I think so many things. You know, it may seem very strange, but it's real to



me, and perfectly natural for them to sing instead of talking."

"I wish the people would not do any talking," Miss Hollingsworth said laughing. "Those next to us are perfect chatter-boxes."

"You don't mean to say they talk while the music is going on?" Hart asked in surprise.

"Bless me, yes," was the answer. "That's when they do most of it."

Hart felt himself plucked by the sleeve at this moment. Danforth was about to leave the box. The lights suddenly dimmed.

"I must be saying good-bye," he murmured, half afraid to extend his hand, but Miss Hollingsworth put her white-gloved palm out invitingly.

"Good-bye," she said. "You must work very hard—when you get back, you know."

It was almost a little note of warning or advice—kindly and well spoken—but it caused a great sensation to well up in Hart's bosom. Danforth ran his arm through his and they left the box together.

"You seem to have made quite an impression with the 'daughter of the gods, divinely tall.'"

Hart could have strangled him, but he held his peace.

"How long does this thing last?" he inquired.

"Oh, two or three hours; why?"

"I don't think I can stay it out," replied Hart, stopping suddenly, and drawing away. "I think I'll take the owl train back to Princeton."

"The devil you will," Danforth exclaimed, "and leave me in the lurch. You're a fine one! You know you said you would——"

"I know what I said," Hart answered angrily; "but I lied, thank God. I'm going back, that's all."

He drew an old silver watch out of his trousers pocket and looked at the time.

"Do as you like, of course," Danforth replied, "but don't be a fool."

"I've been one long enough," was the answer.

Danforth smiled and led the way down the aisle. Hart found his hat and before the senior could stop him, he had turned and hurried away. He did not put on his overcoat until he had reached the street. Half an hour

later he was pacing the over-heated waiting-room in the ferry-house. There was yet an hour before the train that he had to take would leave. A big fight was going on within him, but slowly and firmly a determination was being formed. Come what might, the best of life, the highest aims were his, to gain the first, the last was needed ; aim high he would !

## CHAPTER XIX.

### COMMENCEMENT.

THE day after Hart's trip to New York, he overtook Heaphy on the campus. The latter was walking straight ahead, very fast, with one shoulder slightly higher than the other ; a big book was under his arm, he had just come from the library.

"Hold on, there!" Hart shouted after him.

Heaphy wheeled and stopped.

"Are you going on the Glee Club trip?" he asked, as Hart joined him and started walking forward.

"No, too much work to do."

"Eh?" exclaimed Heaphy in astonishment. "I thought you said that pleasure and interest——"

"Oh, never mind what I said—look here, you know what the fellows call you, don't you?"

“‘The young-man-with-a-purpose,’” responded Heaphy grimly. “I——”

“That’s just it,” Hart repeated; “the ‘young-man-with-a-purpose,’—I’m another.”

“Good,” said Heaphy; “I would n’t be ashamed of it. I’m not.”

He beamed on Hart as he spoke, and gave him a tap on the shoulder. Then he turned and entered the college book-store. Newton slowed his gait, then he stood for a minute with his hands deep in his pockets. All at once he saw that someone was approaching him. Looking up, he perceived that it was Danforth. A tremendous splay-footed mastiff dog accompanied him. The beast represented nothing but expense and a blue ribbon, but Danforth had taught him one trick—that of drinking beer. The dog was a drunkard!

“Look here!” Danforth cried as he came nearer, “what did you get wheels in your head about last night, and tear off like that? I had a great time! I went to John’s and struck it rich; made a cool five hundred on the wheel. See what you missed; you might have been on velvet to-day, old chap.”

The only reply Hart gave to this was a lifting of his eyebrows.

"Humph," he ejaculated; "I'm glad I came back, nevertheless."

"Come up to my room to-night," Danforth went on; "we are going to have something there, something that will set you up."

"Sorry I can't," Hart replied. "I've got too much work to do."

"Oh, come now, don't get sour-ball."

"I'm not," Hart responded quickly.

"Well, don't get mad about it."

"I'm not mad, either; don't think that for a minute."

There was a smile on his face as he spoke that was difficult for the senior to fathom.

"Well, so long," he said.

"So long," Hart answered, and they parted, Danforth going over toward the street and Hart making his way in the direction of Edwards' Hall.

On the way down the walk he picked up Terence Golatly.

"Oh, I say," Hart called, "come down to my room and let's pole our Greek."

"Bells—bells!" exclaimed Terence. "Is that the next recitation?"

But he came along nevertheless, and for the first time in the term, Terence showed that

afternoon that he knew a little something about Greek.

The days sped by; spring soon laid her fair hands on everything. The end of the college year was approaching, a year that had been put to good advantage by some, misspent by others, that had drifted over the heads of many, and was gone before they realized it.

It was a fine, warm day; the grass was a vivid green; orioles whistled in the branches of the elms, and robins tugged determinedly at the fat worms that crept to the surface of the sod.

For many nights the seniors had been singing, grouped about the two placid lions on the steps of Old North. Examinations were on. Pale, nervous youths, who had sat up over coffee and syllabi over night, discussed their chances of getting through. Others, with the mark of the student, the "poler" in college parlance, wore looks of self-contentment. There was a deal of calling and shouting, notwithstanding, and much ball-tossing and batting on the open campus.

Jimmie Johnson, the lemonade-man, leaned

back against a sunny corner of the old chapel. Many years had the college known old Jimmie, from the time he came there a runaway-slave lad long years before the students took sides on the great question of the war. He had grown old trundling his wheelbarrow about the walks, and returned alumni, gray-headed and successful in their outside life, greeted the old man as if he were a friend—besides, of course, being a functionary of the University. Jimmie had done well from a business point of view this day, and his gnarled black face was wrinkled into a contented smile. The old yellow dog at his feet lay stretched in full contentment in the sun's warmth.

Three figures were approaching along the walk. They were talking earnestly together. Buck Franklin, who was to lead his class in the commencement exercises, wore rather a sad, abstracted look on his strong, square-jawed face, and Hart, who was walking at his right-hand, had somehow caught the reflection of his mood. Bliss was talking.

"I think it's rather a bit harder on the juniors than on the seniors themselves," he said, "that is, to see one's friends leave, don't



you know, cuts one up more than doing the leaving."

"Well, I hate to say good-bye to you all," said Buck, looking about him. "You have no idea what a grip the love of a place, the affection for associations, takes hold on a man. There are some things you seldom value properly until you are about to lose them."

"You can always come back, you know," said Ned.

"I should hate to think I could n't, or that I did not wish to," Franklin responded. "But it won't be the same. Now, old Pop here has three years more of it."

Hart looked up. "I don't know about that," he said, quietly. "Honestly I hope so, but——"

"Oh, pshaw," put in Ned, "that 's all nonsense. You spoke about leaving way back last fall, but you did n't."

"That 's true," repeated Hart, "I did n't."

Then he relapsed into silence. The three had stopped before Jimmie Johnson's wheelbarrow.

"Jimmie," cried Ned, turning suddenly, "what 's the best class in college?"

"I-I-I d-d-d-o-o-n't know, seh. A-a-a-l-l g-o-ood, seh; h-h-h-ta-te to see 'm go-go-go, seh."

Jimmie's stutter had no duplicate in the world, and he was a diplomat. His reply had the desired result. Franklin felt compelled to treat the rest to the weak concoction that Jimmie insisted was "l-l-l-lemonade, seh."

A brass-band was playing some popular airs out on the front campus, and many young men dressed in the garb of the graduating class (that had adopted the cap and gown as a mark of seniority) were walking to and fro, accompanied by proud mothers or fathers, little brothers, or sisters (or some other fellows' sisters), and Ned, spying a girl he knew, ran off and left Hart and Franklin standing alone.

"You have not any people down here to see you graduate, have you?" asked the former.

"No," was the answer. "Father wrote he could n't leave the farm."

"Are you going back there?"

"Not much. Oh! I forgot to tell you," Buck answered, "I've had a bit of good luck. Got a chance to teach this summer, and a good

offer of a position at Pottstown Academy in the fall. What are you going to do?"

Hart chivied a bit of stone around with the toe of his boot.

"Look here, Buck," he said, "I'm going to tell you something,—I don't know *what* I'm going to do. I'll have to do something, and, tell the truth, I'm in a pretty bad hole. There's no use of my going West again—and I don't want to anyhow. I've been trying to look for some work here. Now, I don't suppose I could get a job on your father's farm, could I?"

"It's a little bit of a place and my brother is up there with him," Franklin answered. "Really I'm sorry. But hold on, I know of a job for you!"

"What is it?" Hart asked eagerly.

"You remember, I told you that last summer I worked on a surveying party up in New York state; well, I have a chance to go on there again. But of course I won't. Do you know anything about the business?"

"I carried the rod for our county surveyor out in Nebraska," Hart answered, "and I know something about levelling."

"Just the man," Franklin replied. "You 'll fill the bill. I 'll tell you more about it later. Hello, the exercises will begin pretty soon ; I think I 'd better run and get my mantle on my shoulders."

Franklin was class-orator at the coming exercises, and as the campus and the amphitheatre around the old piece of ordnance was filling up with the chattering and perspiring crowd, there were a few minutes to spare.

Few of the freshman class were still remaining at Princeton. Returned alumni with their class numerals on badges fluttering from the lapels of their coat, attired again in the easy habiliments of undergraduates, wandered about, seeming to have caught all the old spirit of the college life. But the occasion suggested many thoughts to Hart. To continue here until his own four years were up, to leave with what honors he could gain, with the stamp of the college man upon him, and his alma mater's approval and godspeed in the shape of a roll of parchment—all these ambitions had become part of his firm determination.

Danforth and he had seen nothing of one another since the day in the early spring when

they had parted at the corner of the quadrangle. He had recognized the senior's absolute selfishness, and while he yet acknowledged the fascination of his personality, he had purposely avoided him, for his companionship had profited him nothing. Danforth had not staid in Princeton after the awarding of the diplomas, and there were few of his classmates who missed his presence. His pronounced self-worship had precluded his gaining anything worth the name of friendship, and besides he did not wish to stand the arraignment before the censor's platform. Without the least bitterness, devoid of regret or sorrow, he had packed up his belongings, and left by the morning train with only Hiram his servant, and Sharkey Sprague to see him off. Hart had passed him on his way to the station, but Danforth had not even given him a nod.

Heaphy had left also some days before, and Hart felt very lonely, despite his elation at Franklin's encouraging promise. He seated himself on one of the benches under the elms, and thought over the college year just ended. Much had happened, and much had he learned. The remembrance of the kindly glance of the

gray eyes that had haunted him, the friendly grasp of the hand, and the words that had aroused the best part of him, all this he called back to his mind. Although she did not know it, she had been the great impulse and influence of his life, and his ambition soared high enough for him to think that some day, at least, happen what might, he would tell her so. It could surely do no harm to tell her!

If he had worn her colors openly on his arm, he could not have felt a greater responsibility—even without the idea of striving for reward.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A SET BACK.

IT was the last day of the month of August. One of those days whose position in the calendar might be hard to guess from mere appearances. The air had all the freshness and balm of June, yet the sky was crossed by fleets of fast-sailing little clouds, and the occasional breezes that came earthward had that peculiar bracing coolness that suggests the end of summer. It had rained the night before, and the winding road that stretched from the little village of Hilltop down to the valley of the Coponac River, was washed into miniature cañons and arroyos that trended on each side towards the tall grass that fringed the driveway.

There was a sound of wheels breaking the stillness, and over the crest of the hill came a light buck-board drawn by two stocky little ponies driven by a tall girl who guided them

carefully over the rough places, chatting to them familiarly as she listened over her shoulder to the talk of a young man dressed in knickerbockers, who sat on the rumble seat. A shorter girl who sat beside the one who was driving, suddenly broke into a laugh, occasioned by something the young man had been saying.

The laugh was checked suddenly, for the ponies shied without warning sharply to the left just as the bushes were parted, and a figure stepped out into the road almost at their heads. It was a young man in a blue flannel shirt with his trousers tucked into the tops of his boots. A small axe was thrust in the leather belt about his waist; over his shoulder he carried a long staff divided into little numbered spaces with a movable target at one end. The young man drew back to let the buck-board pass him, but the occupant of the rumble had jumped to his feet holding on to the back of the seat in front of him.

"Hello, by jingo! if it is n't Pop Hart," he exclaimed.

The ponies were suddenly halted, and the girl who was driving leaned from the seat as she extended her hand toward the young man,



who had removed his broad-brimmed hat and stood bare-headed in the sunshine.

"Well! How do you do, Mr. Hart. This is a surprise," she said.

Her companion nodded and smiled also. "Where did you come from?" she added to the tall girl's exclamation.

Newton had recovered from his astonishment, and had taken the little gloved hand in his own.

"I am on the survey of the new road they're going to run through here. Been working on it all summer," he said.

"You're coming back to play football," cried Ned Bliss, thumping him on the back as he jumped to the ground.

"Going to try to," was the rejoinder, as the two stood there shaking hands.

"Bully for you, old chap; I knew you would n't go back on us. How long are you going to be in this neighborhood?"

"Two or three days, may be."

"Then you must come to see us, Mr. Hart," said Miss Hollingsworth. "We live about a mile beyond the village. Any one will tell you where. Now, don't forget us, we're home after church."

The ponies were getting restive, and at this moment a shout came from the meadow on the other side of the road.

"Hi, there, hoist up!" some one called.

"That's my level-man," Hart said. "I suppose he does not know what's become of me."

"Well, good-bye, old chap, see you in two weeks," said Ned as he jumped into the little spring-seat. The ponies started forward; both the girls smiling good-byes, and Ned waving his hand until they had disappeared around a bend in the road. Hart watched them come into sight again farther down. Then he took a little peg from a canvas bag that he carried over his shoulder, drove it into the ground with the axe, set the end of the rod upon it, and began to obey the orders of an invisible person at some distance who shouted:

"Down a little; up a little; down a hair,—  
O.K."

As he had mechanically obeyed these instructions, there was a very thoughtful look upon the rod-man's face, and after he had given the reading of the vernier, and written it down in a little note-book, he waited for the owner of the voice to come up. Soon he appeared

pushing through the bushes with his instrument over his shoulder.

"Was n't you talking to some people just now?" the level-man asked, a keen-eyed, grizzled individual who puffed at a cheap cigar thrust well into his cheek. "Them people in the two-horse rig?" he questioned. "Friends of yours?"

"Yes, I know them."

"Kind of swells, ain't they?"

"I don't know," Hart rejoined. "That reading was eight nought six."

To tell the truth he did not care very much for his immediate superior's society, yet there was nothing to which he could object to in the level-man's character except a disregard for the rules of grammar and an innate vulgarity for which he was not entirely responsible.

This was the job of which Franklin had spoken at commencement, and since June Hart had been working on the preliminary survey of this branch road. As his expenses were paid, he had managed to save up enough money he hoped to tide him through the next college term with the aid of close economy.

The members of the surveying party were

encamped at a small farm-house about two miles from Hilltop, down in the valley within a stone's throw of the willow-bordered banks of the river. The next day after the meeting on the roadside was Sunday, a day that Hart usually spent reading in the shade or following the occupation of the gentle Izaak Walton, tramping with rod in hand, along one of the numerous trout streams that abounded in the countryside through which the preliminary survey had been running. This morning he changed the usual manner of spending the day of rest. He brushed his clothes carefully, put on a white shirt, and started up the hill toward the village.

The church bells were ringing as he reached the summit, and at Hilltop they rang after a fashion of their own. The buildings of worship of the various denominations all stood about a central square, or park, in the middle of which rose a soldiers' monument of granite, topped by the traditional caped figure leaning on a musket. Not far away a lofty flagstaff rose above the branches of the trees.

The Congregational church on the north side of the square, rang first ; its stroke was leisurely

answered by the bell in the tower of the handsome Episcopalian church on the east; then the Baptist church struck in on time, if not exactly on the proper chord. Again the tolling started at the north, and swept around the square. It was much better than if they had all ding-donged it at once, like rivals, each calling attention to themselves. The decorousness of the proceeding, and the rather musical effect, accorded better with the spirit of the day and the idea of Christian harmony.

Hart had never been a church-going individual; his ideas upon religion might be described as being rather chaotic. The sermons in the chapel at Princeton he had classed as belonging to one of two kinds, the dull or the interesting, as the case might be. He had no religious opinions he admitted, but had the respect for the real evidences of them in others that every just-minded, honest-hearted man possesses. It had hurt him, although he knew not why, to hear Danforth whose knowledge of the Bible itself, was by no means small, declare that "religion was a crutch for lame minds." He had frankly declined to allow this topic to enter into their discussion by stating that as he

knew nothing about it, there was no use saying anything.

In some way the peacefulness of the scene, the sounds of the bells, the whole tone of the day, struck him forcibly, and a temptation seized him to enter the nearest church, which was the small Gothic building that looked more ornate and yet more aged than the trim, white barn-like structures on either hand.

Crossing the corner of the square he passed through the iron gates, and was standing there irresolutely in the vestibule when some one touched him on the elbow.

"Hallo, old chap," said a voice in a church whisper, "come in with us! If there isn't room in our pew there always is in the one ahead."

It was Ned Bliss and with him were all of the Bliss family; little Mrs. Bliss smiled benignly, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Hart," in a very concise whisper." Mr. Bliss mumbled something beneath his breath as he shook hands, while the young lady nodded in a very friendly fashion.

The church was crowded and as the party filed into the little pew, it was seen that it

already had two occupants; there was scarcely room for either Ned or Hart. This the former saw at a glance, and taking his friend by the arm, he said, "Room in the next pew," pushed him forward, and followed after him.

As Newton sat down some one spoke at his side. "I'm very glad to see you," said a low voice." He repressed a very strong inclination to spring to his feet. The words sent the blood hot to his temples. Turning quickly he saw that Madge Hollingsworth was beside him—smiling a welcome.

As the organ stopped playing the processional march a stir and fluttering of fans was plainly audible, but it seemed to Newton, as he arose, that above everything he could hear the beating of his heart. His fingers fairly trembled as he took a light hold of the corner of the prayer-book that Miss Hollingsworth extended. Her name was printed in gold letters on the cover; he could not take his eyes off it and read it over again and again.

Miss Hollingsworth sang the air of the hymns in a clear soprano, and Hart sang the base. A joyous exultation came over him as he heard his voice blend with hers. When it

came to reading from the prayer-book, she pointed out the responses with the tip of her gloved finger, and they read them together. All through the sermon, not one word of which Hart heard, by the way, he could feel the little breeze from her fan. Only once did he steal a glance at her, only once because he felt that if he had done it a second time, and had been seen, any one could have read the tumult that was stirring in his breast. He could scarcely persuade himself at times that it was really she sitting there beside him. He hoped that the service would be prolonged indefinitely, for he knew that it would be only with an effort that he could appear cool and politely indifferent in the way he knew he should be. He made up his mind, however, to inform her that it was his intention when he started for Hilltop that morning to call on her.

At last the service came to an end. The white surpliced young minister glided neatly out of the chancel, the organist began a rather loud march as if he were rejoicing that it was all over and that he could go home to his noon-day meal. People nodded to one another, and there was the rustle of rising everywhere.



Miss Holligsworth turned and spoke to him.

"It was quite a surprise to see you this morning," she said, glancing up at him.

"It was very fortunate for me," he replied, and at this moment Ned pulled him by the coat; Newton turned to him, and Miss Holligsworth went out the other end of the pew into the side aisle which was not so crowded. Hart thought at first of following her but Ned was talking to him.

"I'm sorry, old man, that I can't ask you to luncheon to-day with us; we live at the hotel but we are all going to stop at my uncle's here nearer the village. Can't you come up to-morrow and take pot-luck with us?"

They were slowly going down the aisle. Hart did not remember what he replied to Ned's invitation, his mind was so busy thinking how he could see Madge again. But Bliss's next words rang well with his thoughts.

"Why don't you walk out to the Holligsworth's and call? You're sure to find them all in just now. It isn't more than ten minutes' jog. Jove! didn't she look stunning. The finest girl I know, by all long odds."

Hart looked down at his companion. They

had just emerged into the sunlight, and why he asked the question he did, he could not have told to save him. "You're in love with her, then?" he asked, with a strange cold feeling coming over him, and his eyes searching Ned's features eagerly.

The latter shrugged his shoulders.

"Loved her all my life," he answered, "but that does n't count. She's going to be a sister to me, don't you know. Same old story. There she is now, driving off with Ray Danforth; he's trying to make all the running in that quarter."

The smirk on Ned's face would have shown that he thought Danforth's chances were not of the best, but Hart looked around quickly just in time to see Miss Hollingsworth settle herself in the seat of a trim Tilbury beside Raymond Danforth, who was gathering the reins in hand clucking to a handsome little black that evidently did not appreciate the fact that Sunday was the day on which to abstain from dancing.

"I dare say he is trying to explain why he was n't in church," said Ned, laughing. "He can explain most anything. By the way, did you notice he's in black. His uncle died a few

months ago and left him 'oodles.' He's going to buy a place up here."

The Bliss party were piling into a large private 'bus, and Ned suddenly perceiving that they were waiting for him, pointed up the road.

"The third place on the right," he said. They're going straight home; chase along, old chap. Pardon my clearing out."

It was Bliss's intention to have Hart arrive at the Hollingworth's a short time before luncheon. He knew that Madge would insist upon his staying, and that it would in a measure make up for his own inability to be hospitable. Hart bowed to the party in the 'bus as it drove away, and started walking up the road.

The Congregational church was just "letting out"; the farmers and villagers were backing their more plebeian vehicles from the long shed that stretched behind it. There was a screeching of cramped wheels and much "whoaing" and neighing.

After a walk of about ten minutes Hart came to a large gate on the right-hand side of the roadway. A neat little lodge stood on one side, and a huge oak tree spread its branches above the entrance. The winding drive led up to the

top of a hill where a large stone house commanded the view over the surrounding country. He had seen the big chimneys for some time above the tree-tops.

The day was very warm ; not a breeze stirred the leaves, and save for the crunching of the gravel under his feet, and the chirping of the crickets in the grass, there was not a sound. It required some courage for him to approach the great porte-cochère ; he felt as if every one of the big windows was suspiciously regarding his approach.

He did not know that he really had been seen ; but such was the fact—two young men were standing at one of the windows of a handsome wainscoted room, whose principal furniture consisted of a great billiard-table and some carved high-backed chairs—stag's heads and sporting prints were on the walls.

"Who the dickens is it?" asked one of the young men, knocking the ashes off of his cigarette. Then, before his companion could reply, he added : "By jove, it's Pop Hart, from Princeton. Where the devil did he come from?"

"It's evident that he has come to make a

call; he 's dressed in his best suit of clothes," was the answer. "You did n't ask him, did you, Ken?"

"No; he 's probably come to see Madge. She thinks he 's hot stuff. You know, I thought you and he were very thick."

"Oh, I had some fun drawing him out," Danforth responded, "and found he was an earnest ass, that 's all. Got to bore me pretty much. I suppose she will see him."

Just then the sound of some one playing the piano came from one of the rooms not far away.

"I 'll bet she don't," Kenmore answered, stepping to the door. "I 'll fix it with Hawkins."

The following conversation in a low voice came from the hallway :

"Hawkins, if that young man who is coming up asks for me, tell him I 'm out. If he asks for Miss Madge, tell him she 's out. If he asks for anybody, tell him they 're all out."

"Yes, sir."

There came a ring at the bell. "Fixed that," said Hollingsworth, coming back to the billiard-room.

Somehow all this seemed to give Danforth much pleasure.

Two minutes later Hart was crunching his way down the gravel drive towards the gates. Angry and bitter feelings rankled within him. The conduct of the pompous Hawkins in delivering his young master's orders, and his supercilious air, had caused such a momentary rage in Hart's bosom that he scarcely restrained his strong desire to pitch the butler head first off the stone doorstep into the flower beds. It was perhaps this anger that had prevented him from leaving his name, or may be, insisting that Miss Hollingsworth was at home, for he could plainly hear her singing at the piano.

He walked hurriedly through the village and down the hill toward the country boarding-house. But he did not stop there; taking a footpath, he strode across the meadow, and reaching the river-bank, flung himself down full length in the shade of the willows.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### IN HARNESS.

CHAOS, or at least uncertainty, might well be termed the keynote of the sophomore year. Broken loose from the trammels of a freshman existence, there is more of a tendency to kick over the traces, to exult in new found liberties, and to lean toward an over indulgence in the wearing of college colors, a privilege denied the freshman, by the way, except when at some distant athletic contest, in which his alma mater is to be represented. As usual the fall term passed by quickly; the football battles had been won or lost. Harvard had been humbled, but the standard of victory fluttered at New Haven. Yale had won. Not easily, but she had won Yale-fashion, by playing hard, fast football; and despite the efforts of the striped-legged, long-haired men from New Jersey, and the great individual game that had been played

by a few of them, Hart conspicuous among these last, the battle had been lost.

Newton's career since his return had been signalized by hard work in every direction. He was a first-group man now, and very soon it was rumored that Heaphy and himself were neck-and-neck in the race for academic honors. Neither of them had laid claim to the extreme privileges of his second year. Hart could find no sympathy for those who had plunged themselves into hot water through an inordinate desire to pay unwelcome visits to freshmen's rooms. Conscientiously and honestly he had stuck to his work, and the fruits had been worth the gathering.

This does not mean that he had not enjoyed himself. The merry gatherings at Dohm's had known him very often. His name was cut with the others on the top of the long stained table and his voice had joined or led the choruses that had made the bare rooms ring. "Adam" looked at him with approval, for mine host had found that Hart's intervention in moments of extreme uproariousness was better than all his oft-repeated pleading of, "Chentleman, chentlemen, please keep kviet, or I shol loose my license."



Winter had passed so quickly that it had changed from snow to rain, from rain to sunshine, and April had come with all the green things starting, long before one had grown accustomed to the date of the new year.

It was Easter-tide, and a group of sophomores on one fine warm day strolled across the campus arm in arm. Hart was leading and Terence Golatly was following close behind. In fact it would have been quite impossible for Terence to have followed any closer for he was walking lock-step with his arms clasped about Hart's shoulders.

Sophomores have a way of speaking of the freshman year as if it were in the dim past, and the doings thereof were to be referred to as happenings of their early youth.

"Will you ever forget," said Terence, who was forcing the season most decidedly by wearing a broad-brimmed farmer's hat of straw with a great orange-and-black ribbon,— "will you ever forget the time you carried me on your shoulders?"

"He has n't played a real game of horse since," put in Betts.

"Oh, he's moving along," said Golatly, prodding Hart in the back with his knee.

The reply to this was a sudden twisting, and before he knew it, Terence was slung across his friend's shoulders like a bag of meal. The slow procession across the campus went on as if nothing had occurred except that Bettsscratched a match on the sole of Golatly's boot. Terence was not placed on his feet again until the little party had stepped aside and touched their hats as one of the professors passed them. At the corner of Reunion the gathering broke up, going in different directions. It was late in the day; already some lights were burning and the air was growing cooler. Hart stopped, as was his habit, to chat for a minute with old Johnnie Degnan, the college policeman. Golatly had always declared that Johnnie's get-up had been copied from that of the comic copper in a well known Bowery farce-comedy. Golatly also declared that he always behaved well when Johnnie was around for fear of hurting his feelings.

"Misther Bliss was looking for you, sir," said the policeman in a timid high-pitched voice, with the softest brogue in all the world.

"Sure, he was shouting all about for you, sir."

As if for answer a hail from the direction of Witherspoon sounded.

"Hist! that 's him," said Johnnie.

Hart raised his voice.

"Halloo, Ned Bliss," he launched out into the air.

In a minute Ned came running up.

"Where on earth have you been keeping yourself?" he shouted. "I've searched the highway and byways. Want you to dine with me to-night. Mother and the girls are up here, and afterwards some of the Glee Club are coming around to sing."

"I've got to do some tutoring," Hart answered. He had been very successful in helping freshmen whose young ideas had not been taught to shoot aright, and the small pay he derived from it, amply rewarded him.

"Well, you've got plenty of time," Bliss responded, "we don't dine until seven. Come over sure. Miss Hollingsworth's here. She said she hoped she'd see you."

"Did she really?" Hart inquired, giving a start.

"It was very kind of her, of course," Ned answered, "but she really did; so, we'll expect you."

"Thanks, I'll come."

At the mere mention of her name, he had felt that oft-remembered leaping of his heart. Was it going to be thus always? Was he never going to forget the sound of her voice or the look of the gray eyes? He walked quickly away, and was rather absent-minded during the hour of tutoring that followed.

"You're to sit beside Miss H. to-night, old chap," said Ned to Hart as they met in the office of Princeton's well known hostelry. "Come in and look at the table; fixed it myself. No, by jingo, we have n't got time. Here they come now."

Hart stepped out to the foot of the stairway just as Mrs. Bliss and the little party descended. Although he grasped Mrs. Bliss's hand first he could see nothing but the tall, graceful figure that stood behind her. In another moment the voice he knew so well in his dreams was speaking to him.

"Oh, Mr. Hart," Madge Hollingsworth said,

resting her hand in his for an instant. "I have a bone to pick with you. Why did n't you call to see me when you were at Hilltop?"

Before he could reply Miss Bliss spoke up.

"Now, please, see me here, Mr. Hart," she said; "you need not to overlook me because I am so very small."

He muttered a confused explanation, and they went into the dining-room. As they sat down, he turned to the tall girl on his right.

"You asked me a moment since why I did not call when at Hilltop." His voice was almost trembling with earnestness. "I did call, and they told me you were not in."

"Why, I staid in all the afternoon hoping to see you," Miss Hollingsworth responded wrinkling her brow. Then she laughed. "You ought to feel flattered at that."

"I wish I had known it," Hart responded with such intensity that he felt compelled to go on in a quieter tone. "I heard you singing, at the piano, and knew you were at home."

"Why, this is almost a tragedy," Madge answered.

If she had known of Hart's wild desire to

throw the liveried Hawkins into the flower beds she might have spoken with more truth.

"Pardon me—don't you like oysters?" Madge asked, glancing down at Hart's plate.

"Honestly, I was n't thinking about them," was his response.

And at this minute Mrs. Bliss addressed a question to him from the head of the table.

"I hear you are going on the Glee Club trip, Mr. Hart," she said. "I hope your being older will keep the younger ones in order."

"Yes, just keep an eye on Kenmore; I am sure he needs it. He's going again as a—what is it?—oh, yes—heeler; so he tells me. I should think these Glee Club trips were no end of a spree."

"Often the case," said Ned, laughing. "We have just engaged Pop to come along to add dignity to the basses."

"We have a piano up in our room," put in Miss Bliss, "and Mr. Hart will have to sing for us after dinner. Are the rest of those boys coming?"

"At half-past eight, sharp," Ned replied, "and Briggs Talcott is going to bring his guitar. He can play like a *chavo*—whatever that is."

During the dinner Hart forgot many times that there were other persons present besides himself and Miss Hollingsworth; he had to haul himself up on more than one occasion to the knowledge of this fact, and it was difficult for him to keep himself from turning his back on his left-hand neighbor. He did not know it but he talked well, and occasionally the girl would look at him with that honest, unfeigned interest with which a woman looks at a man who arouses her mind or her thoughts, even if he has not touched her heart. She did not appear to recognize his earnest attention to her, nor did she know that a certain admiration that she could not help but feeling almost expressed itself in her glance.

There was no purpose in Hart's mind to lead to this; to talk to her, to be near her, gave him such pleasure, such delight that he forgot himself more than once, as he had forgotten the presence of the others.

But it was not very long before the dinner was over and the party adjourned to the drawing-room. In the course of a few minutes Kenmore Hollingsworth, Talcott, and four of the Glee Club men came in, and showed by their

actions very plainly that they would just as lief sing as not—perhaps rather. After a few glees Hart was asked for a solo, and although he would rather not have complied, if he could have gotten out of it gracefully, he stood up and Briggs Talcott seated himself at the piano.

Briggs could play anything with strings, from a corn-stalk fiddle to a double-stringed theorb; and he played the piano better, perhaps, than any man in college, but he seldom or never played a piece twice the same way. It all depended upon his mood. But so quick was his ear that he could accompany a song off-hand, quite as accurately, and often with a better swing to it than if he had notes set before him. Hart had never taken a music lesson in his life, but he sang naturally and unaffectedly without performing any bad tricks.

“Sing, ‘Drink to Me,’” said Briggs, with one hand chasing lightly over the upper keys.

It is a very old-fashioned song, “Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,” but a very fine old song. Hart began. He had never sung so well before, but Briggs was in the mood, and it may have been contagious. All at once Hart looked at Miss



Hollingsworth. She was sitting in the corner of the sofa with her chin supported in the palm of her hand ; her eyes had a far-away expression in them, but suddenly she lifted her head and her glance met his own. It was just as he finished. Again he felt that strange sensation, a sensation of there being only two people in the room—he and she. He walked directly over to her. She had no compliment for him.

“I love that old song,” she said, making room for him to sit down beside her, but Miss Bliss came up at this instant urging that he sing an encore. He was forced to comply.

“I hope you ’ll have a fine time on the Glee Club trip, and look out for Kenmore,” said Miss Hollingsworth as the singing party stood up to bid their hostess good night.

“Do you really mean it?” Hart asked.

“Oh, I was only joking of course,” was the answer. “But it would be a good thing if you could get some influence over him. He makes lots of mistakes.”

“I don’t know that I am the one to correct him, Miss Hollingsworth,” Newton said

quickly. "I can't point to my own career as a model."

He was so earnest that Miss Hollingsworth answered earnestly also, although her words might have gone well with a smile.

"I cannot imagine that you have been very wicked."

"A most kind and flattering judgment," Hart returned.

"Don't incriminate yourself," Madge laughed. "And just keep an eye on Kenmore. Encourage him to go to bed at night. There's chance for an example."

Bliss ran his arm through Hart's as he crossed the street.

"Would n't it be a shame if she married Raymond Danforth, after all," he said. "People are talking about it."

Hart said nothing, but Bliss felt the muscles of his arm stiffen suddenly.

.....  
It was two weeks later, the Glee Club, in a body were leaving the Glee Club car that had the same conspicuous banner on it. Newton thought of the time that he had attended a concert in Omaha but three years before.

He was walking beside Kenmore Hollingsworth. The advances that he had made to the latter had not been taken in bad part, and much to his astonishment Hart found that he had been somewhat mistaken in his estimate of Kenmore's character. The faults he had were those that are more easily pardoned on account of youth, and Kenmore was much younger than he looked: a spoilt boy who had lacked nothing that he desired. But his having entered college at so early an age, and having managed to stay there with a minimum of work, might be taken as evidence of the fact that his brains were above the ordinary, and this was true; he was naturally bright and possessed many qualities that were attractive. Despite the irregular life he led and the effect it must have had upon him, his complexion was pink-white like a girl's, and although he was not so large as Hart, he was strong and active. He could have made the eleven in any of his college years, but he did not choose to train. Danforth's influence upon him had not been for the best, but as that complex individual had now left college, Kenmore had changed more than a little. Hart had overcome that uncomfortable feeling that

he used to have in Hollingsworth's presence, and this in a measure had brought them more readily together.

The Glee Club trip was half over. They were to sing at Atlanta the next evening, then at Savannah from where they returned to the North. The car just now rested on the side track at Columbia, and it was up that city's dusty streets that Hart and Hollingsworth were walking,—talking together in a very friendly fashion. When they reached the hotel where they were going to dine, they turned into the billiard-room, took off their coats and began to knock the balls about. Ned Bliss, coming in, stopped at the door and waved his hand to them.

"Well, Pop's as good as his word," he said to himself, "in looking out for Ken. He's rather let up on the cocktail system lately." But Hart had not spoken to Hollingsworth about the cocktail, or any other habit. It would have been entirely foreign to his nature for him to have gone about matters in that way, volunteering advice, but he and her brother were becoming friendly; that was enough.

After the concert the orders were to return

to the car as soon as possible—the train started shortly after eleven o'clock.

Again Hart and Hollingsworth fell in together as they left the Opera House. It was raining slightly, and Kenmore opened his umbrella. Hart took him by the arm, and changed step to walk with him.

"I say," said Hollingsworth at last, "I'm going to get something off my mind. I served you a rotten mean trick last summer, and you might as well know it."

"What did you do?" Hart asked.

"I had the butler—well, there's no use telling you, if you don't know," said Hollingsworth, "but it was a mean trick, and I'm sorry for it."

"Did it do me any harm, or was it something you just said?"

"Neither; only it was n't very nice, and I hope I'm forgiven."

"That you are," Hart replied, giving him a squeeze of the arm, "'nuff said."

It had stopped raining all at once, and Kenmore dropped back to speak to Talcott, as they entered the railroad yard.

"Where the dickens is our car?" asked one

of the banjo players. "Nice kettle of fish if they 've gone off without us."

"I would n't care," said Briggs. "Say, did you fellows see that pretty girl at the hotel?"

A little noisy engine, with a glaring, cyclopean eye, was drilling some freight cars back and forth on a siding, and a roaring passenger locomotive, with steam all up, was being swung about on a turn-table, moved by two men pushing at the end of the levers. They could just be distinguished in the light from the neighboring switch-tower.

"There 's our car, over there," yelled some one in advance above the noise of the yard. Hart turned to look for Hollingsworth, and the others were surprised at the exclamation that came from him, and at his sudden action. There, in the bright circle thrown by the headlight of the engine on the turn-table, crouched Kenmore Hollingsworth, in the centre of the track, tying his shoe, and bearing down upon him was a heavy freight car, the man on top screwing the brake as hard as he could, and shouting at the top of his voice. Hollingsworth did not hear him or the frightened call of the others. The first thing he knew he was

struck a terrific blow, and felt himself hauled, or fairly thrown, off to one side across the track. The swiftly-turning wheels, with the great brake-shoes squeaking on them, rolled by, not two feet away. He arose bewildered.

"Is he killed? Is he killed?" cried several voices. And then Kenmore saw that there was a figure on the ground.

"Good God! it's Pop," he cried.

One of the men at the turn-table ran across with a lantern.

"Pick him up, you all, and carry him into the switch-house," he said.

They picked up the limp figure, and in the light of the lantern it was seen that Hart's face was covered with blood that ran from a wound on the forehead. But no sooner had they set him down in a chair than he opened his eyes.

"How do you feel, old man?" asked Ned, who was sponging off his face.

"Guess I'm all right. Hello! got a bump on the head!" looking up he saw Hollingsworth standing in front of him.

"Well, I say," he remarked grinning, "you chose a nice place to tie your shoe." Then he pushed himself up to his feet.

Hollingsworth said nothing, but he and Hart walked from the switch-house hand in hand.

"Ye gods! what a tackle that was," said Briggs Talcott, with a shudder.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### A PARTNERSHIP.

HART won the Baird prizes, with Heaphy a close second. Despite the statement of the latter that he envied lots of things, he apparently was not jealous in the least of his classmate's success. Upon the announcement of the results, he congratulated him with an honest earnestness that proved the sincerity of his feeling.

Kenmore Hollingsworth's remarkable transformation had been noticed and commented upon in many different quarters. His friendship for Hart may have produced some good results—most likely it did.

At any rate, the parting that took place in June when Ned Bliss and Hollingsworth stood on the platform of the railway station, showed how much their affections had been entwined about the associations of the four years just ended—but especially the last.

"I woke up last night," Ned said to Hart, "saying, 'Good-bye, good-bye,' in my sleep. . . . You've got the finest year of your college life before you now, old man. I wish I were a junior over again. But all good things have an end! Have you settled what you are going to do this summer?"

"Yes," Hart replied; "Heaphy and I have got a job running a boarding-house."

"Running a boarding-house!" exclaimed Ned.

"Yes; a juvenile boarding-house. Heaphy, it seems, has a pull with some paper in New York that has a Fresh Air Fund; sends city kids out into the country to gambol on the green."

"That's what he worked at last summer, was n't it?" Ned inquired.

"Yes," Hart answered. "I think it will be rather interesting. Besides, it pays pretty well, which is something to be considered. Hullo, here comes Ken."

Hollingsworth, followed by a colored man carrying two immense valises, came running up. Manager Bishop, Tommy Wilson, and Fred Minton were there also, looking rather woe-begone.

"Halloo, you fellows," cried Kenmore. "Now, don't let's get glum. You'd better change your mind, Ned, and come along with me. You'll learn more of architecture than poling in an office in New York."

"When do you sail?" Ned asked. "Of course, I can't go, but I wish I could."

"Sail next Saturday. See Madge and mother in London for a few days, and then take the steamer for India, via Suez. My cousin, that Harvard chap I had down here last week, and who was 'so taken with the place, don't you know, old fellow,' is going with me. I'll be back in less than a year,—and Pop, old boy, I want to find you right down here in this little burgh, pushing things along.

"I hope you will," Hart answered. Then he and Hollingsworth shook hands.

"Remember me to your sister, won't you?"

"Indeed I shall."

Kenmore turned to Ned. "Now, don't weep, you gaby. This train is going to start in about one minute."

All up and down the platform farewells were being said. Wilson, Bishop, and others came crowding up. The conductor of the train

waved his hand to the fat engineer—a cheer—there was a grumble of the wheels, and Bliss and Hollingsworth each caught one of Hart's hands.

“Good-bye, good-bye, old boy,” they cried, and swung themselves onto the moving platform.

Hart slowly walked back to the campus. It was all right; they knew what they were going to do. Ned was going to take up the study of architecture, and was going to step right into it. Kenmore was going to study law after his return from his trip around the world. Hart sighed; when it came to his time to leave, it would mean much more to him. It would be like leaving the shelter of a home he loved, to go out and do battle for life in “the wide world” to which the class-day orator had of course referred.

. . . . .  
Now it would take a volume to tell of the summer Hart and Heaphy spent at the farm in Connecticut, where they entertained the hundreds of little guests that the great New York daily sent up to them to grow sunburned and fat in the fields, and to return to their mothers in

the sweating, heat-ridden city, laden down with strange objects—live turtles and bull-frogs, dead beetles and butterflies, and with enough health and vigor stored up to carry them through the killing year to come.

Although Hart never inquired how it was that Heaphy had obtained such a wonderful influence with the paper that apparently did not stint him in regard to expenditures, he often wondered at the faith they displayed in the manager of the "Clover Farm." Of course he did not know that the rent of the big house and most of the running expenses were defrayed from Heaphy's own private purse. But such was the fact. Patrick Corse was carrying out one of his own purposes, after his own method.

But the summer soon ran its course, and with a goodly sum of money, Newton returned to college.

The admiration that he held for Heaphy had grown to a real affection, and the proposition that they should still continue joining forces, came from Patrick Corse himself. So they became room-mates, and succeeded after some manipulation in getting diggings together in Reunion Hall.

Hart was the first man of the University now; the great position of honor that he had neither coveted nor sought, was his. He had been elected Captain of the Eleven. The college trusted him, the men obeyed him, and the Graduate Advisory Committee were satisfied that the conduct of affairs was in good hands. But, sad to tell, in a practice game previous to the struggle with Yale, Newton tore a ligament in his shoulder so badly that in the first five minutes of the great game he was forced to leave the field, and lie on the side-line watching the brave efforts of his men to turn the tide of misfortune that had set against them. Jack Stahl had twisted his bad ankle at the beginning of the second half, and was helped, limping off, to bury his head in a pile of blankets at Hart's feet, where he wept like a baby and would not be comforted.

But the young men from New Jersey filed out from the grand stand at the end of the game, cheering as bravely and loudly, if not so wildly, as if the victory were theirs.

. . . . .  
Junior year is the happiest, or should be the happiest, of the undergraduate life. Free from

the petty distinctions of the first two years, surrounded by the broader horizon of the upper classmen, gifted with the knowledge and judgment that must of necessity result from experience, a man begins to know himself and others; the real friendships of college life are made to last through life. By junior year a man stands for what he is. He has profited by the mistakes of the feverish sophomore year. At least he can mind his own business, and he should appreciate this privilege and show it. The freshmen look up at him with respect, the hostile feeling of the class below evaporates; he can "smoke his pipe and sing his glees" in peace and comfort. With the grave and reverend senior he holds his place.

Although sadly disappointed at the result of the football game, Newton had lost nothing of the college confidence. He worked hard but his room door was open to any one who knocked (some did not, by the way) early or late. He and Heaphy had not gone in for mural decoration. Hart's chiefest treasure was a photograph that Ned had given him, only because he had caught him picking it up so often in his room. In it were Ned and his sister,

Danforth, and a lot of strangers, but standing back of them, looking squarely out at one, was Madge Hollingsworth. The likeness was excellent, and the expression was characteristic of her; an honest smile, without self-consciousness or affectation. Somehow Hart could not look at it without hearing the sound of her voice.

During the junior year L. Putney Betts had grown very sedate, and Simeon Talcott Congreve had developed a literary turn. Terence Golatly was perhaps the most popular man in college next to the Captain of the Eleven. He was president of the athletic association, Terence was, and often used to trot around the track in abbreviated costume, "just to encourage the others," he said. But his endeavors were not serious, although he averred stoutly that there was one man he could beat in college at all round athletics (hurdles preferred) and that was Charlie Townes. Charlie, who was heavy enough as a freshman, heaven knows, now tipped the beam in the neighborhood of 240 lbs., "principally avoirdupois," Golatly stated. But his good-humor had apparently developed with him. He was now rooming



with Jimmie James, who stood a good chance of being elected the captain of the baseball nine. Jimmie was reckoned the best first-base man that Princeton had produced for a long time, which is saying not a little.

The college year rolled by. Vacations were past and over. Examinations came and went, and June and another commencement arrived after a year of great prosperity at Nassau Hall.

. . . . .

Professor Ransom was a young man who had taken up his profession with enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that was contagious, but that did not prevent his enjoying life outside of his work. He was friendly with the students. His classes were well filled, and he did not have to ask for attention during recitation, he commanded it without effort. The young Professor was looking over a pile of little white pamphlets in his room when the servant entered with the morning's mail. There was a letter in a strong angular hand, in a square envelope, that the Professor opened first. Then he leaned back in his chair and tapped the letter thoughtfully with his finger.

"I know just the man for her," he said to

himself, and picking up his pen he began to scribble busily. "Dear Mrs. Carter," he wrote, "I was very glad to get your note of inquiry. I have just the man for you, and I think your boys would like to have him for a tutor. His name is Newton Wilberforce Hart. He came here a Westerner, fresh from life in one of the little towns of Nebraska. Perhaps nowhere could he have found an atmosphere so congenial for expansion and growth as he found here. He is perfectly capable of instructing your boys in any study. He is a personal friend of mine, and I cannot but add that he has my admiration, as he has the trust of the faculty. I should be glad to point him out to anyone as a Princetonian. I shall ask him if he would like to take the position, which I regard as a great chance and shall let you know immediately. I know that Harold and Billy will like him as soon as they have set eyes on him—the idea of having a 'Varsity captain for tutor should be enough!—I suppose that you will pass the summer at Coverley. I shall never forget the delightful times that I have had there. I trust that I will be able to accept your kind invitation and make you a visit."

Having finished this epistle, the Professor turned again to the pile of little white pamphlets. With a smile of satisfaction and pleasure he read the name "Patrick Corse Heaphy" on the first one.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID.

COVERLEY, Massachusetts, lies not far from the seacoast, in a beautiful rolling country with smooth, hard roads stretching between the little towns round about. Fine country houses, the summer residences of wealthy or well-to-do citizens, are to be seen on every hand. The large country-club that stands well back among the trees at the end of an avenue, well indicates the love for, and the glowing interest in, outdoor sports. Its wide piazzas, on late afternoons, are thronged with groups of well-dressed women. Healthy, athletic-looking men are scattered about. The polo field ends almost at the house, and on days when a game is in progress, the piazza is a brilliant sight. Back of the club building, on the terrace, are the tennis courts, surrounded by frames of wire netting, and on the upper court, one August afternoon,

three young men were playing; two of them were very young indeed, scarcely more than boys.

"Play up closer to the net, Billy," the taller one shouted, spinning his racket in his hand, "that 's where he lands them in every time."

"All right, I 'll brace up now."

The shorter lad stepped up to the net, and spread his legs wide apart with a "do or die" expression on his face.

"Play! Mr. Hart," the first speaker called as he served the ball.

From the piazza the game was being watched by two very handsome women, one of whom was shading her face with a parasol from the slanting rays of the sun.

"You know, I feel a good deal like the boys about him," said Mrs. Carter, giving her parasol a little twirl. "They are constantly endeavoring to show him off, only he won't be shown off. There 's something strange, almost sad, about him too. I have never asked him about his history, but I think he has been through some great trouble or experience."

"You always were of a romantic and imaginative turn of mind, Clara," the taller woman

rejoined with a little laugh. "You must not forget that you are referred to as an attractive young widow."

"Not very young with those two reminders," laughed Mrs. Carter, indicating the youths on the tennis court.

But to tell the truth, she looked young indeed as she spoke. Her black hair did not show a single touch of gray and her complexion was like that of a young girl in her teens, while the wonderful dark eyes that her boys had inherited from her, sparkled and snapped with the vivacious humor that was betrayed also in the curves of her mouth. Her companion looked to be the older; her hair was gray at the temples, and although she was very handsome, and her figure was youthful, she did not possess the attraction that Mrs. Carter held for the masculine eye.

Mrs. Trevellian and Mrs. Carter had been rivals in their girlhood, but the former's life had not been devoid of trials. She had married an officer in an English huzzar regiment, and after having put up with his doings for a number of years had gone to the courts for relief, which had been promptly accorded her.

She could yet keep herself surrounded, however, and expected proper homage.

"Game and set," called one of the young men from the tennis court, triumphantly. Their opponent laughed, picked up a coat from the ground and flung it over his shoulders; then he followed the two boys up to the piazza.

"Oh, Mr. Hart," called Mrs. Carter, as he approached, "I want to introduce you to Mrs. Trevellian." He bowed his acknowledgments.

The tall woman looked at him curiously. "Rather uncommon," was her mental comment.

"You're a Princeton man, Mrs. Carter tells me, Mr. Hart," she said. "I wonder if you ever knew my cousin, Raymond Danforth."

"Oh, yes," Hart answered, "I used to know him. But he was one or two classes ahead of me."

"Do you think he learned all he knows at Princeton?" inquired Mrs. Trevellian with a little smile. "If so it must be a most remarkable place.—I used to hear of his goings on."

Hart shrugged his shoulders. "Really that would be hard to state," he replied; "I dare say he picked something up on the outside."

"And probably imbibed not a little before he

went to college," laughed Mrs. Trevellian. "Oh, you don't know my nephew," she went on, turning to Mrs. Carter. "The most fascinating and self-centred individual in the world. By the way, he is coming here some time this month."

"I supposed that he would be here when the Hollingsworth's came," Mrs. Carter replied. "I've never met him, but I have heard of his being very much interested in Madge."

Hart winced at this little speech.

"Well, I hope that he gets her," remarked Mrs. Trevellian. "It would need just such a girl as that to keep Raymond in order."

Hart bowed and walked away. Entering the Club House, he passed through the hall, down the piazza steps, and struck across the lawn.

So she was coming here and Danforth was still in attendance! Although the idea of *his* entering the lists as a rival appeared rather preposterous to him, the thought of Raymond Danforth winning the affections of Madge Hollingsworth seemed quite as much so. Yet what he had just heard had aroused many bitter feelings. He was not jealous nor envious of



Danforth's position, but he felt how unjust it was for a man who had lived the life that he had, and held opinions such as he had advanced in regard to women in general, how unjust it was for such a one not to let women know about himself in the same frank way that he proclaimed his beliefs and acknowledged his mode of life before men.

Hart was an extreme idealist ; he had divided womankind into two classes, and two only ; in his mind they were separated by the very lightest barrier. On one side were those so safe from a man's thoughts, except his holiest, that they might be saints enshrined. Across the barrier were the others ; that was all. A girl who would flirt or make the mistake of becoming so familiar that men might bandy her name about without the blow of honor being struck ; who encouraged looks that should make a woman shudder, that woman stepped across the line, and left the saints enshrined without disturbing in the least Hart's high ideal, or his belief in the sanctity of woman. Thus his love for Miss Hollingsworth had taken the form of a religion ; a religion that precluded the entrance of many temptations into his life. He had

reasoned that even were she married to another man, a thought that would make him chill through and through at times, he could still maintain this belief, and live with the knowledge of this love (that he had told no living being) wrapped in his breast, to direct him to the right life, and the fine things in it. He felt that should she marry a man who would not treat her kindly, who would not appreciate her, that he could so hate that man that he might well desire to kill him.

As his thoughts worked faster, he increased his stride. He did not notice as he tore down the road that someone was following him closely. But one of the Carter boys had mounted his bicycle, and with an amused expression on his face was silently dogging his tutor's footsteps. At last he could repress his curiosity no longer.

"Oh, Mr. Hart," he called, "where under the sun are you going?"

Hart turned.

"I never saw such a lickity-split gait," laughed young Billy, trying to stand still on his machine. "It looked as if you were mad at something."

"What made you think that?" Hart inquired, forcing himself to smile.

"Oh, from the way you held your shoulders and stepped out with your feet," the boy replied dismounting. "I say," he went on, "Harold wants to know if you won't let us off our Latin this afternoon. We 'll do a lot better to-morrow."

"Why, certainly, I never insist upon anything."

"That 's mighty nice," Billy laughed, "but you do without saying so, pretty often, all the same. I 'll ride back and tell Harold. We 'll hold a meeting and vote you thanks. You 're a brick."

He jumped on his wheel and rode back to the Club House. Hart continued his walk at a slower pace.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PARTISANS.

"I HAVE a message for you, Mr. Hart," said Mrs. Carter, looking in at the door of the library where he and the two boys were working at a long table. "Mrs. Trevellian wishes to know if you won't dine with her to-night; just a small, very informal dinner; you had better accept. There's going to be the prettiest girl you ever saw there. By the way, she had a brother at Princeton. Madge Hollingsworth is her name; and I suppose more men have been crazy about her than about any woman I ever knew."

Hart had arisen when Mrs. Carter entered the room.

"I've met Miss Hollingsworth," he answered, gravely, "and I know her brother very well. He has not returned from his trip around the world, I believe."

"So I hear," Mrs. Carter replied. "Oh, by the way, Raymond Danforth, Mrs. Trevellian's nephew is going to be there also. He was at the Club House this morning."

"I saw him," put in Billy, looking up from his algebra. "He looks like a Frenchman."

"I promised Mrs. Trevellian that you would come, so don't say you won't," Mrs. Carter went on, smiling. "No need of writing; I'm going to see her in a few minutes, and I'll just tell her that you will come with pleasure."

"Thank you," said Hart, "I will."

Mrs. Carter had a way of taking everyone under her roof into her family, her servants included. Perhaps they were allowed more privileges than hired servitors generally are, but they certainly appreciated their positions. She had been criticised perhaps for allowing too much familiarity between herself and the people in her household, but it was a familiarity that had resulted in no disrespect, or impertinent assumption. She would nurse a sick servant as conscientiously as she would anyone of her kindred.

Although Hart did not suspect it, he had won a large share of her generous affection.

She was quite as proud of him as were her two fine boys. Although she had never penetrated the reserve that characterized him, she had found out not a little about his past life and his aspirations. Plainly enough she had shown her interest and friendship. Hart had grown to think of her, in return for this, as belonging to the type of women who live for others and bring happiness into the world. This was true, for Mrs. Carter, despite a rather careless attitude, had no thought but that of doing good, and selfishness or self-interest had been left out of her composition. She was like an older sister to her boys, without losing in their eyes a whit of the dignity of motherhood.

Mrs. Trevellian's house was a very small one; in fact, she referred to it as the "Band-box." It was built into a side-hill, and the rooms on the ground floor merged into the hallway through very large doorways. But the hangings and decorations were as dainty as possible. The treasures that good taste had accumulated, and knew well how to display, were in evidence, but made no show of lavish expenditure. There was little trace of mascu-

line suggestion, and but few evidences of the sterner sex's presence. These evidences consisted of an abundance of ash-trays and cigarettes on table and mantelpiece, and a series of handsome decanters on the sideboard in the tiny dining-room to the left. The kitchen of the little house, Mrs. Trevellian had once insisted, was no larger than the fireplace of the Country Club. But the dantiest of dinners came from this diminutive kitchen nevertheless, and an invitation to Mrs. Trevellian's was valued accordingly.

As Hart helped Mrs. Carter out of the carriage and entered the hallway, he heard the chatter of voices rising from behind a tall screen in the little drawing-room on the right.

The grave-faced little buttons took his hat and coat and then turned to someone who had entered from the outside without ringing the bell. It was Raymond Danforth, and his surprise at seeing Hart was ill-concealed.

"Well, where under the sun did you come from?" he inquired quietly, extending his hand.

"From Mrs. Carter's. I'm tutor to her two boys," Hart replied.

"Oh, that's the game now," spoke Danforth smiling superciliously. "Soft snap, eh? Quite in clover."

Hearing the sound of voices, Mrs. Travellian stepped from behind the screen.

"Come in, come in," she said. "We have had a hen party here for some time."

Mrs. Carter at this moment came down the stairs, as light-footed, despite her plump figure, as a school-girl. The two young men stepped aside for her to pass them, and Mrs. Trevellian touched her lightly on the cheek.

"Late, as usual," she said laughing. Then she turned to Danforth who had stepped ahead of Hart. "I had half a mind not to ask you, Ray," she laughed. "You never call upon your relatives."

"A most cruel speech," Danforth said, taking her hand and kissing it, an act that became his appearance very well.

"Oh, Mr. Hart, I am so glad you could come," went on Mrs. Trevellian, extending her disengaged hand and shaking his warmly. "I want to present you to Miss Hollingsworth."

"Mr. Hart and I are old friends," said a voice with a musical diapason.



Once more he felt the gray eyes look into his. His pulse beat fast. Oh, how he loved this tall girl! Her very presence seemed to lend a different atmosphere to the breathing space about her. But he controlled himself and asked the news of Kenmore quietly. Then Mrs. Trevellian spoke to him in a way that demanded his undivided attention and Raymond Danforth settled himself on the sofa beside Miss Hollingsworth.

Hart shot a glance at him. Despite Danforth's collected manner, the condition of his feelings was readable with half an eye, and, moreover, his attitude showed that he did not consider it necessary to maintain a worshipful distance. He leaned toward her, supporting his head on his hand, with his elbow on the back of the sofa. Miss Hollingsworth sat very straight and listened to what he was murmuring with an expressionless face. She did not possess any manifestations of nervousness. She did not play with her rings, or twist her gloves. Many people who did not know her had thought that her nature was a cold one. This was not true ; her balance was perfect, and her self-control wonderful. But the warmest

of hearts beat within her, and her tears were more often near the surface than even her nearest friends suspected.

Hart found that he was to sit next to Mrs. Trevellian, on her right. Just before dinner was announced by the pretty, red-cheeked maid, the sixth member of the party made his appearance.

Count Von Gillig hardly deserves description. His title was beyond dispute, and his opinions were not worth disputing; but he was not a bad person to have at a dinner. He had an appreciative appetite, and a desire to make himself entertaining. This with good manners made him bearable as a table companion. What he said often excited laughter that apparently pleased him, and Mrs. Carter declared that he was so silly that he was absolutely entertaining. The Count sat on the hostess's left, next to Miss Hollingsworth, and Raymond Danforth was at the head of the table.

Mrs. Trevellian had a great admiration for good-looking men, in spite of her experience with one who was more renowned for his good looks than for anything else, and Hart's appearance had rather impressed her the first time

she had seen him, and, now, as she turned to speak to him, she caught such a far-away expression on his face, that she rather studied it before she spoke to interrupt his thoughts. "Scarcely handsome," she said to herself, "but powerful." What she said was rather flippant, however. "Thinking of home and mother, Mr. Hart?" she inquired.

"Well, no; not exactly, Mrs. Trevellian," he answered composedly. "I possess neither."

"Pardon me, it was only your expression that led me to speak so foolishly," she said, a bit taken aback. "Really your mind was somewhere else. Your reply might prompt another question—you suggest that you are a mystery."

Hart laughed. "If you think so, I will help you solve me."

"No, you would n't," replied Mrs. Trevellian. "I'm of a curious temper, and you would answer my questions so cautiously, that I would learn nothing. But I won't begin now because we might be interrupted. Somehow I think your forte is politics."

It was the year of a presidential election; the country was all agog upon a question of a vital

national issue. Count Von Gillig had caught the word 'politics.'

"What a strange thing it is," he said, "I have never met politicians in this country. Do they live all the year round in Washington? Why do they hide themselves? I luf to talk politics but they will not let me."

"Unfortunately," put in Danforth from the head of the table, "it is not considered polite conversation, Count; and there are ladies present."

"Probably we would enjoy sensible talk more than you have any idea of, Mr. Danforth," said Mrs. Carter, "and know more about the subject than you think we do."

"All women know more than most men think they do," said the little German, who very often said rather clever things, as if by accident—really he was no fool.

"It is nonsense to suppose that women don't take interest in such matters," put in Mrs. Trevellian. "Somebody, I have forgotten who, persuaded me to sign a paper begging somebody, or some legislature, or something, to allow us women a chance to vote. I think we should. Don't you, Madge?" this to Miss Hollingsworth.

"No," was the rejoinder ; " I 'm very glad I don't have to." She looked across the table at Hart with a quizzical little smile. " I don't object though to hearing sensible discussion," she added. " Or being told why men vote for one thing or the other. If I were a man, I should be sure to know reasons, and be willing to give them."

" Well, there are no sensible reasons why any one should vote for the candidate from the Middle States," observed Danforth, as if that settled the matter.

" Pardon me," said Hart, " I think there are."

" Bravo," said Mrs. Carter, clapping her hands. " Tell us why."

Nothing had been farther from his thoughts than to start a political discussion by thus taking up Danforth's words, and he rather regretted having spoken so hastily.

" Yes ; tell us why," Danforth repeated, taking a sip of champagne, and leaning forward in an attitude of attention.

" You have my permission," said Mrs. Trevellian.

Hart began to talk. He knew well the sub-

ject before him, and although he grew interested and was earnest, he did not allow himself to become excited in the least. Danforth encouraged him to go on by little questions and interjections. So he talked longer than, perhaps, otherwise he should. At last, it came to his mind that he was really taking up too much time. The Count, with a visibly bored expression, was regarding him through a single eyeglass, and at last he caught a smile on Raymond Danforth's face, and stopped.

"Well, what can you say to that, Mr. Danforth?" said Mrs. Carter, to whom the references and general subject might have been Greek or Hebrew.

"Humph," observed Danforth. "After such a fine oration as that, there is nothing to be said. I saw your friend, Mrs. Ellsworth, at Newport this year," he added, smiling as if taking advantage of getting rid of the subject.

Hart looked down at his plate. It had not struck him before that a long speech on the political situation was hardly table-talk. He saw immediately that it had been Danforth's intention to make him ridiculous, if possible. He was angry at himself, and angry at the im-

pertinence with which Danforth had begun and then dismissed the matter. But glancing up he saw that Miss Hollingsworth was looking at him. There was an expression on her face that drove every angry feeling from his mind. Her eyes met his, but for an instant; but there flashed from them a glance of sympathy and understanding, with something else lurking behind it, that might have indicated a suddenly awakened interest or admiration. Mrs. Trevellian, who had caught it, gave a little start.

“What you said, Mr. Hart,” she laughed, “makes me wish more than ever that I could vote, but now we are going to leave you to your cigars.”

After the ladies had left, Danforth apparently ignored Hart's presence altogether and began a long discussion in German with Count Gillig. Hart sat silently smoking, and his thoughts ranged wide. What was it all tending to? Where would he fetch up? Somehow he longed for the old, untroubled life that he had led when a clerk in the store at Oakland. He pictured to himself Mr. Van Clees and his wife, sitting in the little front room upstairs with the

parlor melodeon locked and tuneless. Poor little Mabel! He had not thought of her of late, and no word had he heard for three years now. What a strange thing his short friendship with Danforth had been. Why was it that life held so many complications? Here she was, and yet so far away from him. He had hardly spoken to her. How hard it was to keep from saying the words that kept repeating themselves over and over to his inner consciousness. He had finished his cigar, or, at least, it had gone out, and suddenly arising, he pushed back the portière and entered the next room. With that gesture of invitation that is really a welcome, Miss Hollingsworth made room for him to sit beside her on the sofa.

"Do you know," she said, "it was very fine of you to speak the way you did to-night. I enjoyed every word of it, and what is more," she added with a smile, "I think I understood it. Do you know, I have wanted to speak to you all the evening. There is something that I have wished to say, that I could not say before everybody, because I knew you would not like it——"

Just then the curtains were pulled apart and



with a laugh the Count and Danforth came into the room.

Unseen by Hart Miss Hollingsworth's fan had slipped to the floor. The Count hastened forward and picked it up, bowing extravagantly, and then standing before her for all the world like a terrier dog that demanded to have its head patted. There was no chance for Madge to finish what she was going to say. She glanced up at Newton hopelessly, and just then Mrs. Trevellian called him, a summons he felt compelled to obey.

But before she left, however, Madge found chance to say to him, "Do come and see us; we are stopping at the Inn at Rockcoast."

As Mrs. Carter and Hart drove home that night the kind lady delivered herself of the following little speech :

"You were perfectly right to say what you did, dear boy," giving him a friendly touch on the back of the hand, "and that nasty little snip made me so mad I could have scratched him."

Hart did not reply as there was nothing he could think of to say at the moment. What it was that Miss Hollingsworth had intended to speak to him about, he could not imagine, but

the next morning after the lessons with the boys were over, he started across country for Rockcoast,—a little collection of houses on the stony shore of the wide bay. The Inn was a picturesque little building, that, although it was very new had the appearance of having stood where it was for years.

“Miss Hollingsworth was here with her mother but a few moments ago,” said the clerk, replying to Hart’s inquiry. “I think you will find them down at the observatory.”

The observatory was a small summer-house built out upon the rocks, but a few hundred yards across the road from the Inn. A little stretch of sandy beach was at one side and a few commodious-looking bath-houses stood in from sight at the bottom of the little cliff.

Newton caught a glimpse of some people seated against the railing, but before he had crossed the road, a tall girl arose and hastened down the steps ; he met her on the walk.

“I recognized you as you came from the Inn, Mr. Hart,” said Madge Hollingsworth. “To-day is no day for sitting still ; let’s take a little stroll and I can tell you what I did n’t get a chance to tell you last night.”

"I've been wondering what it was," was Newton's answer, as he looked down at her.

She lowered her eyes for a minute, and then nodding her head, she said, "Let's walk up in this direction, along the rocks, and I can begin."

He did not reply. The delight of being with her kept him silent, and he waited for her to speak again.

"Mr. Hart," she said at last, turning to him, as they left the road and took a worn pathway to the left, "Kenmore told us something when we saw him in England, so long ago, and I wish to thank you for what you did. He told us that you saved his life. Mamma of course wants to thank you too. She has just gone out driving, but you must wait until you see her. You know it's hard to put one's feelings in words, but I love Kenmore, and I have worried about him very much. You have been—"

"It was n't anything to do," Newton blurted out, "so please don't try to say anything more about it. I just happened to see him first that's all."

"I understand."

There was a little quiver in the corner of her mouth and a curious shake in her voice. For a minute they strolled on in silence.

"You know, I think that Kenmore has much improved; I can't tell exactly how, but we had a long talk when I met him; something we have n't had for years. Although he is older than I by a year and more, I sometimes feel as if he were much the younger."

"I misjudged him very much at first," Hart returned, "but really I soon found out what a fine fellow he was."

"Tell me," she asked suddenly, "what do you think of Mr. Danforth?"

"I think he is a very uncommonplace man," Newton answered quietly, "with a remarkable mind and a chance in life, if he should choose to use it. Such a thing as failure, he would not understand."

"I take you to mean that with a strong incentive he could accomplish a great deal," said the girl, pausing for a minute and looking out over the water, "and that his real capacities have not been awakened."

"Yes," Hart answered, "that would be a good way to put it."

"Just one other question—it may be unfair, but I trust not—do you like him?"

"No," returned Hart honestly, "I don't."

Miss Hollingsworth started walking forward again, and now she changed the direction of conversation without leaving the subject.

"Do you really think that he understood exactly what you said last night, and just did not wish to try to answer you?"

"Yes," said Hart, "I think that's it. His answer would have been worth listening to. He is not a random talker by any means."

"Well, let's drop him for a moment," said Madge, with a nervous laugh, "and talk about yourself. This is your senior year now, isn't it? What are you going to do when you leave? Don't think me impertinent, asking you so many questions! pray don't!"

"Think you impertinent!" ejaculated Hart, "if you only knew—" He checked himself. "Your interest is very kind; thank you for it," he went on. "But to answer you—I have not exactly decided what I shall do. I might do as a friend of mine has done, and try teaching school; but I don't think that it would suit me altogether. I would like something else better."

"Something broader, you mean," said Madge.  
"Something bigger than explaining text-books.  
I should think that you might make a good lawyer."

"That was my ambition when I first came to college."

"Have you another now? You don't appear to me to be a man who would give up easily."

"Thank you."

They sat down upon the edge of a rock, and Miss Hollingsworth asked him something about a statement that he had made in his little speech at the dinner.

What a grand pleasure it was thus to talk to her. All feeling of constraint left him, and to talk to a woman who is really interested and appreciates, is one of the greatest delights that a man can have on earth, especially if it gives him an excuse to look into her eyes, and to hear her voice replying to his. Neither of them noticed how quickly the time passed, until suddenly Madge raised her head.

"Here comes Mamma now," she said. "And Mary Bliss. It must be nearly luncheon time at the Inn."

Hart turned around and saw a tall woman

approaching. Mary scarcely reached to her shoulder as she waved her hand. "How d'ye do?" she called. The elder woman regarded him through her lorgnette as he stepped forward.

"Mr. Hart, Mamma," said Miss Hollingsworth, "Kenmore's friend at Princeton."

Mrs. Hollingsworth spoke in a deep chest-voice without evidence of much feeling.

"I am glad to be able to thank you, Mr. Hart, and I suppose my daughter already has done so; Kenmore told us of your brave deed and the risk you ran."

"I think it was perfectly splendid," put in Miss Bliss. "Ned wrote us all about it at the time."

"Mr. Hart will take luncheon with us, of course," said Mrs. Hollingsworth, "and really we are quite late now. We had better go back at once, Madge."

She started down the path, the three young people following behind her.

As they came into the dining-room of the Inn, Raymond Danforth rose from a corner. He greeted Hart quite cordially, but his presence lent rather a constraint throughout the

luncheon, to Hart's mind, at least, although Danforth was affability itself.

Newton returned to Mrs. Carter's as soon as luncheon was over. He swung along at a rapid pace in high spirits. He was going to see her again, for Miss Hollingsworth told him that they expected to be in the neighborhood of Coverley for some time. Despite the handsome place they owned at Hilltop, they generally spent a fortnight here during the last weeks of summer.

There is but one more episode to dwell upon before Hart's return to college work. A day or so after the talk on the rocks there was a dance at the Coverley Country Club. Newton went on Mrs. Carter's invitation. As he entered the big room he passed close to Mrs. Trevellian and Danforth, who were talking together in a corner.

"Well, I wish you every success, my dear boy," Mrs. Trevellian was saying, "for many reasons, and anything I can do to help, you know I'll do it."

"Well, I don't intend to give up, you can rest assured of that," said Danforth, closing his jaws.



Despite the smallness of his features, his face had a certain strength and determination.

Suddenly his cousin touched him on the arm.

"Look," she said; "watch your tall college friend. He's looking for her, too."

Hart's eyes were searching the room. All at once he caught sight of Madge sitting opposite; Miss Bliss was beside her. They both nodded to him, and he crossed over to them.

"I am not afraid of that sort," said Danforth with a sneer.

In answer, Mrs. Trevellian merely raised her eyebrows.

"Then you are not so clever as I thought you were," she said. "I think she likes him. Does he dance?"

"Not that I know of," Danforth replied.

"Well, then, go over at once and take her out. I know Mrs. Hollingsworth very well; I may be able to do you a good turn."

"Oh, I'm friends enough with the old lady," said Danforth, rising. "I think she'd like it well enough."

With that he walked across the room. Miss Bliss frowned a little as she saw him approaching, but in another instant he had placed his

hand familiarly on Hart's shoulder with a " Beg pardon, old man," and just as the music began to play a two-step he requested the pleasure of dancing with Miss Hollingsworth. Hart stepped to one side. He did not succeed in getting a chance to speak to Madge again that night, although his eyes followed her everywhere.

The next afternoon he looked for her on the piazza of the Country Club (she had said that she was going to be there), but she did not appear, and at dinner that evening he heard that the Hollingsworths had returned to town, and that Danforth had gone back with them.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SENIOR YEAR.

NEVER since the year of '60-'61 had Princeton known such political excitement. Politics shared with football prospects the conversations on the campus. Campaign clubs had been formed, and, as the students held the controlling vote of the borough itself, there was a reciprocity between the townsfolk and the college. Hart had been elected President of the organization that supported the candidate from the Middle States, and he had plunged earnestly into the work. .

It was growing on toward election time. The college drum-corps and tin-horn bands had been out every night ; and one evening the news was spread about the campus that an ex-senator, a man renowned for his oratory was going to be present to address the students and the voters of the township. The party he

represented was rather in a minority in the borough, and he was to speak against the platform upon which the candidate that Hart supported, was standing—or “*running*”—for what reason no one knows.

The evening of the meeting arrived. Hart stopped at his room on his way up from his Club House. He had been among the eight elected the year before to the club from whose walls looked down the photographs of many men well known to the outside world, in professional and business life, and who returned to college to find in the little building among the undergraduates, the welcome of fraternity. Heaphy had not made the election; his strange retiring disposition had kept him in the background; there were a few of Hart's friends who wondered at his friendship for the ‘young-man-with-a-purpose’ who had been so often defeated in that purpose (if it were merely the gaining of honors) by his own roommate.

“Going to hear the senator speak to-night?” asked Hart as he opened the door and found Heaphy poring over a book.

“Nope; I'm not feeling first-rate,” Heaphy replied. “I've caught a cold or something;

don't think I'll go. Oh, by the way there's a telegram for you there on the table."

Newton picked it up.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "Kenmore Hollingsworth is going to be here to-night. He's just back from China."

Then he walked over to the mantelpiece and picked up the photograph and looked for a minute at the picture of Kenmore's sister. Not a word had he heard of her since he had left Coverley six weeks before.

A large crowd had gathered to hear the orator of the evening. His speech was well-worth listening to and frequently applauded. A less skilful speaker might have started a Donnybrook Fair about him, but so well were his words chosen that there were no interruptions despite a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of the minority supporters who were out in force. At last the senator concluded, and no sooner had he left the platform when some one on the outskirts of the crowd started a cry: "We want Pop Hart" he called. It was taken up from all around, and at last the shouting ended in a cheer. Hart who had been listening attentively to what had been going on shouted,

"No, No," in as hoarse a voice as he could command; but those about took up the other cry. He felt himself impelled forward, and before he knew it was almost pushed up the steps. The dead silence which followed the uplifting of his hand precluded the possibility of his retiring without saying something, and he began with a tribute to the character of the honorable gentleman whom he was unexpectedly following. He spoke but for a few minutes, and when he had finished, a roar of voices sounded from all around. He pushed his way into a gathering of his own classmates at the bottom of the platform steps.

"I did n't wish to get up there and spout," he said, grasping Congreve by his collar, and Golatly by the back of his neck. "You fellows got me into that, and I have half a mind to bump your heads together."

Some one struggling through the mob was trying to reach him. It was Kenmore Hollingsworth. His greeting was effusive. "You old chump—glad to see you," over and over. "But hold on," he said at last, breathlessly, "I forgot. My governor is standing back here, and

he wants to meet you. Oh, Pop, but I wish that I were back here again."

"Did you have a fine time, old man?" Newton asked, as they pushed their way along the sidewalk.

"Oh, great. I'm going to stay down here to-morrow to see the practice. The governor is here on some law business for the trustees. Oh, here he is."

A tall man with rather a military appearance stood leaning against one of the trees.

"This is Pop Hart, Father," cried Kenmore.

"I am glad to meet Mr. Hart under such auspicious circumstances," said Mr. Hollingsworth with a smile. "I congratulate you upon your speech, sir. I need say nothing more after the way it was received. I shall be here to-morrow most of the day, and I trust that I will have the pleasure of seeing you again. Now, Ken," he added, turning to his son, "I know well enough that this is not the hour for an old man like myself to 'hang about,' as you would put it. So I'm off to the hotel."

Kenmore and Hart walked over across the campus.

"Yes, had a great time. How do you like

me with a mustache?—no funny remarks, now. I say, let's go over to your room, where we can chat a bit; that'll be jolly," the former was saying, all in one sentence. "I know you are in training, so I won't talk long. You can fire me out whenever you wish to. Hear you were up at Coverley."

When they reached the door that opened from the end of the hallway, Hart took the keys from his pocket, but before he had unlocked the door, the handle turned from the inside and some one stepped out to meet him.

"Hullo, Doctor," Hart exclaimed, "what's the row?"

The doctor stepped to one side. He was constantly in attendance at the football grounds, and was on familiar standing with the players.

"Look here, Pop," he said, "how long has our friend Heaphy been under the weather?"

"Two or three days. It's nothing serious, is it?"

"Well, I don't want to alarm you," the doctor replied, "but probably I shall, nevertheless. It's scarlet fever, to my thinking. Have you been with him much yourself?"



"Every day," Hart answered; "but what are we to do?"

"Clean out this entry and take care of him. Or, he might be moved, if we could get a house in town. That would suit the faculty better."

"You had better not come in, Ken," said Newton, opening the door to the room. "I may see you in the morning. Poor old Irish! Don't say anything about it."

"I'm awfully sorry for him," said Kenmore. "There is n't anything I can do, is there?"

"Don't think so. Good-night."

The doctor closed the door behind him.

"How are you feeling yourself, Pop?" he asked in a low voice.

"Oh, fair to middling; that is, I'm a little off my feed, but I'm all right."

"Well, you'd better go around and see the Dean," said the doctor. "Don't go inside the house, but just tell him."

Hart started off at once. In half an hour he returned. Heaphy was bundled into a carriage, and taken to a little house down Witherspoon Street, where no students were boarding, and installed in an upper room. Before morning he was in a raging fever and his mind was wander-

ing. In response to the doctor's suggestion that his family had better be informed, Hart replied that, like himself, Heaphy had no kith or kin of whom he had ever made mention.

"Well, look here, you'd better not go to the practice to-morrow," said the doctor. "Just keep away from people and take things easy. This young man will have to have a nurse."

"Why, I'm going to nurse him myself," Hart replied. "We've got to keep down expenses."

The doctor looked at him curiously as he held up a little thermometer to the light.

"What will they say about the football. You ought not to run any risks."

"Darn the risks! Do you think I'm going back on him? It's my place to look out for him."

"I would n't mind about expenses, if I were you," said the doctor. "I'll telegraph for a nurse, and be around first thing in the morning. Take care of yourself. Good-night."

Hart sat down in the rocking-chair by the lamp that was turned low on the table. Heaphy was muttering a little, and tossing uneasily on the bed in an inner room. Suddenly the bell down-stairs in the hall jingled. The caller was

no less a person than a member of the faculty high in authority—the dear old chap who never conditioned any one in his life.

“Mr. Hart,” he said, in his quiet, lecture manner, “you need not to worry. Mr. Heaphy will be looked after and taken care of in the best way possible. But,” he added, “I would not attend recitations, if I were you, for a few days, and I would keep away from the campus. We don’t wish to frighten people, and I really don’t know how much trouble we may have already on foot for us. Too bad the infirmary is not built, but rest assured that everything will be done for your friend.”

With that he bade good-night, and Hart returned to his lonely watching.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### IN TOWN.

"DID you ever hear of such luck in your life?" exclaimed Kenmore Hollingsworth at the breakfast-table, as he seated himself and threw a letter down beside his plate. "Just got news from Simmy Congreve, at Princeton, that Pop Hart has come down with scarlet-fever. You know I told you all about that evening there last week. His room-mate is pretty bad too."

"Whew! that is bad news," said Mr. Hollingsworth, looking up from the paper. "Is he dangerously ill?"

"I hope not," put in Mrs. Hollingsworth. "But come, Kenmore, it won't do any good to go on like that; sit down and eat your breakfast."

Kenmore had jumped up and walked over to the window.

"Don't you think we could do something for him?" he said, turning.

"I'm sure I don't know what we could do. They will probably look out for them down there."

"Probably his family will come to him," said Mr. Hollingsworth. "Ah, here it is in the paper: 'The Princeton Football Captain out of the Game,' quite an account."

"He has n't any family, and not a penny in the world, at least Mrs. Trevellian told me," said Mrs. Hollingsworth.

"Well, that does n't make any matter," answered her son, "and it does n't count at college either. Congreve says that everyone is all broken up over it."

As he spoke thus Madge had appeared at the doorway.

"Why this tableau?" she asked, with a little laugh. "It looks as if Ken had been sent to the corner. Please don't say anything to me for being late. Why, what's the matter?"

"Pop Hart has got the scarlet-fever," said Kenmore.

If he had looked closely at his sister he would have noticed her face grow a shade

paler, and her eyes close a little. She sat down very quickly.

"Is he dangerously ill?" she asked with an effort.

"There 's Congreve's letter," Kenmore answered, extending the epistle across the table. Madge picked it up; it was with difficulty she could see the writing. She read the first line over and over, 'Dear old Pop Hart is ill with scarlet-fever. Came on yesterday afternoon. He had insisted on nursing Heaphy, confound him, and now he 's got it.'" Here she stopped.

"There 's no use reading all that, Madge," said Mrs. Hollingsworth, looking curiously at her daughter. "Mr. Hart seemed to be a very nice young man; but you had better eat your breakfast, if you are going out riding."

Madge put down the letter, and commenced to pick at a bunch of grapes.

"I don't think I 'll go out riding to-day, Mamma," she said quite calmly.

Then she suddenly arose. Kenmore had seated himself again and Mr. Hollingsworth looked from him to his daughter.

"Why, you have n't eaten anything at all, Madge," he said.

She turned at the door.

"I really don't feel a bit hungry," she answered, smiling.

For a minute after she left no one said a word. Mr. Hollingsworth spoke first.

"The theatre supper was too much for her last night, three in a week!" he remarked, rising. "The way young people go on now-a-days!"

With that he left the room. Kenmore and his mother sat looking at one another. As long as the servant was in the room they said nothing, but when the sedate Hawkins had disappeared Mrs. Hollingsworth leaned towards her son.

"Had you ever suspected anything like that?" she asked.

"Like what?" replied Kenmore evasively and absently.

"Don't be stupid, Kenmore. Madge is a very impressionable girl, and if your friend Mr. Hart has presumed upon some people taking him up——"

Kenmore interrupted her. "See here, Mother," he said, "you know Madge is not impressionable, and I can vouch for this, that

my friend Hart, as you call him, would presume upon nothing."

"Well, I did n't gather that, at all, from what Mrs. Trevellian told me this summer. But you know it would never do in the world, and is not to be thought of; the idea of a man like that——"

"I am not going to talk about it," interrupted Kenmore leaving the table. "In the first place you may be mistaken, and what's the good——"

"You're right; it is n't worth discussing," said Mrs. Hollingsworth as she arose and followed him out of the room.

When Madge had left the table she hastened up-stairs to the little front room she called her study; she passed quickly through it to her bedroom and closed the door behind her. She did not understand her feelings but she simply kneeled down beside the bed and, with her hands clasped before her, she prayed silently that Hart's life might be spared. Before she had risen two large tears had welled from her eyes. Just then she heard her mother's voice calling her from the hall. Jumping to her feet she wiped her cheeks, and calmly



and collectedly she met her mother at the door.

Before Mrs. Hollingsworth had said a word Madge spoke.

"I think I will go out riding after all, Mamma dear. It's too fine a day to miss," she said.

Mrs. Hollingsworth looked at her rather in astonishment. She expected to find her in a very different mood. She was completely disarmed and did not know what to say. Perhaps she had been hasty in speaking as she had to Kenmore, so she merely said :

"All right, my dear," and turned away.

When they had reached a bend in the bridle-path, Raymond Danforth half turned in the saddle as the horses slowed down to a walk. For years he had been so well known to the Hollingsworth family that the young people called one another by their first names.

"You are especially silent this morning, Madge," he said, "so you'll pardon me if I do more than usual of the talking."

"On the same subject, of course?" she questioned, looking straight between her horse's ears.

"Yes, on the same subject," he replied unrebuffed, "that is, myself. You must n't blame me if I think it is interesting."

"I have never intimated that you were uninteresting," said Miss Hollingsworth, "but why not another subject, for a change?"

"You know your influence over me," went on Danforth. "I've given up lots of things—"

"Things that did n't do you any good; you must acknowledge that," spoke up Madge, wrinkling her brows.

"Granted, but if you gave me only some hope, I might accomplish a great deal in life, and without it, I fear I shall do nothing. I've told you that before, time and again. But now, if you wish, let's change the subject. Did you hear of Hart, the Princeton football man's illness?"

His eyes were searching her face.

"Yes," Madge answered; "Kenmore told us this morning at breakfast."

She knew that he was looking at her, and she spoke calmly.

"Despite his training and all that, I fear it will go hard with him," sighed Danforth, with an assumption of some feeling. "He used to

spree it a good bit on the sly. I dare say he does now, you know."

"Really, do you know that?"

"Well, in the days when I used to do a good bit of it myself, he ran more than even with me. But I really had to give him up—could n't stand the pace."

"Indeed," said Miss Hollingsworth.

She chirruped to her horse. Danforth dug his with his spur and they broke forward into a gallop.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### CONVALESCENT.

EVERY day bulletins were posted, telling how the two sick men were getting on, and the news that the captain of the football team was very low indeed had caused a gloom over the whole college. The men at the 'Varsity grounds played in a listless, half-hearted way. No one sang the old song that began "We are going to win the championship." From freshman to senior, every one who passed by the little house, that had been turned for the nonce into a hospital, looked toward it as if hoping for the best. Heaphy was much better—pronounced out of danger, but Hart's condition was very desperate. But three days after election day when the news of the victory of the candidate from the Middle States had been well assured, young Professor Ransom met the doctor on the street. The physician had lost a great deal of his worried look.

"He's much better to-day," he replied to the professor's inquiry. "Last night when I was there he had a ray of consciousness, and asked what day it was. I told him, and then he inquired about the election, and who won, and I told him that. He nodded his head and said, 'Good.' But see here, Professor, you know how a man betrays his secrets in delirium; he's got some girl on his mind."

"Well, most young men have," returned the professor. "Or ought to have, properly speaking."

"He kept mentioning but one name for some time; let's see—what is it,—the name of 'Madge.' Is he engaged to be married, do you know?"

The professor paused.

"Seems to me I heard something about it a long time ago in his freshman year," he said slowly. "The Lord grant he pulls through. I hope he won't begin to worry about football."

"Nor his studies," interrupted the doctor.

"Never mind about that."

Congreve and Jimmie James happened to pass at this moment. Seeing who the two figures were, they stopped.

"How is he, Doctor?" inquired Congreve in a low tone, saluting Professor Ransom.

"Much better; glad to say."

Congreve hit James a thump between the shoulders.

"Bully!" he said, and they went off to spread the news.

The professor returned to his study, and picking up a pen he commenced to write to Mrs. Carter in New York. Incidentally he happened to mention, in connection with the tidings, the name that Hart had repeated so often not knowing that any one would hear it; and the mention of this name made the dear little woman think.

. . . . .

Two weeks after this Newton sat up in bed, at least he was helped into a sitting position by the doctor and the nurse. It would have been hard at first to recognize him. The beard on his face made him look years older, and his big-boned arms, sprawled over the counterpane, were almost pathetic to look at; but his eyes were bright and his voice was fairly strong.

"Do you want to look at yourself, Mr.

Hart?" asked the nurse. "There's a mirror here."

"Would n't look at myself for a farm," Newton answered. "Bring in the other fellow; let me look at him."

"Oh, Mr. Heaphy," the kindly-faced woman called into the next room.

In answer Patrick Corse Heaphy tottered through the doorway. He sank down into a rocking-chair, and the nurse looked from one to another in amusement.

"Well, you're the funniest looking thing I ever saw in my life," said Hart, forcing a smile. "I suppose I'll begin to peel in spots like that myself. Irish, you and I had better let ourselves out to a side-show somewhere."

But Heaphy replied nothing. He leaned forward, and took Hart's thin fingers in his own. Then he leaned his forehead on the clasped hands and burst into tears. The nurse looked down at the two young men, and then discreetly left the room. Hart raised his other hand and placed it on Heaphy's head, from which the shock of hair had almost disappeared.

"Look here; never mind, old boy," he said.

"We 've pulled out all right. There 's lots to do now. We 'll rustle along together."

Heaphy raised his head. "That 's what we 'll do," he said ; and his words meant more than Hart knew.

There was a smell of fumigation in the room, for the next apartment had been well smoked out. The bell down-stairs rang. Another young woman in a nurse's cap went to the door.

"No, you could n't see him to-day," she said. "You 'll have to wait until to-morrow."

"Hallo," said Hart. "So there are two of you ladies, after all. I was n't sure."

"There are a whole raft of young gentlemen," the first nurse responded, "down at the door. They 're fit to tear the house down to see you, sir." She spoke with a strong English accent.

"I tell you what we could do, Miss Watson," answered the other nurse, who had entered like a very attractive ghost—at least, in regard to silence—"just give this bed a push and he could look out of the window."

It was no sooner said than done. It was true that those below hardly recognized the face



they saw, but three times three were given for Pop Hart. Then, as if not quite an after-thought, a rousing cheer was given for "Irish." Heaphy, leaning over Hart's shoulder, almost blushed.

"Two pretty looking scarecrows," said Golatly to L. Putney Betts, as the party walked up the street. "Now let the committee get together and stampede to the doctor."

He turned at the corner, and followed by Congreve, Betts, and three of the others, he entered the front yard of the little brown house that stood back among the bushes. They rang the bell. The doctor himself opened the door.

"Come in, come in," he said. "What's the rumpus?"

"Doctor," said Golatly, who was spokesman of the party, "we're a committee from the senior class, and represent the class in what we say. We want the bill for all your services and the nurses and the whole business sent to us."

The doctor smiled about that.

"You need n't worry about that; the bill's paid now," said the doctor.

"The Faculty?" gasped Congreve in astonishment.

"No," replied the doctor. "It's another dignified person, I should say corporation."

Now, without stretching the truth at all, the doctor knew more about Patrick Corse Heaphy than any one in college, even including Hart. The corporation he referred to was the Knickerbocker Trust Co.

"Who could it have been?" questioned Charlie Townes. "Let me think."

"Don't think, Charlie, or you'll strain your mind," said Golatly.

"Let's drop in at Adam's and drink Pop's health. My, but he was a skinny looking thing in that beard," laughed Golatly.

"Well, he was n't anything to Irish," put in Betts. "I don't think any girl would vote him a kissable object."

"Never mind, Irish has got the right stuff in him," said the first-base man.

"Which is the truthful truth from truthful James," said Golatly, as they turned into the dingy little alley.

When the sound of the footsteps on the sidewalk had disappeared, Hart looked around and found that the nurses and Heaphy had gone. He was alone. A strange languor was upon

him ; a languor of the limbs that appeared to lend an extra activity to the senses. It appeared to him that he could hear the footsteps of the fly walking across the counterpane ; and the chirping of a flock of sparrows in the leafless trees outside of the window seemed to be immediately above his head. Shortly before the doctor's last call he had awakened from a delightful dream. He had dreamed that Madge had stood there beside him ; he could feel the touch of her cool hand upon his forehead. He remembered how reverently, and yet with what love, he had lifted her fingers to his lips. Ah, the tricks that the fever plays ! How his heart had swelled to bursting as she had supported his head in the hollow of her round white arm. As he thought over this recollection, he had closed his eyes, and rolled his face slowly over toward the light. There, on the little table with nothing on it but a few bottles, was a photograph leaning against the wall. It was the one that had Madge's picture in the centre. Poor Pop did not know that he had asked for it so often, or that Heaphy had guessed his secret long ago. He stretched out his hand to reach it but it was too far away.

The capped head of the little English nurse appeared about the corner of the doorway, for Hart had jingled some of the vials on the table. She knew what he was after, and entering the room, she pushed the table closer, and, smoothing back his hair, she gave him a little stroke on the arm.

"You're a dear good patient," she said. Then she hurried out.

Hart picked up the photograph.

No, she would never know it. What right did he have to tell her. Yet, he would go onward straight for the best, because he felt with her great sympathy he could not but advance.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A HOUSE-PARTY.

MARY BLISS sat at her little desk, scratching busily away with a very large stub pen. She underlined the last few words on the page, blotted them carefully, and then directed the envelope to Miss Madge Hollingsworth at her address on lower Fifth Avenue. The words she had underlined were, "*Don't fail to come!*" As she sealed the letter, the maid appeared at the door.

"Mr. Elliott is down-stairs Miss."

Mary jumped up, and ran out into the hall.

"Oh, Tad," she called.

"Hullo," answered a voice.

"Be right down in a minute," called Mary.

"I've got something to tell you."

"That's nothing unusual," was the answer.

"I'm in a receptive mood." The young man standing at the bottom of the stairs blew a kiss

from the tip of his fingers. The kiss was returned over the railing, and then Mary tripped down to meet him. It was only two weeks now since the engagement of Mr. Thadeus Elliott and Miss Mary Bliss had been announced, and they were living that exhilarating existence when they hardly seemed to walk on earth, and honestly wondered if two people were ever before so happy as they were.

"Well, what is it you have to tell me?" asked Tad, as he helped Mary into her little fur-trimmed coat, and took a very deliberate advantage of her helpless situation.

"Only this, Newton Hart is going to spend the Christmas vacation with us, and two or three other people are coming. I wish the house were twice as big; but it's a kind of surprise party I'm getting up. Everyone thinks he is the only one invited."

"Any girls coming?" asked Tad as they stepped out into the crisp December air.

"Madge Hollingsworth for one, at least I think she'll come."

"Then of course you'll have to ask Raymond Danforth, to even things up, eh?"

"No," responded Mary firmly, as she stopped

at the corner and slipped a letter into the mailbox. "That's exactly what I have n't done."

"Oh, you little marplot," said Elliott. "You're up to some trick or other. You looked real vicious for an instant, what's the row?"

"Never mind what it is," laughed Mary. "Come on, let's walk real fast."

. . . . .  
"Here, jump into the back seat, old fellow; in with your bags!" cried Ned after he had greeted Hart on the platform station.

He helped him into a great old-fashioned sleigh, one of the semi-reclining kind, with low backs and easy seats. The Bliss's coachman, (who had grown a beard for the winter, and looked very comfortable in a seal-skin cap), spoke to the long-tailed horses, the bells jingled and they were off.

"Is n't this a day for sleighing, though!" exclaimed Ned looking about. "Now, I'll tell you something, old man; say! you're looking much better."

"Oh, I'm better every minute," Hart answered, "but I am not very strong yet. I'm a little shaky in the legs."

His face was very thin, but his color was good, and Ned had noticed that he held himself as straight as usual when he stood on the station platform.

"Now, when we get to the house," Ned went on, continuing to explain an idea he had in his mind, "Thomas and I are going to get out, and my brother-in-law-that-is-to-be, old Tad, is going to take you and the two girls for a drive. Don't pay any attention if he gets absent-minded and loses the way ; you could not upset this old tub to save your life."

"Who is the other girl?" asked Hart.

"Miss, er—what-'s-her-name." Ned frowned a little as if cudgelling his memory. "Hello, here we are at the house. I'll take the bags in and you sit here."

Hart sat back in the furs, thinking.

He was thinking of something that had been told him but an hour before in the train. It came about thus : Going into the smoking-car, he had met Sharkey Sprague, and had sat down beside him ; naturally the conversation had turned to Danforth before long, although it might be hard to say who started it. "Oh, he's trying to play quiet now," Sprague had



said with a laugh. "He's going to get married; that's the matter."

"Do you mean to say that he is engaged to Ken's sister?" Newton asked quietly.

Now, Sprague was one of those liars who could never resist an opportunity to put his pastime into practice. He liked to appear to know things.

"Yes," he said, "but, er—look here, don't say anything about it, you know."

"Did he tell you so himself?" Hart had asked again.

"Yes," Sprague responded brazenly; "but not a word to a soul. It's on the q. t., you know."

"I shall never say a word to anyone about it," Hart had answered; then he arose and left the smoking-car.

This was what he was thinking of when a call from the house aroused him. It may also have been a good excuse for the start he gave when he saw that Tad and Miss Bliss were accompanied by no one else than Madge Hollingsworth as they came down the ash-sprinkled walk. Hart jumped out of the sleigh. Miss Bliss got in the front seat and Ned picked up the reins and pulled the robe around him.

With a hand that fairly trembled Hart helped Madge in and settled himself beside her.

"It's awfully nice to see you here," she said, turning to him. "I did n't know that you were coming at all."

"And I did n't know that you were going to be here, either," Newton answered, wondering why in the world Ned should have forgotten her name.

"We were all so sorry to hear of your illness," went on Miss Hollingsworth. "Was n't it too bad about the football. It would have made a good deal of difference if you had played."

"What makes you say that?"

"Oh, because I know it would. But you must have been well taken care of, you look so well now."

"Indeed, I was well taken care of," Hart responded. "Both Heaphy and I."

"I should like to know Mr. Heaphy," said Madge.

"I wish you did," Newton replied. "He is the most trustworthy man I know."

"What a fine thing it is," said the girl, "to find someone in whom you can absolutely trust. Someone you can believe in through everything—no matter what."

"I have been fortunate in finding many true friends, Miss Hollingsworth. It makes life very grand to me. I think the strong influences of a man's life often come from the outside."

"And a woman's also," Madge replied thoughtfully, "from unexpected sources."

"Then, true again as to men," Newton replied, "I think that they are influenced by people who never suspect the power that they have."

"Do you think that a woman ever touches a man in that way, or does it simply come from the effect of a more powerful reason?"

"Well, if you ask me," Newton replied in a low voice, "I should say that the influence of a fine woman on a man would be the greatest thing in his life."

A pause followed and he glanced down at her. Oh, how beautiful she was, with the color in her cheeks, and that wonderful mouth and noble chin, and how calmly the thoughtful gray eyes looked out from beneath the heavy lashes. The tumult that stirred within him, was increased almost into agony by her next words.

"I don't know why I'm asking what I do,"

Madge said slowly. "Have you ever been stirred in that way by any woman?"

"Indeed, I have," was the reply, and his voice trembled as he spoke. "God knows I have," he repeated.

Miss Hollingsworth did not look at him. Her eyes still gazed far off. Hart had to lean to catch her words.

"Is she alive?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and, thank God, happy."

A longer pause followed. Oh, the wild temptation that seized him, then and there to turn to her and say, "you are the one, forgive me, forgive me! Can you not see it?" But what right would he have to do a thing like this. A man with nothing but the future before him; a future that might hold promise, but with nothing in the past that he had garnered to offer a woman, except a desire to work for her.

"What's the matter with you two in the back seat?" asked Elliott, suddenly turning around. He did not heed Mary's little warning nudge. "I did n't know but that Pop had exercised an invalid's privilege and gone to sleep. Is she looking out for you, old man?"

Madge came to the rescue. "Look here,

Mr. Elliott," she said laughing, "you took the wrong road at the corner; this one ends at the top of the hill."

"Well, we can turn around. It's getting so dark, I think we had better turn toward home any how."

On the way back through the hills of the park Newton found occasion to tuck in the robe about Madge's feet; he could not reason why this little action should have given him such a great sensation. But they were very silent, and Tad, who was driving with one hand—the other was calmly reposing with both of Mary's inside her muff—did not again indulge in interruptions.

That night, as Mary kissed Madge, she looked up at her. "Have n't you got anything to tell me?" she asked.

"No, why?"

"Not one little thing?"

"No, not one little thing."

Nevertheless, Mary thought she detected a quiver of the lips.

Ned and his mother sat up after the rest had gone to bed.

"I know it's very true, mother, what you say

about a man's having to have some of this world's goods before thinking of matrimony. Now please! it's not my idea about Pop and Miss Hollingsworth; it's Mary's. He never speaks about himself; but, nevertheless, I think old Pop has some money, for either he or Heaphy paid the expenses of the hospital at Princeton, and I doubt if poor old Irish has more than enough to buy his lead pencils."

"Well," replied Mrs. Bliss, who possessed some worldly wisdom in spite of her kind heart and ready sympathy, "you had better let things take their course, and not have anything to do with it."

"I'm sure I have n't had anything to do with it," laughed Ned. "It's all Mary."

"Well, Mary is n't the one to judge of such matters at present," said Mrs. Bliss. "I think her mind is prejudiced entirely. Dear me, I remember how it was myself."

Ned kissed his mother on the forehead and went off to bed. His room was next to Hart's, and he looked in through the door.

"Hello," Newton called to him.

"What, not asleep yet?" Ned exclaimed.

"No, not yet; good-night."

Ned shut the door.

Madge's little visit had only been for the day, and she was leaving on the train the next morning. She was rather quiet at breakfast, and after they had climbed out of the sleigh, Ned ran off to look after her luggage, while Newton and she found themselves standing alone.

"You're not offended at me, Miss Hollingsworth?" he asked.

"Why, offended? What could you have done that would have offended me?"

"I did not know," Newton responded, "but that I might have said too much."

The train came roaring to the station at this minute and Ned quite breathless ran up with the checks. The good-byes were soon over.

When she had seated herself by the window she did not open the magazine that lay in her lap. She was going over her conversation in the sleigh with Newton, and she began to wonder what the other girl was like.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### PATRICK EXPLAINS.

NEWTON and Heaphy sat opposite one another with the drop-light burning between them; a huge reference book was spread out on a chair and Hart was turning to it from time to time. Suddenly he closed it with an amount of noise that must have been made purposely. Heaphy looked up with a grin.

"Finis, eh?" he said.

"No," Hart answered, "I did that to attract your attention. Take off that green shade and look me in the eye." Heaphy did so. "Look here," Newton went on, pointing his finger, "I want you to tell me honestly who it was you borrowed that money from to pay the doctor and our running expenses over there at that house?"

Heaphy fidgeted. Then he rose and began to walk up and down the room.



"I did n't borrow it at all," he said slowly. "Now, just listen and I'll tell you something. Every word of it is true." Then he stopped and began again, as if he were telling a made-up story to amuse his hearer. "Once upon a time," he commenced, and then he went on to the very end. He told about his father's early poverty, his success in life, and his own present situation. He stated his present wealth so simply and frankly that Hart repressed an exclamation, and sat there speechless. At last he found his tongue.

"Why did you tell me this now after keeping silent all this time?"

"It will make no difference, will it?" Heaphy questioned anxiously.

"Not the least in the world."

"I was sure of that, but it might have before, you know."

"It might to some people," Hart answered. "But you and I understand each other pretty well now, Irish, don't we?"

"Yes, we do, but you're keeping something from me nevertheless."

"What is it?"

Heaphy walked over to the mantelpiece and

picked up the photograph. "How about this picture?" he said, "and the girl——"

Newton arose and placed both hands on his room-mate's shoulders. "That, old man is something we cannot discuss," he said.

Heaphy replaced the picture, and sitting down at the desk, drew the green shade over his eyes. Newton opened the reference book without a sound. But, in a few minutes he arose.

"Where are you going?" Heaphy asked.

"I'm going over to see Professor Ransom," Hart answered.

"Be back in a little while, old boy. Then we'll go out and see what the fellows are doing, and get some air before going to bed."

Newton knocked at the Professor's door. "Come in," said someone. It was not the Professor's voice, but that of one of the other young members of the Faculty, who pushed himself out of the easy-chair before the fire as Hart entered.

"Hallo," he said, "looking for Ransom? He's gone down to New York,—to see a friend of yours, I believe, Mrs. Archie Carter. Sit down and have a cigar, won't you? How are things going?"

"Oh, first-rate; sorry I can't stop. When will Professor Ransom be back?"

"Some time to-morrow. Won't you stop?"

"No, thanks; just wanted to see him on business."

The Professor waved a familiar farewell with his hand and Newton left the room.

. . . . .  
At the very moment that Hart had made his call upon the Professor, the latter was seated in the drawing-room of Mrs. Carter's house that fronted one of the few old squares in the middle portion of the city, a square that was surrounded by dwellings of the older aristocracy; it was not a plebeian meeting-place nor a lounging-ground for tramps. Of a truth, it was exceedingly exclusive; all of the dwellers on the square possessed keys that opened the great iron gates, and admitted them inside the tall railings; the houses themselves, though small, were dignified.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do next week," said Mrs. Carter, looking out of the window. "I'm going to give a dinner to some young people, and have some nice boys down from college. We'll go to the play

afterwards. You 'll come, won't you, and Pop Hart ? ”

The Professor smiled at Mrs. Carter's casual usage of the nick-name.

“ And young Betts, or Congreve, we 'll ask one of them,” Mrs. Carter went on. “ Want you to promise me one thing.”

“ What 's that ? ” said the Professor.

“ Bring Mr. Hart with you. He declined a former invitation of mine, and I 'm mad with him.”

“ Oh, he 'll come ; I 'll wager that,” returned Professor Ransom, smiling. “ He and I are great chums, you know. But you should meet that chap Heaphy ; there 's a puzzle for you.”

“ I 'll write and ask Mr. Hart to bring him too,” said Mrs. Carter.

Just then someone got up to go, and the Professor stepped across the room to speak to Mary Bliss.

“ I don't know why leaving is so catching,” he said, “ but I know this, that I 've got to run myself, and did n't wish to make the first move.”

“ Well, I need n't hasten,” Mary answered

with a smile, "because I'm stopping here for the night."

"Well, then," was the answer, "I'll be going." He hastily looked at his watch and went out into the hall.

"Now, Puss," said Mrs. Carter as the last guest departed, and the door of the coupé slammed below, "let's go up-stairs, have a talk, and incidentally let our hair down."

She gave the order to the butler to put out the lights, and then, hand-in-hand, Mary and her hostess ascended the staircase.

"Well, I'm sure that I was n't mistaken about him," Mrs. Carter observed, throwing herself back upon the lounge. "I know a lot about men, and, mark my words, Newton—what's-his-name—Hart, bless him because I like him, is in love with that girl, and, if he has n't any money, he'll earn it; and she's got enough to get on with for herself."

"Perhaps he's spoken to her," ventured Mary, "and she——"

"Has turned him down, as the boys say. I don't believe it. And there is something that makes that girl unhappy, whatever it is."

"Perhaps Ray Danforth," again ventured Miss Bliss.

"Horrid little snip; you don't like him, do you?" exclaimed Mrs. Carter.

"I think he has a chance, though," said Miss Bliss. "He's so persistent. I fairly believe Tad wore me out telling him I did n't love him, until—"

"Until?"

"Until I did, that's all."

Mrs. Carter smiled. "I tell you, here's what we'll do. I'll ask all three of them to dinner the same night. It won't take long to find out. I don't care who he is, or what he has n't got; I'm going to try to help him to get that girl." Then she made this comment beneath her breath, "I'd just like to hear what Bertha Trevellian would say to that." Smiling, she turned and looked over her shoulder at Mary. "Now run off to bed," she said, "your maid has been waiting for you for half an hour."

But Mary lingered.

"I suppose the chief objection that the Hollingsworths would have to anything of that kind would be his lack of what is termed 'social position.'"

"Oh, that's all in the gaining," responded Mrs. Carter. "Mr. Hollingsworth himself came from a farm somewhere in Massachussetts, and as for Mrs. H., her father made very good baking-powder. It all makes me very tired. Now, come, run to bed."

As she said this Mrs. Carter pulled out a number of hair-pins and laid them with a clatter on a silver tray. A wealth of black hair poured over her shoulders, as she leaned over and kissed Mary good-night.

The latter gave a little laugh and went off to her room. But Mrs. Carter stood looking after her for an instant; then she turned and sighed—a little pathetic sigh with a smile in it. She had longed to have a daughter of her own, and happy the girl would have been had she had her for a mother. Although some people had said that she treated her boys from their early youths, as if they were exceedingly good jokes, they themselves could not have imagined any deeper love or affection than they had received from their "Mumsy," as they had called her from babyhood.

Mrs. Carter had adored her good-looking husband during his life-time, and when after his

death, she discovered irrefutable evidence that other women had loved him also, she had passed it over without bitterness on the ground that, of course, they could not help it, poor things; and she had gone on adoring his memory just the same, even if her grief had been tempered a little by her discovery. She had not changed to a pessimist in the least, but believed fully in human goodness, and her ability to detect worth. Her sense of humor made her a deadly foe to snobbery and affectation. And she had practically put this test to herself.

If she had a daughter, she would have been glad enough to have welcomed her son's tutor for a son-in-law, and what was good enough for her daughter, should have been good enough for anyone else.

Hart would have been surprised if he had known how widely his guarded secret was suspected, and what allies he had won for himself without an effort on his part.



## CHAPTER XXX.

### A DISCOVERY.

ONE Sunday afternoon Newton and Heaphy, and Betts and Congreve, started off for a walk. It was the day for it. The atmosphere was so clear that the distant highlands near the coast stood up against the sky, clearly outlined in a shade of deeper blue. Each breath stung one to quick exertion. The road that was mud the day before, was hardened to stony ruts, here and there crossed by the frozen remains of a half-melted drift. The ringing of a church bell sounded in the still air as clear as the note of a crystal jar.

The four young men tramped their way down the road toward the canal, Betts evidently taking much pleasure in shattering the white, brittle ice, that gathered tight as drum-heads over the dry hollows in the road.

“Did you read Sim’s poem, ‘The Last Leaf’?”

said Betts. "It begins, 'I wandered by a little frozen rill.' Does n't he look as if he were making notes for something now? We'll have it later. Let's give him an idea—something fetching. I never can write anything in the verse line without thinking of a tune for it."

"And you don't know but two tunes," put in Congreve, "'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.'"

"Patriotic, anyhow," returned Betts. "I'll bet I can hum 'Old Nassau' through without a break."

"Start her up," said Congreve. "We'll have a marching quartet."

Betts happened to strike the right key, and the three others joined in.

"Now, I call that singing," he exclaimed, breathless, after a minute or two of noble effort.

"Rather too much bass," returned Congreve, throwing a handful of frozen snow at Hart. Then he turned to Heaphy. "Pat, you wild Irishman, you sing like an angel,—but one with a very bad cold."

Heaphy grunted good-humoredly.

When they reached the bridge across the canal, all four leaned over the railing, and looked down at the cold, blue water, with the fringe of ice along the shore.

"Let's go into the lock-keeper's and get a glass of cider," suggested Putney.

"Have to go you," said Congreve. "Strange thing, nobody has ever written a poem about cider."

"Come along, you'll get an inspiration."

"I think we'll stay here and wait for you," said Hart, leaning back against the bridge.

Heaphy and he watched the others go up and knock at the door of the little yellow house. Close by, a big curly dog was tugging furiously at his chain.

"If either of you chaps want this animal, you can come here and get him," shouted Betts. "He's gentle and he's kind, and you'll hardly ever find a——"

Just then a woman came to the door and Betts and Congreve went inside the house.

"You might as well decide to come up to New York with me next Tuesday, Pat; I want you to meet Mrs. Carter and it will be sort of a break for you; now don't be a donkey."

"I am not much on society," Heaphy answered. "I'm afraid I'd make the breaks myself. Honestly, girls frighten me to death."

"Then what under the sun was the use of your taking dancing lessons this winter?"

"Just to see whether I could learn or not," Heaphy laughed. "But I think I will come up with you—perhaps."

"Betts and Ransom are going; I think we'll have a good time."

"I seem to have a better time now than I used to, anyhow," was the reply. "I'm mighty happy, are n't you?"

Hart did n't answer. Just then the two young men came out of the house.

"Harder than rocks," said Congreve. "I would n't let Betts drink any of it. Come on; let's go back to college. I'm catching chilblains."

. . . . .

Mrs. Carter had not placed Newton and Madge beside one another at the table. Miss Hollingsworth sat between Heaphy and Professor Rankin; Heaphy was on Mrs. Carter's left and Hart on her right-hand next to Miss Bliss. Then came Harold Carter and a little

girl in a high-necked frock. Tad Elliott sat at the head of the table. Danforth was not present and Betts could n't come at the last minute.

"Do you know, I like your red-headed friend very much," Mrs. Carter said in a low voice to Newton. "He is n't a beauty, but he has the right ring about him. He seems to be getting on very well with Madge too. Really, Newton," (Mrs. Carter had exercised the privilege of addressing him by his first name without asking permission) "there's the finest girl I know."

She followed his glance across the table, and gave a little smile to herself. She also saw that Madge had caught the glance he gave, and lowered her eyes.

"You know it's rumored she's going to be engaged very shortly," Mrs. Carter said in a whisper.

"Is that true?" asked Newton rather huskily.

"I don't believe a word of it, myself," Mrs. Carter returned in the same low voice. "I don't think she'll marry for a long time yet. She's only twenty-two and that's young for now-a-days. But pardon me, Miss Bliss was saying something to you."

Newton turned to his right-hand neighbor.

Heaphy was evidently under the spell of Madge's presence; in fact in the first two minutes of conversation with her he had lost all of his self-consciousness. Just now he was relating something in which Hart figured evidently, and Madge was looking across the table with a strange expression on her face. Mrs. Carter noticed it, and catching Mary Bliss's eye, deliberately winked at her—a wink of pure joy.

The play was a strange choice, perhaps, to be made for a rather juvenile party to attend. It was the well-worn extravaganza, "Evangeline," but Mrs. Carter said, "It is old enough to be respectable, no matter how you dress it." So she had secured two boxes that were separated from one another by a low railing scarcely reaching to the elbow of a person seated in either one. The curtain had not gone up when they arrived, and placing Professor Ransom, Madge, and Newton, in the box with herself, the rest of the party went in the next.

During the first act Newton and Miss Hollingsworth saw a little of what was going on on the stage. They had begun a whispered con-

versation ; once their eyes had met, and for the first time a thrill stronger than ever Newton had felt before, and very different, made him stop in the middle of a sentence. It was as if he had seen so deep into the gray eyes that he had caught lurking there something that touched him with the deepest feeling of his life. Hope rose within him ! The idea of a possibility that gave him courage, and bade him dare to think. Madge apparently did not notice the sudden break in what he had been saying.

Someone entered very silently and spoke to Mrs. Carter at just this moment.

"How do you do? I saw you in the box, and thought I'd come in for a minute."

Despite the assumption of ease in his manner Danforth was a little perturbed as he bent over Madge's shoulder after his first greeting. Although she had not extended her hand to him, he picked it up familiarly, whispering in her ear, "Having a good time, Madge?"

"Thank you ; a very good time," she said, withdrawing her fingers.

"Hallo, Hart," Danforth said, as if he had just discovered Newton's presence, "had n't seen you in the shadow. What do you think

of this new play? First production, you know. Some pretty girls, eh?"

Madge was biting her lips with anger.

"Glad you admire them, Danforth," said Hart.

"Well," responded the latter, "I did n't know whether you did or not. Look at the one at the end; she's been doing nothing but gaze at this box since she came on the stage."

Hart looked down the line of gauzy sprites who a moment before, had been kicking recklessly about. They had just come to a halt to allow another band of bespangled creatures in very diaphanous garments, to come on the stage.

"There she is, the one on the left," said Danforth pointing.

It was only by the greatest effort that Newton could control himself or keep from leaping to his feet. A chill came over him, and his breast suddenly grew cold. There stood Mabel Van Clees with a fascinated expression on her face, as her blue eyes looked straight at him. It was horrible. Mabel here, in these surroundings! Dressed in that state of little or nothing! It was like a frightful dream.



"I hope you 'll know one another the next time you meet," observed Danforth facetiously. Then he leaned closer. "I could swear she knows you right enough now, old man, eh?"

Newton could have felled him, he was afraid to turn his head to look at him for fear that his rage would get the upper hand.

"I wish you would stop your whispering behind my back, Mr. Danforth; I don't think it is very polite," said Miss Hollingsworth.

The girl on the stage had swayed a little uneasily, the one next to her caught her by the wrist and whispered something in her ear. They were standing near the wings, and the end-girl stepped backwards out of sight, someone caught her and carried her out.

"Oh! Did you see that poor creature faint behind the scenes?" asked Mrs. Carter of Professor Ransom. "Tight lacing, I suppose."

"Or a very sudden cold from exposure," said the Professor in a whisper.

Not three people in the audience noticed it however, and the end fairy was not missed in the kaleidoscopic *mêlée* that followed.

Danforth did not leave the box. He kept making little remarks to Madge in a low tone.

Hart could not hear them, but they seemed to demand no answer, for, despite Miss Hollingsworth's silence, they were continued.

At last the curtain rang down on the scene where Evangeline and her party, the lone fisherman included, ascend into the heavens in a very jerky balloon. Everybody stood up to go. Madge turned and handed her cloak to Newton without a word. He arranged it about her shoulders. Her face was very pale, but when he had finished, she looked up at him and thanked him in a whisper.

The confusion that he had been in for the last few minutes vanished. Again the great feeling with hope arising within him, almost made him waiver.

"Is this Mr. Hart?" asked a little man in a worn dress-suit and a shabby shirt-front. He spoke in a low discreet voice.

"Eh?"

"Note for you, sir, from Miss Sybil Carryl."

"What?" said Hart, not understanding.

"The young lady on the end, sir, told me to give you this."

Newton took the crumpled piece of paper and thrust it into his pocket.

"Did you see that?" observed Danforth to Mrs. Carter. "Now, I call that rather bare-faced, don't you?"

Mrs. Carter paid no attention to him. But after she had marshalled all the little party into a big theatre 'bus backed against the curb, she turned.

"Good-night, Mr. Hart," she said with a nod.

The Professor who had been waiting, stepped into the 'bus.

"Why, I thought he was going with us," he observed to Mrs. Carter.

"No, I did n't ask him," returned Mrs. Carter glancing at Madge who sat silently beside Mary Bliss holding her hand.

Newton stood near the entrance in a dazed sort of way and watched them leave. He did not know that Danforth, standing a few feet away on the corner, was regarding him attentively.

As the 'bus swept out of sight, he slowly took the crumpled letter from his pocket. It was written in lead pencil, but he remembered the handwriting even to the little flourish of the capital letters. He read it by aid of the glaring electric light overhead. "Dear Newton," it ran, "for old sake do come and

see me. I am in great trouble and need help. Don't forsake me, for God's sake, don't." She had evidently had some difficulty with the signature, for she began "Yours affectionately," and then scratched it out, ending, "Yours truly, Mabel." Then followed a post-script, giving an address in a side street not far from Broadway.

Newton folded the epistle carefully and put it back into his pocket. When he reached the corner, for the first time he saw that Danforth was waiting.

"Hallo," said the latter, "let's walk down together." They crossed the street.

"You got your note all right, old man, did n't you," Danforth went on, confidently. "You're a great one."

Hart did not even look at him.

"Going to meet her?"

"Yes," Hart responded, "I'm going to meet her, if I must answer you. But I suppose——"

Danforth interrupted him. "Oh, I gave up that sort of thing long ago," he said carelessly. "It's none of my business. I don't wish to be inquisitive you know."

"No," was the response. "It is none of your business. And, see here! this is a corner, if you are going straight down the street, I'm going to take it. If not, you'd better take it yourself."

Danforth flushed. He looked at the angry face above him, and affected to be amused.

"Good-night, old boy," he said, "but take care of yourself. There's your corner, take it if you wish to."

He turned and walked slowly away, but stopping at a lamp-post he struck a match, and lit a cigarette. Hart saw that he was laughing. He could have torn him to pieces.

. . . . .

"Has Mr. Hollingsworth come in this evening?" Raymond Danforth asked of the liveried man at his club door, ten minutes after this strange parting.

"Yes, sir, he's in the smoking-room."

Danforth gave up his hat and cloak, and finding Hollingsworth sitting with some young men in a corner, he drew up a chair.

"Oh, I've got a funny story to tell you fellows," he began at once, and with great gusto he related the events of the evening.

When he had finished he turned to Kenmore.

"That 's a pretty good joke on old Pop, don't you think?" he said, eyeing him narrowly.

"I don't see where the joke comes in," Kenmore answered.

"Well, don't you think it 's funny?"

"Well, no, I don't think it 's extra funny. If you had n't said you saw it, I would n't have believed it, and I don't see the necessity of telling it to all those fellows anyhow. My sister was one of the crowd in that box."

No one had laughed particularly, and Danforth's amusing story had fallen rather flat.

Heaphy was stopping at Professor Ransom's sister's house, but Newton had taken a small room at a hotel.

When he reached it, he sat down near the window before he struck a light. The night traffic on Broadway roared below him, mingled with the clang of the cable cars, a few stray notes of an orchestra playing dance-music not far away, drifted up on the air. What did Mrs. Carter think, if she had overheard what the little usher had said, and had seen him accept the note? Madge had not seen it, she was too

far ahead. Danforth's demeanor had made him so angry that he could not have explained to him even if he had wished to. Striking a match he lit the gas and read the note from Mabel over again. Its bitter pathos appealed to him. He had not intended to ignore it, of course, but the despairing cry for assistance aroused all the pity in his breast. He would go there the first thing in the morning. Poor little Mabel !

He went to bed at last, and tossed about restlessly. He began to wish above everything else that the whole thing had not occurred. It dashed the ambitious thoughts that had come to him. It was not until the early hours that he fell into a troubled sleep.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A PARTING.

A FEW minutes before the eleven-o'clock train started from Jersey City to the West, Kenmore Hollingsworth walked into the station carrying a valise and a hat-box. He was bound for Philadelphia to usher at a wedding. Seeing that the gates were not yet open he stepped to the news-stand to buy a paper. As he turned to leave the waiting-room he gave a sudden start. A young man and a young woman were sitting on one of the long seats with their backs toward him. He recognized Hart at once. He was talking very earnestly.

Kenmore walked to the other end of the room, and looked at the girl's face. It was a pretty face, but rather worn and tired. Her blue eyes were gazing straight at Hart; they were red as if she had lately been weeping. Her clothing was not exactly flashy, nor was it



quiet. It had a suggestion of cheap elegance, and had seen some service.

Her nervous hands were twisting together in her lap, in which lay a very handsome silver-bound pocket-book with a little watch in one corner. Its costliness was entirely out of keeping with the saggy pair of tan shoes that were tapping ceaselessly on the floor. Her whole attitude was one of a person in some mental suffering.

"I have nothing to reproach you with, I've told you that, Mabel," Hart was saying. "All I wish to do is to help you all I can."

"Really, Newt dear, I have been good,—as good as I could; and God knows how I've paid for being foolish, but I did n't intend to do wrong; I did n't, honestly. And when he left me in Pittsburgh——"

"Damn him," said Newton under his breath.

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"When he left me in Pittsburgh," continued the girl, "I was like to kill myself, but there was a young man at the boardin'-house who was interested in the theatre, and he got me a place. Then I got in another show, and went

on the road, and at last I learned to dance a little, and so I got engagements most of the time. And my name on the bills, too," she added. "But, oh Newt, it's awful!—honestly, dear, I thought I'd like to die more than once. I would have, only I dassent do it."

Hart picked up one of her hands in his. "But now, remember that you are going home," he said. "I've telegraphed that you are coming, and they'll welcome you no matter what has happened. You've got your ticket, and there is nothing now to worry over."

He feared an outburst of tears.

"But, oh, Newt, there's something else. I was married two years ago."

"Yes?"

"I was honestly married to the man whose stage-name I've got now, only he did n't spell it the same way. He did a song and dance, and we did a turn at the sea-side two seasons."

"Where is he now?" Newton asked, glancing over at the clock. Somehow he wondered how it was that he ever imagined that he loved her. Despite the effect of the three hard years and more that had passed since he had seen her, she was still pretty, or at least fair to look

at in a certain way, and yet she did not resemble at all the gaily laughing girl that used to be the belle of the Oakland balls.

She had replied to his question but he had not caught the answer.

"What did you say, Mabel?" he asked.

"He is dead," she repeated, twisting her hands a little faster in her lap. "He used to drink pretty bad at times."

"Poor little Mabel," cried Newton with a great burst of compassion. "Never mind," he continued, "your father's words in his letter to me were, 'There will always be a home for her to come back to, if she should choose to come.'"

"Oh, thank God, dear, for that," said the girl, laying her hand on his knee.

Again Hart glanced at the clock.

"Come, Mabel," he said, trying to be cheerful, "it's about time for the train to start."

He picked up a bright new bag from the floor, and she laid her hand on his arm as they went through the gate.

There were two people behind them who were observing all this with the greatest interest. One was Kenmore Hollingsworth and

the other Mrs. Trevellian, Raymond Danforth's cousin.

Newton and Mabel stopped at the steps of one of the day coaches on the west-bound express.

"You've got the check for your trunk?" he asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Well then, I must say good-bye; my own train starts at once."

"Newt."

"Yes."

"Newt, would you kiss me good-bye? for old sake's sake? It will help me, dear. Do! Newt, kiss me good-bye."

She had placed her hand on his arm, her lips were quivering. He bent his head and kissed them. Suddenly Mabel saw that this affecting parting had attracted some attention—all the actress in her was up at once.

"Good-bye, darling," she said with a smile meant to be cheerful. "Good-bye. Do write me soon." With that she turned and before Newton could overcome his astonishment she tripped lightly up the steps into the car waving her hand. But, as soon as she had reached a

seat, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed as if her heart would break. As the train started, she looked tearfully out of the window at the platform. It was empty, Hart had entered the next train that was to follow the one on which she left.

"I'm glad I had money enough to do that," he said to himself as he sat down. Then he shook his shoulders.

Everything he did or thought, he wished that he could talk about or tell to Madge Hollingsworth. He would never tell of the doings of this day perhaps, but some time he would tell her of Mabel. Since that glance that he had exchanged with Madge in the box, he felt as if he could tell her that—more about himself besides. But how strange Mrs. Carter's conduct had been? He was so upset at the time that he had not noticed how cold her parting was. He could explain, of course, to her in a few words, but would it not be better for her to ask an explanation than for him to volunteer the information? All at once a deadly fear came over him, a fear that perhaps he would never get the chance to explain at all. The construction that Danforth had put upon

his actions, on purpose to irritate him he thought, might have been taken also by the others.

He did not know that Kenmore was in the next car, and got out at Princeton Junction without knowing that he had been observed.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A PALAVER.

HEAPHY came down by the afternoon train. He was very enthusiastic over everything that he had experienced the evening before.

"Mrs. Carter dropped Professor Ransom and myself at the Prof's sister's," said Heaphy in talking it all over. "But there was an awfully funny thing happened—you know when we left the theatre—Hold on; here come some fellows, darn it."

The talk was interrupted by the noisy entrance of Betts and Golatly.

"You'd better come over and see that Uncle-Tom's-Cabin show to-night, Pop, my boy; and you too, Irish," cried Betts rumpling Heaphy's hair. "Oh, say, don't miss it. Last night the sophomores raised the very divil; and to-night the whole college will be there. They're going to introduce new features to beat the band."

Here it might be well to state that any show to be successful at Princeton must allow of great liberties on the part of the audiences who often decide that a change of situations is necessary, and insist upon having the play rewritten on the spot. An acquiescence to the suggestions of the spectators meant popularity for the performance, and money at the box-office.

"You know the scene," spoke up Golatly, "where Laura, or Clara, or what's-her-name escapes across the ice pursued by a bull-dog?"

"It's a pack of blood-hounds, in the book," suggested Heaphy.

"Well, in this case, Irish, it was one bull-dog, for I saw him and counted him myself," Golatly continued. "It was awfully funny! Sitting on each cake of ice was a sophomore, and they gallantly handed her from one to another. Oh, yes! and one of them caught the bull-dog, and said, 'Madam, fear not.' It was bully! I just liked that fellow. Yes, and you know where they auction off Uncle Tom? Well, the audience outbid Old Marks and Uncle Tom had to come down and sit with them. Then they took him out afterwards,



and filled him up with myrrh and sweet incense. Come along over to-night."

"No," said Hart shaking his head, "sorry we can't."

"Well, come to Hankins's, and I'll blow you to soda water," put in Betts in despair. "Did you ever see two such clams! Come to Adams's then!"

But the two room-mates resisted even this strong temptation, and their visitors at last departed.

"You were going on to say," began Hart, after listening complacently to Betts kicking his coal-scuttle down-stairs out of pure revenge, "You were going on to say."

"Yes, I was going on to say, Mrs. Carter got awfully sour-ball on the way home. She hardly said good-night to us."

"Did she?" remarked Hart thoughtfully.

"Yes, behaved awfully cranky. Queer, was n't it?"

Hart stood up and poked the fire. Then he turned and sprawled himself along the mantel-piece with his gaze on the ceiling.

"Irish, old man, you told me all about yourself one day; and now I'm going to tell you something about myself—nothing secret."

"All?" questioned Heaphy, giving a furtive glance at the photograph at Hart's elbow.

"Now, don't be inquisitive. I'm going to tell you something. I did n't interrupt you, you know."

"Go on," said Heaphy, seeing that this was very serious.

"Have you ever loved a girl?" asked Newton suddenly.

This was rather disconcerting, and not much of a beginning.

"I don't know," Patrick returned, blushing up to his hair, which was as far as the blush could go. "I thought I might have been in love, or was in love, or hoped I might be some day—oh, I don't know—don't think I ever was. I told you I did n't get on very well with the girls. Why did you ask me such a thing as that anyhow?" he blurted out at last. Hart was smiling despite himself. "Ah, go on with your story," cried Heaphy kicking at the waste-paper basket.

"That's all I wanted to know," Newton replied. "Then you never were engaged."

"No!" roared Heaphy, "I never was."

"I was engaged when I came to college," Hart began again, straightening himself a little.

Then he went on to tell about himself, talking in slow, very carefully-worded sentences. He told of his early life in the great open prairie; of what a strange man his father had been: a man who would read the Greek Testament by the flickering candle-light, and who used to quote Shakespeare by the hour.

"I don't remember anything about my mother," Newton continued; "but I knew that she was dead when we came from some city to live in Kansas, from whence we moved to Nebraska. I believe I was born in California. Now, that's all of the preface."

So he proceeded slowly to tell of the cloudburst and the freshet, and the drowning sheep in the corrals, and his father's death. And he went on to relate the happenings of his life at Oakland. How he had grown up rather a waif and stray; but luckily cared for by kind hands until he could look out for himself. Then he told of how Mabel Van Clees came into his life, and the only thing he left out of the story was the way he took Bord McGovern with Bord's own revolver.

"At last I wanted to learn something," Newton said again, after a pause, poking the fire,

"and I took to books. Then I met those fellows in the Glee Club, Buck Franklin and the rest, you know, and they prodded me so that I came to college."

"Well, is that all?" asked Heaphy breathlessly.

"No," returned Newton. "Do you remember the night that I returned from the football game in freshman year? we were on the train together."

"Do you mean the night you broke the engagement with me to meet you in your room?" asked Heaphy.

"Yes," answered Hart. "I don't believe I ever begged your pardon for not turning up. I do so now."

"Pardon me," said Heaphy. "Go on."

"Well, that night I received a telegram from the father of the girl I was engaged to, [he had not mentioned any names, by the way] telling me that she had ran away with another man."

"Eh?" interjected Heaphy.

"Yes," went on Hart, calmly and collectedly. "Another man, damn him. Now the strange thing about it was, that I felt sorry for her, but could not feel sorry for myself. Something

else was on my mind perhaps—in fact was on my mind.” Again he paused.

Heaphy began to recollect now Hart’s strange behavior through the winter months of freshman year. This might account for it.

“You did n’t love her?” he asked.

“No,” Hart returned, “long, long ago, I found that out. I would have married her, though,” he added quickly, “and she would never have known the difference; of that I am well assured.”

“Is that the end?”

“Not yet. Last night at the theatre——”

Somebody hailed their room from outside the window.

“Oh, Pat Heaphy! Oh, Pop Hart!”

Heaphy half arose and slowly turned down the light.

“Sh-h-h,” he said in a whisper. “Don’t answer.”

For full two minutes they stood there in the silence and semi-darkness; then Heaphy turned up the light again.

“They’ve gone away; go on.”

“I saw her again—she was the end-girl in that line of—of the ones in pink. She saw

me before I saw her, and sent me a note. I saw her this morning. God! what a story she told me. And an odd thing was, she did n't know really how sad it was! And to think that I had once thought I loved her!—that was the strange part. I could not persuade myself that I had ever done so, and I did n't, really—I did n't know."

"Well," said Heaphy, "for the fourth or fifth time, is that all?"

"She has gone home to her parents. And that's the end of it, I hope."

Heaphy looked disappointed.

"You have n't told me everything, have you?"

"That's all there is to that. Honestly, I am not hiding anything from you that I can tell, or that there would be any good in talking about. Come, let's open the window, and get some air into this room."

. . . . .

"My dear Clara, it all goes to show you that men were deceivers ever. I will not say that I thought at first that your friend, Mr. Hart, could not be trusted, but I think really that you put too much confidence in him."

Mrs. Trevellian sank back in the cushions as if this little speech had decided matters.

"And she was the most common-looking creature, too, I do assure you, my dear. And the way he kissed her on the platform of the station was downright vulgar. He did not see me, or perhaps he had sense enough not to recognize me. Ray told me all about the affair at the theatre, and *he* said you must have noticed it."

Mrs. Carter had remained silent through this long speech. She contented herself with drumming on the edge of her teacup with a little silver spoon. She had found out by experience, being somewhat of a philosopher, that it did not pay to commit one's self altogether even to one's best friend, especially if that friend happens to be a woman. So she drummed on and said nothing. Mrs. Trevellian was evidently becoming a little angry.

"Surely you are not going to have him about after this!" she exclaimed.

"My dear Bertha," began Mrs. Carter, chasing a lemon seed around in her teacup, "I do not think Mr. Hart and I will see one another again—for a long time. I should think my

own feelings would be too plain to need an explanation."

"I think you have been awfully imposed upon."

This time Mrs. Carter drank her tea. She did not show really how hurt she had been, but she saw what other people did not ; that behind the whole affair there was some mystery, something that would deprive Hart's unfortunate action of its glaring vulgarity, to say the least. A maid appeared at the door, and knocked softly although it was open.

"Mr. Danforth is down-stairs. He called for Mrs. Trevellian, ma'am."

"Oh, yes, of course," said that lady arising. "I forgot ; I had asked him to. Well, good-bye, dear. Of course, don't say anything about what I told you."

Mrs. Carter smiled.

"You don't mean that seriously, really ?" she asked. "If you do, I would merely repeat your own words back to you. Good-bye. Every one speaks of how well you are looking this year."

Mrs. Trevellian joined her cousin at the bottom of the stairway.



"I've got something to tell you, Ray," she said, and before they had left the door-step she began her recounting.

"That puts him out of the game," she said as she finished.

"I would never admit that he was in it," sneered Danforth. This was not exactly the truth, and he knew it ; but it made no matter.

He left Mrs. Trevellian at her door, and, jumping into a hansom drove up to his athletic club. This was the only semi-social organization whose lists bore the name of Mr. Sharkey Sprague and that very individual happened to be leaving as Danforth entered. The latter gave him a little tap on the legs with his stick.

"Come back to the bar and have a drink," he said, "I've got something to tell you."

Sprague was intensely interested by the recital, and looked wonderous wise. The temptation to exercise his imagination and lie, grew as he sipped his whiskey.

"What do you think of that?" enquired Randolph, wiping his mouth on a diminutive napkin.

"It only confirms," Sharkey responded, "something I had heard about our friend, Pop

Hart, Esq., and that is that he was married when he came to college. That's it! I remember it now; I had it on good authority—I can't tell you from whom, you know, but I'll bet you five hundred dollars that woman was his wife. Now let me see. He had deserted her, or she had deserted him. Something like that. There had been some trouble."

"I thought he had some secret about him when he was at college," Danforth remarked, "and tried to get it out of him just for fun; but he 'd never drink enough to talk about himself. He always grew parliamentary and argumentative, no matter how much he put away. Well, I'm going out to look at my mail-box," he added. "Glad to have met you, old man."

Sprague left the club, and Danforth opened several letters hurriedly. One was an invitation to meet several *dames de theatre* at a little supper, and seeing that it was going to be a very quiet affair, he sat down and wrote an acceptance. Then he wrote another note asking Kenmore Hollingsworth to dine with him, and sent that note off by a messenger.

For the third time, the story of the parting

at Jersey City, was recounted when Danforth told it all (and what Sharkey Sprague had said also) to Kenmore over the dinner-table. Hollingsworth listened attentively.

"Who saw them at the station? Did Sprague?" he asked.

"No, my cousin, Mrs. Trevellian."

"I say, Raymond, have you any idea that Sharkey was telling the truth?"

"I have a very good authority that I can't mention," replied Danforth unblushingly.

"Then my belief in human nature is badly jolted," Kenmore remarked with a certain bitterness. "And a man whom I believed in thoroughly has proved himself a villain, that's all."

"Melodramatic, but apt," laughed Danforth. "Come, let's go to the play."

"No, thanks, don't care to, to-night. I've got to read some law."

Kenmore dropped his cigarette into his coffee cup, and left the dining-room. Four days later he happened to meet Mrs. Carter at an afternoon reception. They succeeded in getting into a corner where no one could listen to their conversation, and of course they spoke of the subject that was uppermost in their minds.

"I've heard something new about Mr. Hart," Mrs. Carter observed, "and something very strange."

"I've heard something, also," Kenmore responded.

"What's that? Tell me, please. Do you mean his being with that girl at the station?"

"Oh, no," replied Kenmore; "I saw that myself."

"You did! Then what?"

"Why, that he was married to her and she ran away from him, or something like that."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, suddenly putting down her plate of ice-cream on a marble table-top almost hard enough to break it.

"Oh!" she repeated. Then she paused with her finger at her lips. "Poor fellow, I feel so sorry for him!"

"Well, I think he should have told somebody about it."

"Do people generally tell such things about themselves?" remarked Mrs. Carter quietly.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A CALL.

HEAPHY had put on his best suit of clothes one Thursday morning, and was looking at himself in the glass when Hart caught him at it.

"You 're getting to be a regular prink, Pat."

"How does it fit in the back?" Heaphy responded, trying to stroke himself between the shoulders.

"Great. What are you sprucing up for?"

"I told you last night I was going up to make some calls to-day. Going to call on Mrs. Carter,—er—and —er— Miss Hollingsworth—she asked me, you know. Why don't you come along?"

"What train are you going to take?"

"The one that starts in about six minutes. I've got to get a move on me. Tell you all about it when I get back."

When Newton heard the train starting he wished sincerely that he was on it, and the idea grew upon him so strongly that he decided that he would go up at one o'clock and drop in at Mrs. Carter's anyhow—afterwards, who knows somewhere else. So, for the first time in many a month, he cut the lecture on Roman law, and, after running half a mile on top of a hastily bolted luncheon, he caught the train for the city by a narrow margin.

Heaphy had arrived in town very early, and had taken his mid-day meal at a little restaurant down-town that had the bill-of-fare hung everywhere on the walls, and had lace curtains and pies in the front windows. Then he had spent an hour or so at the Academy of Design, where an exhibition was being held, and about half-past two he concluded that it was late enough to expect to find anybody in. So he walked over to the avenue, and with some trepidation rang the Hollingsworth bell. An immense concourse of people lined the sidewalks on either side. Hastily constructed grand stands had been built at various points, and it was with great difficulty that he had wedged himself through the crowd. The great east side and

the great west side had met at a common centre.

It was the occasion of a great civic and military parade for which the city had been preparing for some time, in commemoration of an important event in its early history.

"Miss 'Ollingsworth is not at 'ome, sir," said Hawkins, opening the door.

"I'm very sorry, indeed," said Heaphy, spilling his cards on the doorstep in his efforts to extract them from his vest pocket.

Hawkins helped him gather them up, and Heaphy plunged into the crowd and fought his way over to Madison Avenue, where he took the down-town car for Mrs. Carter's. It was very quiet in the little square that was filled with nurse-maids and children moving about inside the railings—several little unprivileged ones peering in at them from the outside.

Mrs. Carter was at home, "and would be down in a minute." Heaphy seated himself on a chair near the window in the drawing-room. He was not kept waiting long, for in less than three minutes Mrs. Carter put in her appearance. She had been going out; in fact, her carriage was at the door, but she removed

her bonnet, in order to prevent this fact from being apparent.

"Come over and sit by me on the sofa," she said, "and we can have a chat."

It was very natural that their conversation should soon get around to the subject of Heaphy's room-mate. Heaphy did not recognize the fact that Mrs. Carter herself was responsible for it, however, but she had determined to find out all he knew on the subject, and in this she succeeded far beyond her expectations. Little by little she managed to get Newton's story second-hand, even to the recounting of the meeting at the theatre, and his sending the poor, unhappy girl home to her parents.

"Do you know her name?" Mrs. Carter asked after he had finished.

"He did n't tell me that," Heaphy said, "and I'm afraid that I should n't have said anything about it at all."

"I'm very glad you did, my dear boy," was Mrs. Carter's rejoinder to this, "and I think he would be also."

For some reason she seemed much elated. Her visitor's stay was a long one; but as soon



as he had gone, she put on her bonnet as quickly as possible, and ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. Hollingsworth's.

"I don't think I can, ma'am," the man answered with his finger at his hat brim. "The avenoo is closed, ma'am."

"Oh, I forgot," Mrs. Carter said to herself. "I'll go there to-morrow."

It was just at this very moment that Hart had succeeded in grinding his way through the crowd to Miss Hollingsworth's door. Hawkins, the pompous, declared that the ladies "was hall hout," and took his cards, glancing at them superciliously.

After spending a quarter of an hour elbowing along the sidewalks, and only progressing seven or eight blocks, Newton determined to cross to the other side of the street. Seizing a moment when a policeman's back was turned, he made the opposite corner without much trouble. But now the thundering of drums, and the throbbing of brass-bands was in the air. There was a swaying of the multitude, and headed by a cordon of mounted police, the Seventy-first Regiment Band swept down the avenue. As far up as one could see were lines

of helmets and bayonets, with here and there a flag slanting upwards, or a mounted officer rising above the rank and file.

Newton had never seen so great a gathering of armed men, and the scene impressed him. It meant more to him than merely a holiday procession of holiday soldiers; it was just this same class of men that had gone to fight the battles at the front: clerks and mechanics, artisans and laborers, "butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers," and young men of means and leisure,—the citizen-soldiery of the North.

Before him stood a man with gray hair and erect bearing; every time the colors passed, he doffed his hat. In the lapel of his coat showed a little bronze button.

Hart was standing on the steps of the corner house. It was crowded with children and work-a-day people, and the side street was jammed with trucks and wagons, from which vantage-spots many were watching the parade. But his own thoughts had wandered from it, and he began to realize how much he had wished to see Madge Hollingsworth. The disappointment grew on him, and although he knew the proceeding would not be exactly conventional, he

made up his mind to call again later in the evening.

Just then a commotion in the side street attracted his attention, and he saw that a hansom cab had become wedged in between two large vans that were packed about by the crowd. The driver was evidently attempting to urge his horse forward in order to turn him around, and to this the people objected. All at once Newton got a glimpse of the occupant of the hansom—a tall girl dressed in dark blue was half-standing up, and trying to attract the attention of the driver. The people standing on the steps must have wondered what had suddenly seized the tall young man who had not joined in the general conversation, for he had lifted an excited little negro out of the way, and, in one jump, made the walk below.

The girl in blue was Madge Hollingsworth! He could see that she was getting out of the hansom.

An American crowd is proverbially good-natured, but there were some harsh words, that he did not hear or heed, thrown at him as he pushed his way up to where she was standing with the mob pressed in all about her. Her

face was pale, and although a little frightened, she was perfectly collected. He was close to her before she recognized him. Then she colored a little.

"Is n't it a dreadful pack?" she said. "I've been trying to cross the avenue for an hour, and this man insisted upon driving in here. I was going to try it on foot, but now all I want to do," she concluded, giving a glance about her, "is to get out of this."

"Take my arm, please," he said, "I'll help you."

She obeyed him without a word, and her self-dependence appeared to leave her in a measure, although she smiled at him bravely. The crowd extended a good distance back into the street, but by using a great deal of forbearance and tact, besides, of course, a fair amount of strength, Hart managed to work his way toward the edge, Madge following closely after him. He had not met with any serious trouble in his passage until he ran across two or three burly, thick-set men dressed not like laborers, or working people, but belonging to that class of shabbily-prosperous whose manner of living it might be hard to guess. One meets them at

race-courses, and at all large public gatherings. They generally begin their conversation with "Say," and address a stranger as "young feller."

"What t'ell you tryin' to do, young feller?" snarled the largest.

Hart had accidentally or intentionally pushed him with his elbow.

"Here, don't get gay."

"Stand one side, then, please," said Hart, "and let this lady pass."

"He's got his goil with 'im, Pete," put in one of the others with a leer. "Say, excuse me; but she's a peach."

"If the loidy wants to get by, just let her say so," continued the big one, "but I don't want nuffin' from you," he continued.

"Stand to one side."

"Ah, go——"

Hart caught him by the fat fist he had clenched up and twisted it outwards. The man's sinews must have cracked the whole length of his forearm; he doubled over on one knee, and Hart pushed him aside.

"Not a word, now," he said; "not one word, not a word,—*please*."

"Oh, don't, don't," whispered Miss Hollingsworth, letting go his arm.

The heavy man had recovered himself, and he and Hart stood there looking at each other. The latter's size seemed to grow, however, and the heavy man's arm felt paralyzed. A policeman came wedging his way through the crowd.

"What's the row here?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Hart, "that I know of; we want to get out of this push."

He joined Miss Hollingsworth, who was standing on the sidewalk, and they walked from the mob just as a new brass-band with a triumphant blare passed the corner. Madge had not taken his arm again, but walked beside him.

"That was splendid," she said timidly.

He looked down at her and smiled.

"That sort of a man would never make much trouble," he said. "Don't you think it would be better to go up-town, and cross ahead of all this?"

They had reached the corner of Sixth Avenue, and were walking up. It was a very brilliant day. The white steam from the

engines of the elevated trains caught the sunlight as it whisked about the corners of the streets. They had passed by the head of the procession some blocks before they turned to the eastward, and the crowd had considerably thinned when they reached the door of the Hollingsworth house.

"Well, won't you come in and make your call now?" Miss Hollingsworth said. "It's still very early."

Hart bent down and picked up a bit of white pasteboard from one of the steps.

"Hallo, Heaphy 's been here."

"I'm sorry I missed him," Madge returned. "I think he is fine. But come in, won't you, and I'll make you a cup of tea."

They were standing inside the vestibule.

"Why don't you go on with what you were saying?" she continued. "It seems to me that I have been regularly cross-examining you." She gave a little laugh. "Goodness, we forgot to ring the bell."

Hart leaned back and pressed the electric button with his thumb.

"You know, we are going South to-morrow, I may not see you for some time."

A temptation that he could not restrain mastered him completely. "Miss Hollingsworth," he said, "you have asked me what the woman is like who has influenced my life, out of the kindly interest of your heart; I know that, well. Long ago I determined that some day I would tell you. Do not think it is because my ambition has soared too high, or that I presume upon this moment. It is you. It will always be you."

She was looking at him with wide-open eyes, her arms held straight beside her. Slowly they lifted and her head lowered. She took a half step forward. The big door of the hall-way opened, and Hawkins, the pompous, stood there in full view. As if nothing had occurred Newton followed Madge in. His feelings could not be described. They were so intense as to have an absolute unreality about them. He could dare all now—face everything. All the long pent-up words trembled on his lips, but the smug-faced butler was standing behind him as if waiting to assist him with his overcoat.

"Mrs. 'Ollingsworth wants to see you upstairs at once, Miss," he said, speaking quickly



to Madge as if he had forgotten to deliver the message before. At this very moment Mrs. Hollingsworth's deep voice called down the staircase :

"Madge, dear, won't you come up right away; right away, dear?"

Hart took a step forward.

"Shall I go?" he asked huskily.

"No, no, don't, don't," Madge answered quickly in almost a whisper. "Yes, mamma," she called up-stairs. Then she turned, and her eyes met his—it was for a second only.

"Won't you step in the drawing-room, sir?" said the butler. Hart followed him in and almost fell into one of the easy chairs. The revulsion of feeling was so great that his eyes were nearly filled with tears. How he longed to tell her again, to repeat it over and over. What had he done to deserve this great, grand thing!

Five minutes passed, ten minutes by the slow-ticking clock in the corner of the room, and then Hawkins appeared.

"Miss 'Ollingsworth is not coming down, sir. She begs to be excused."

Newton staggered to his feet. His first

temptation was to grasp the butler by the throat; to tell him he lied; to kill this bearer of false tidings. But he controlled his trembling voice.

"Did Miss Hollingsworth say anything else?" he asked.

"She begs to be excused."

The trite expression sounded to Hart as might the death sentence of the judge to the trembling prisoner in the dock, who had expected an acquittal. A chill went through and through him. Quite without meaning, the words kept repeating themselves over and over, so that he almost found them on his tongue. "She begs to be excused." "She begs to be excused." God! What did it mean?

Carrying his overcoat across his arm he plunged down the steps to the street. Not until he reached the corner did he place his hat upon his head. Some little ragamuffins trundling a cart filled with the debris of boxes looked at him curiously. A well-dressed man stopped as if he were going to speak to him, but just then Hart lifted his elbow from the stone railing against which he had leaned for

an instant. He threw back his shoulders and started walking down the street. It had made no difference to him which direction he had taken.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### IN SEARCH OF REST.

MADGE had been a little upset by the peremptory message and the verbal order from the second-story, but she was puzzled and confused at the reception that she met when she entered her mother's little boudoir, the windows of which fronted on the street. Mrs. Hollingsworth beckoned her in, and closing the door spoke in a deep whisper.

"I saw you crossing the street, Madge," she said. "Did you ask that young man to stop here?"

The strangeness of the whole proceedings had caused her to flush angrily. Coming so close after the unexpected *denouement* in the vestibule, it was almost more than she could stand. Suddenly she saw that Kenmore was standing at one of the windows looking out into the street. She stepped across to him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Ken, Ken," she said, "what does all this mean? Something has happened. Tell me what it is? Oh, tell me—don't be silent any longer!"

"Madge, Madge, dear," answered Kenmore, putting his arms around his sister's waist, "nothing has happened; really there is nothing the matter. Why mother is so dramatic I don't know, but it was enough to frighten you. Come, let's sit down."

He pinched her ear playfully, and Madge obeyed him as though she were a child.

"We just want to tell you a little something; that's all," he continued, heading off his mother's words. "And it is n't anything of much importance, either. Mother has an idea that she does n't wish Hart to come to the house."

"Why, why?" questioned Madge, grasping Kenmore's hand. "Go on, go on."

"Because," interrupted Mrs. Hollingsworth, who could contain herself no longer, "because he is a low fellow, and his behavior has been outrageous."

Madge arose from the sofa; a great light was in her eyes, and her lips were colorless.

"He's not a low fellow," she said slowly, looking at her mother. "You spoke hastily."

What would she not have given to have Newton there; to have walked quietly over to him, the way she would have done, not to have thrown herself into his arms, but to have stood by his side with his fingers clasped in hers.

"Madge, Madge," interrupted Kenmore, quietly, "don't let us have a scene. Let's stop all this. The whole thing is this—mother is angry because Pop Hart is married and never saw fit to tell us about it."

"Did you say that he was married?" Miss Hollingsworth spoke as calmly and collectedly as if it were a matter of no importance. To all outward appearances she had scarcely an interest in the news, but she had turned stone-cold. Before her wide-opened eyes she could see nothing but shifting colors, and such a great pain came through her heart that it seemed as though she were falling, and could not gain her breath. Kenmore had begun to smile, and this was occasioned by a glimpse of his mother's face. If such a dignified *grande dame* as Mrs. Hollingsworth could look foolish, she certainly did.

"Mr. Hart deceived us shamefully," she said. "He was married all the time, and his wife was on the stage here in New York. Humph! probably supporting him."

Her mother's voice seemed to come out of a vast darkness from a distance. If the room had been better lighted, it would have been easy to see that everything was not right with Madge. Her face was too expressionless.

"Hawkins," called Mrs. Hollingsworth, opening the door; she had pressed the bell a minute since, "will you tell the young man down-stairs that Miss Madge begs to be excused."

"Yes, 'um."

Madge turned to her mother. Her lips parted in a mirthless smile. "Thank you," she said.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Hollingsworth.

"I 'm just going to my room," and, without turning again, Madge ascended the stairs to her own apartments. She closed the door, and stood there with both hands clasped above her heart; then, without a cry or a moan, she pitched forward onto the soft carpet.

. . . . .  
“Where under the sun are you going? You look like a ghost.” Newton stopped and extended his hand.

“Why, hallo,” he said, “I’m not going anywhere in particular.”

Fred Minton looked at him curiously.

“Won’t you come in somewhere and have a drink, old man?” he said.

Hart pulled himself together.

“No, thanks, old boy; have n’t got time.”

“Why, I thought you said that you were going no place in particular.”

“Did I?”

Now, when a man talks like this, it should be perfectly apparent that for the nonce he prefers his own company to yours or anybody’s else. So Minton, a little angry, said, “Well, glad to have met you,” curtly, and went on his way. Hart did likewise, not worrying as to whether he had been rude or not. He walked all the way to the ferry, and just by luck happened to catch a train.

. . . . .  
A dim fire was burning in the open grate, for the day had been quite chill.



When Heaphy awoke, long after midnight, he happened to look out into the little study. There sat his room-mate before the fire, with his head bowed over his folded arms.

"Are n't you ever coming to bed?" Patrick grunted, sleepily.

"Not just yet a while; good-night."

. . . . .

In a big room in a house on Fifth Avenue, a girl with tear-reddened eyes lay wide awake. She had broken down at last, thank God, into the natural recourse of womankind—tears. The noisy carts were rattling over the stones, and the morning traffic had begun before she fell asleep.

The next morning, as they drove to the ferry to take the Virginia express, Mr. Hollingsworth turned to his wife.

"It's a good thing we are starting now, my dear," he said. "Another few days in the city and this young lady would be ill."

He pointed his finger at Madge who sat opposite to him. She smiled a wan, tired little smile.

. . . . .

When Heaphy stirred about quite early, as was his habit, he noticed a few strange things.

Hart was gone already, his bed had not been disturbed, and the photograph was missing from its usual place on the mantel-piece.

Heaphy was intelligent. The picture of the solitary figure sitting before the fire the previous evening; the visit to New York—Poor old Pop!

Heaphy saw it all, or at least he thought he did, as plainly as if he had been told. He gave a sigh.

“ Now, I suppose that I ’ve got to make believe I am blind ! ”

He looked into the ashes of the grate and poked about there with the tongs.

“ Well, he did n’t burn it, that ’s evident,” he remarked to himself. “ This is a sad warning to me.” He stood there thoughtfully, then he dropped the tongs with a clatter.

At one of the morning’s lectures Golatly probed Betts with a lead-pencil.

“ Pop looks as though he had lost his last friend,” he said.

“ He certainly has something on his mind,” was the reply. “ I wonder what ’s gone wrong.”

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A FEW DEVELOPMENTS.

THE Okalilli Club is an organization that owns some thousands of acres along the low sea-coast of South Carolina. The majority of its members are New Yorkers who are of a sporting turn of fancy. In a wilderness of pine and scrubby underbrush some five miles from the nearest railroad they have erected a shingle palace of vast dimensions. It looks out of place in its entire loneliness, but when it is filled with members and their families, gaiety reigns. The country abounds in quail and turkey, and occasionally a deer may be seen from the club-house window. Even when the North is shrouded in snow, the water on the Okalilli beach tempts many bathers.

It was an unpromising, rainy day and the smoking-room was quite crowded with groups sitting about the tables. No ladies were pres-

ent, and there was a vinous odor in the atmosphere. Mr. Hollingsworth, senior, and a young-looking man with gray hair and moustache sat talking at a table near the fireplace in which a cheerful blaze was roaring.

"I tell you what, Halsey," observed Mr. Hollingsworth, "this is no time for putting matters off. I think that there is something certainly very odd about the whole transaction."

"Well, it's plain to me," returned the gray man, "that somebody learned the value of this property about the same time we did. Good phosphate lands don't go begging, you know, and I thought that we were the first in the field. You see, the people who started this little company did it just to sell out; but, by Jove! they did n't know what they owned."

"That's the way with a great many smart people," laughed Mr. Hollingsworth. "Look here, do you know, I think that you'd better go down there to Florida right away; then stop here on your way back. I won't shoot all the birds."

"Well, just as you decide."

"What did you say was the name of the person who bought that majority of stock?"

"The name was Patrick Corse Heaphy," said Mr. Halsey. "I don't know anything about him, and I've only met his representative; but the fact is, I don't think he wants to sell. To change the subject, how is Miss Hollingsworth this morning?"

"She is a little better, but not very well. Did too much this season, I think."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Halsey, suddenly, "came near getting myself in a mess. When I left New York night before last I saw Mrs. Archie Carter, and she entrusted me with a note for your daughter. Tell her I'm sorry not to deliver it to her in person."

Mr. Hollingsworth took the letter; put it in a pocket of his shooting-coat, and promptly forgot all about it.

. . . . .  
"Pat, what are you going to do when it's all over?" asked Hart of his room-mate as they were dressing one morning. Heaphy, who was shaving in the next room, did not reply at once. His razor was making a very audible sign that it was dull. Heaphy was

muttering, so Newton waited a minute, and repeated his question.

"I may go South for a time," was the answer at last, "down to that place in Florida where I spent my last vacation. Got some property there; something that with good management would make—er—will make, a pot of money."

"What an avaricious person you are, Irish."

"It is n't that," returned Heaphy, "I want to make it myself. This is something I just tumbled on to. I'm going to try to make it pay."

There came a click at the little letter slide in the door.

"Anything for me?" inquired Patrick, looking into the room, and mopping his face with a wet towel.

"No, I'm the lucky one. Hallo, it's a letter from Van Clees."

Newton broke it open. It was a long letter and he read it hastily. In the first place it was not dated Oakland, but from another town in Nebraska—Red Rock, a place that had a flourishing future. Mr. Van Clees stated that he had sold out and opened a new store here, and

was doing a good business ; that he and his wife were perfectly happy, and that Mabel was well and a great comfort to them. He spoke of how she had changed, and how contented they were ; and how much they owed to Hart. But the gist of the letter was in the latter part of it, and when Hart came to it, he read it over twice. It conveyed information of the utmost importance, for it stated that on the quarter-section of supposedly useless land, Newton's sole inheritance from his strange father, surface coal had been discovered, and that a company had offered forty-five hundred dollars down for it. In commenting on this offer, Mr. Van Clees bluntly stated that in his opinion it was not worth " a red cent more," and advised him to close at once.

Forty-five hundred dollars seemed a tremendous sum ! Heaphy had watched him reading.

" Well, what 's up ? " he asked, as Hart sat there in silence.

" Irish, I need your advice. Listen." Newton read the epistle through from beginning to end.

" What sort of a man is this Van Clees ? " asked Heaphy, after he had finished.

"As honest as they make them."

"Well, then, I'd take his advice, and close the bargain."

"What shall I do with the money?"

"When you get it, come to me. I think I can show you how to invest it."

"Well, whoever thought that you would develop into a promoter."

"Well, I think I know what I'm talking about. You stick by me."

"I'll stick by you. Hallo, there goes the bell."

The occupants of the rooms along the entries could be heard rousing out at the sound.

Newton and Heapfy joined a group of early risers who were walking toward the chapel, and who felt under no necessity to make undue exertion to reach there before the doors closed.

It must not be imagined that the effect of that bitter day that had seared his soul had not left its trace on Newton's character and appearance. He had kept up by mere force of will for some time, but there were moments when it required every force that he could command to shake off the soul-weariness and depression.



His face wore the look of the sadness that endures. Kenmore had not been down to Princeton, nor had he written to him for over a month. There was no explanation needed ; he thought he understood it.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ALLIES.

THE seniors had finished singing, but such a grand night was it that the groups lying under the elms or seated on the benches, had not broken up. Occasionally some one of them would light a match, and a spurt of flame would illuminate the smoker's face.

"Here 's a bench; let 's sit down, you fellows," said Golatly. "Just about hold us all. Here, Pop, you take the end, then I 'll sit next to you and lean on you."

The bench held seven comfortably. They were Hart, and Congreve, and Golatly, and Jimmie James, Patrick Corse Heaphy, Betts, and Charlie Townes.

"Do you know," said Golatly, as he almost shoved Newton off the end of the bench with the force of his leaning, "that 'Where, oh, where, are the grave old seniors,' and that ref-

erence to the wide, wide world, in slow time, always makes me feel gulpy, despite the 'by and by, we'll go out to meet them' verse that follows it. Lord Harry, just think; there are only two more weeks of it, and then we will be back numbers."

"You mean latest editions. Terence, you're losing your sense of the fitness of things," put in Betts.

"Oh, you're way off," spoke up Congreve. "It is his non-sense of the unfitness of things that makes him funny."

"Phew, he's getting epigrammatic and analytical," said Golatly, trying to reach Simeon with his foot. "That comes from trying to get advertisements for the *Nassau Lit.*"

"As an ex-editor of *The Tiger*, I should n't think you'd want to bring literature into the question. I'll leave it to the two other editors. Let's hear from *The Princetonian*; they've become real busy since they took on the dignity of a daily publication."

Charlie Townes and Heapfy were both on the staff of the college paper, but neither of them saw fit to reply to this, so Congreve went on.

"You say I'm getting analytical, Terence," he said. "Let's go over and analyze some Milwaukee."

"Oh, it's too fine here," said Golatly. "Just move about an inch, Pop, if you want to be accommodating."

"Did any of you fellows go to Tad Elliott's wedding?" asked Jimmie James.

"Came right in the middle of examinations," answered Townes. "I should think he might have set another date. Hear Buck Franklin was his best man."

"Buck wrote to me he was coming up for his triennial," said Hart, speaking for the first time.

"There'll be a whole lot of last year's class back, too," said Congreve, standing up and stretching himself; "lordy, don't I hate to leave this dear old hole."

After some more conversation, Golatly, who had had his feet braced up against the trunk of an elm, succeeded in upsetting the bench, and the whole party adjourned across the street.

. . . . .  
Mrs. Carter had deemed it very strange that she had received no answer from Madge to the

letter she had sent by Girard Halsey, especially as she understood from him that it had been delivered. The Hollingsworths' stay at Okallilli had extended over a month, and when they had returned to the North they had spent but a few days in town and then hastened to Hilltop. But Mrs. Carter generally stayed in the city until summer was quite well advanced. She had not known of the Hollingsworth homecoming until after they had left for their country place, and of Kenmore she had seen nothing for a long time. She was seated reading one sunny afternoon—it was really too fine a day to be indoors, a fact she was acknowledging to herself—when the butler brought up a card. It had Mr. and Mrs. Thadeus Elliott's name on it.

“The dear things,” Mrs. Carter exclaimed, and she hurried down to meet them.

They had just returned from their honeymoon, and Mary looked as happy as Tad looked proud.

“Oh, do you know that Madge Hollingsworth is in town,” Mary said. “I wish you could have been at my wedding just to have seen how she looked.”

Mary Bliss had that honest, unfeigned admiration that some women have for other women's beauty. Unfortunately, owing to the death of an aged relative, Mrs. Carter had not been able to be present at the ceremony in the little church at Orange.

"I think that Madge was looking rather pale," remarked Tad.

"Well, it was very becoming to her," put in Mary, in a matter-of-fact way. "You know the bridesmaids all wore pink."

"I've got a bone to pick with Madge," said Mrs. Carter. "She never answered a letter I wrote her. But I suppose it was nothing of importance."

"I'll bet she never received it," said Mary, off-hand. "She never said anything to me about it."

"I wonder if I could get hold of her?" asked Mrs. Carter, thoughtfully.

"I suppose so," answered Tad, "she's going to dine with us to-night. Why won't you dine with us too; just an informal little dinner——"

"Listen," interrupted Mrs. Carter; "why won't you all dine here with me?"

"That 's a good scheme," said Tad, surrendering amicably. "It was Mary's first chance to act as chaperone, but I daresay she 'll forego it."

"Well, then, wait a minute while I write a note. I 'll send it off at once."

Mrs. Carter jumped up and hurried across to her desk. She scribbled away, and all at once interrupted herself.

"Don't say anything about that letter, you two," she admonished, pointing her penholder in their direction; and, smiling to herself, for she had caught sight of a little tableau, "oh, don't mind me."

By the time the messenger had arrived the Elliott's had departed, and Mrs. Carter had gone out for a walk in the park opposite her dwelling.

. . . . .

The dinner went off very nicely, but Mrs. Carter noticed that Madge was looking a little bit thin, although she said that she was very well indeed, and declared that she had the very pleasantest time in the South. As Tad smoked his cigar, Mrs. Carter remained at the table with him, and the two girls strolled into the other room.

"Where 's Raymond Danforth?" Mrs. Carter asked.

"Oh," replied Tad, in a half-whisper, "he 's got his final *congé*, and went back to his first love."

"Who 's she?"

"Mademoiselle Monte Carlo."

"Oh, he 'd have gone back to that anyhow. He was never a *homo domesticus*—is that proper Latin?"

The newly-wedded pair did not stay very long, and when they were alone, Mrs. Carter made Madge sit down on the sofa beside her.

"Now, young lady," she said, "I want to know why you did n't answer my letter."

"What letter, dear?"

"Why, the letter I sent to you by our friend, Mr. Halsey."

"I never got it in the world."

"Well, it was n't of much importance, perhaps. But, oh, the wretch for not giving it to you! I understood him to say that he had delivered it."

"What was it about?"

"Oh, just some news and gossip; but principally about Newton Hart. You know somebody has been circulating tales about him;



said he was married, or had been married, or some such nonsense. I just wrote you to tell you not to believe it, if you heard it. I don't know why I went to all the trouble—" Mrs. Carter hesitated. " Yes, I do, too. It was because I thought you might have been interested enough to want to hear it."

As she finished speaking she looked across at Madge.

She was sitting rigidly erect with her hands clasped in her lap, but if her face had been pale before, it was so deathly white now that Mrs. Carter started.

Madge had closed her eyes, and for a minute she sat there, and neither spoke.

" Had you heard that miserable story ?" Mrs. Carter asked.

" Yes."

" Well, I'd like to know who started it. Listen, dearie."

She told the tale that Heaphy had told her. As she went on, Madge settled herself back in the cushions on the sofa. Insensibly the tones of Mrs. Carter's voice had changed from those of a person who was merely reciting a story to those of one pleading a cause.

"I 'll tell you what I 'm going to do," she said at last. "You know my boys go up to Princeton for their examinations—bless them, I hope they pass—I think I 'll give a little surprise party to Newton Hart. He is graduated, you know, about the same time. Why won't you come down with me? Don't say no! Do come!"

"Yes," answered Madge, "I will go with you."

There was a little quiver in her voice, and although she smiled, her eyes were filled with tears. Mrs. Carter leaned forward and kissed her on both cheeks, and to her surprise Madge threw her arms about her neck and kissed her twice more in return, and then Mrs. Carter made a remark which was apparently irrelevant, "He 's a dear good fellow," she said, after which there was a constrained pause.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### AMOR VINCIT.

THERE was a familiar-looking crowd standing near the lamp-post opposite Reunion, although many of the undergraduates failed to recognize them. There were five in the little party, and they were Ned Bliss, Tommy Wilson, Manager Bishop, Fred Minton, and Kenmore Hollingsworth. They belonged to an organization that had started with their class, whose members were pledged to return at each commencement and eat a dinner no matter how it was cooked.

"Hallo, here comes old Buck Franklin. Well, I 'll be shot," exclaimed Tommy Wilson, pointing down the walk toward the railway station, "and if that is n't Pop Hart with him!"

"Yai, yai!" yelled the crowd, in a pæan of jubilant welcome. Soon Buck, who had grown

much stouter, was in the midst of the crowd, and Hart was shaking hands to right and left. At last Kenmore caught him by the arm and led him to one side.

“ Pop! shake hands with me.”

“ Certainly.”

“ Did you hear from Mrs. Carter, old man?”

“ Yes, I heard that she was coming down this afternoon. You ’ve been quite a stranger.”

His manner was not cold, but he appeared reserved.

“ Look here, Pop,” said Kenmore. “ I ’ve been everything that you ’ve thought me, I know. I feel as though I ought to go around the corner with you and have you kick my coat off; I deserve it.”

“ What for, Ken ? ”

“ Oh, just on general principles. Look here, I ’ve got a message for you. Mrs. Archie wants you to dine with her to-night. Those two youngsters of hers are going to be there, and myself, and we ’ll have a good time. Mrs. Carter ’s mad because you refused her last invitation to come to New York. She ’s taken a house here for commencement, and I told her I was going to make it our headquarters.”

The end and upshot of it was that Hart accepted and turned back with his hand on Kenmore's shoulder to join the laughing crowd who were now gathered about the college policeman.

. . . . .  
" Everything is so upset here," exclaimed Mrs. Carter, as she met Kenmore and Hart ascending the steps of the piazza, " that I don't know when dinner will be ready. I don't know what possessed me to think of coming down and camping out this fashion, when I could have been comfortable. I just did it for a lark, you know—just for a lark! "

As she was speaking she had grasped Hart's hand in one of hers, and Kenmore's hand in the other.

" Billy and Harold have gone off for a walk, and dinner won't be ready until eight; it 's not much past seven now. You know your sister is here," Mrs. Carter went on, addressing Kenmore— " Miss Hollingsworth came down with me, you know," turning to Hart.

A sensation almost of agony came to him at the mention of her name. No, he could not stay here and meet her, after what had passed.

It would be more than he could bear. But what could he do? What explanation could he make? Suddenly looking up, he saw through the open doorway into the dimly lighted hall. The tall figure of a girl was standing on the lower step of the staircase—she was all in white; perhaps she had seen him and was waiting for him to go before she made her presence known to the others. Mrs. Carter was still talking in the same breathless way. He was about to turn to her and mutter some excuse, when the tall figure raised one hand, and stretched it out arm's-length towards him!

He stepped across the threshold, slowly approached, and took the hand in both of his. Something, he could not tell what, impelled him to raise it to his lips. For an instant it appeared as if Madge was going to faint; but not one word had they said.

All at once there came the click of the front gate. It was Mrs. Carter and Kenmore going down the street.

They were alone. Madge lifted her other hand and placed it on Newton's head.

"It has been a cruel wrong," she said.  
"After what you told me and what I said and

felt. I should have seen you. I should not have believed, no matter what they told."

Newton had gained possession of both her hands by this time.

"That 's it," he cried, "no matter what they said, no matter what you heard, no matter what you thought, believe me now; I love you! I love you! For four years you have been in my heart, always in my heart—always to be there!"

In reply she bowed her head, and kissed him on the eyes.

"God bless you, dear," she said.

There was no dinner that night at all. About eight o'clock Mrs. Carter returned from her walk with Kenmore. Two figures came forward to meet her out of the shadow.

"Well, do you know, that I forgot to order anything at all," Mrs. Carter laughed. "I suppose I 'm crazy. But if you two will go out for a walk, we 'll all go into the kitchen and try and get up some supper. Kenmore and I have been shopping."

They had some paper bundles under their arms.

When Hart and Madge returned to the

house they found rather a nondescript meal awaiting them, but Hart was anxious to speak to Kenmore alone. It was very late before they started across the campus together. Newton stopped near the corner of the observatory.

“ Look here, Ken——”

“ Now, if you are going to pay me the compliment of practically informing me that I am as blind as a mole, have n't got any sense, and am a general all-around jackass, why go ahead.”

“ No, listen——”

“ No, I won't listen; you're just going to tell me that you and Madge are engaged to be married.”

“ Well.” He grasped Kenmore's hands so tightly in both his that the latter winced.

“ Well, bless you, my children; that's all that I can say,” returned Kenmore. “ Let go my fingers. I'm going to telegraph the governor, announcing the fact and saying you've got my consent.”

Suddenly he looked up and saw that Newton's eyes were filled with tears.

“ No, seriously, old man,” Kenmore continued, “ I'm very proud and glad of it.”



Newton's reply to this was a joyous heartfelt sob, and arm in arm the two walked on in silence.

"You know I can hardly believe it's true," Newton said. "I don't know what I've done to deserve it. Perhaps I'd better go to town to-morrow to see your father."

"Now, don't be in a hurry about that," responded Kenmore. "Wait until these commencement affairs are all over, and then go down and tell him. Keep a stiff upper lip, and remember this, that Madge is perfectly able to answer for herself, and that you always have got me with you."

"Thank you, old boy. Good-night."

"Good-night."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### TWO INTERVIEWS.

THE photograph was back in its accustomed place the next morning. Newton had dressed himself and started out for a walk long before the first bell had begun to ring. He returned to find Heaphy standing by the mantelpiece, gazing thoughtfully at the picture. He looked rather guilty.

"Well?" he said, expectantly. "You have a shining morning face."

"Pat," cried Hart, "sit ye down and listen. I'm engaged to be married!"

Heaphy glanced from him to the photograph.

"Yes," said Hart; and then the two shook hands.

"Do you know what you remind me of?" said Pat at last.

"No."

"Well, you remind me of a captive balloon."

Hart grinned.

"If anyone cut the strings, you'd go right up," said Heaphy.

Newton gave him a slap on the shoulder.

"Irish, I believe you've been there," he laughed, to which Heaphy answered nothing.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, stopping Hart's hurried pacing the room, by getting in front of him.

Hart frowned a little.

"I feel as if I could do anything," he responded, with a smile. "She is going to wait for me. Of course we will have to talk it all over."

"You have that forty-five hundred dollars?" Heaphy inquired.

"Yes, safe in bank."

"Invest a thousand dollars of it with me."

"In what?"

"In the Locala Phosphate Co. I'll sell you ten shares at par."

"What's that for?"

"Well, we're going to reorganize the company. To tell the truth, I own most of it, and

am going to hang on to it. Will you take ten shares? Say yes."

"Well, all right, then; yes."

Hart was half laughing.

"Well, now," said Heaphy. "This new company will need a vice-president. How would you like the job?"

"Is it an honorary position, or are you talking nonsense?"

"Honorary nothing," said Heaphy, earnestly. "I think the salary will be about five thousand a year."

"Irish, have you gone crazy? I don't know any more about phosphate than I do about phosphorus."

"Well, I'm going to elect myself president," said Heaphy, sententiously, "and if you and I can't run that company, something will be the matter. Mind you, if you don't earn your money I'll discharge you. But there's more to it."

As his room-mate went on talking, Hart really felt as though he were the younger of the two. He could scarcely control his excitement. What would Madge say to this?"

"What is the 'more'?" he asked at last.

“ Why, just this. When you speak to Mr. Hollingsworth, inform him of this offer, and ‘ just tell him that you saw me,’—then stand off and watch—er—the effect.”

Perhaps nobody noticed that this commencement was different from another commencement. The weather was no finer ; the crowd was no larger ; the music no better, and the speeches no brighter. But Hart, as he walked about in his cap and gown, could think of but one thing, and see but one face, and as that face was beside him a great part of the time, people talked, but it did not make any matter to him—he never thought of anything except his little world in which he had begun to live. But as he stood at the top of the stone steps leading down to the station and looked back at the old campus, and realized what it all meant to him, what it had brought to him, tears filled his eyes. It was not a farewell to his Alma Mater, it was a parting truly ; it was the parting from a friend who wished one Godspeed, but whose face would ever smile a welcome, and whose interest and love would abide with one through life.

All the close friendships that he could not buy for gold, all the dear remembrances and associations—they would belong to him, never to be lost. He paraphrased his feelings in one sentence that he expressed to Heaphy, who was standing by his side.

“ It ’s not so much what you learn here that counts,” he said, “ but what is given you.”

“ No man ever left here,” responded Heaphy, “ saying ‘ I am sorry that I came,’ but that his Alma Mater could reply, ‘ And so am I, my son.’ ”

This was not Heaphy’s original expression, but a quotation from one of the speakers in the morning’s exercises. Sad the lot of him to whom it could be applied !

“ Hallo, here they come,” Heaphy cried, looking back toward the station.

Mrs. Carter and Madge, and Billy and Harold (who, by the way, had passed the examinations), were coming down the street. Madge and Mrs. Carter waved their hands. Newton jumped down the steps to meet them. Heaphy drew a long sigh and followed him more leisurely.

. . . . .

The conversation that took place between Mr. Hollingsworth and Newton Hart was certainly interesting. Thus be it recorded.

It was not without some excitement that he sent in his card to Mr. Hollingsworth at his office, for he had gone there immediately upon his arrival in town. It seemed a very cold and business-like place to conduct an interview of this kind, but there was nothing for it but to begin; and he did so with a plunge that almost bowled Mr. Hollingsworth from his chair. At first it appeared as if the elder gentleman was going to burst into some rather strong language expressive of his astonishment, but he controlled himself.

"Now, Mr. Hart," he said, "it is certainly not out of the ordinary, and certainly will not seem strange in such a circumstance as this, to ask a few questions. I know nothing against you. What do you propose doing? Have you enough money to support a wife? Have you any relatives or property?"

"I have none of the former," Newton answered, "but I have a little ready money, and a position into which I am going to step."

"How much will it pay you?"

" Five thousand dollars a year."

" That 's a big sum of money for a young man to get at once."

" Yes, sir; but I shall try to earn it."

" What is it, may I ask ? "

" The vice-president of the Locala Phosphate Co."

Mr. Hollingsworth arose from his chair.

" What under the sun are you talking about ? " he asked. " Are you a stockholder ? "

" Yes, sir; to a small extent."

" Well, what interest do you represent ? "

" The Patrick Corse Heaphy interest."

This time Mr. Hollingsworth could not control an exclamation.

" Well, I 'll be—— " but he stopped himself.

" Who is this Patrick Corse Heaphy, anyhow," he asked; " a friend of yours ? "

" He was my room-mate at college."

" Humph. That 's a strange thing."

Mr. Hollingsworth walked to the window and looked around at the roofs of the surrounding lofty buildings. He waited till he saw that a distant ferryboat in the river had



made her slip on the Brooklyn side in safety, then he turned.

"Well, young man," he said. "You had better come up and dine with us to-night. I am not going to say any more just now."

This ended the interview.

Four months later the society columns of one of the morning papers gave this interesting bit of information. It was true, all but the sentence that referred to Newton Wilberforce Hart's worldly possessions. It ran thus :

"Miss Madge Hollingworth, who was introduced into society some three or four years ago, is to be married from her father's country place at Hilltop next Thursday. The prospective bridegroom, Mr. Newton Wilberforce Hart, is a wealthy young Westerner, the vice-president of a large phosphate company in the South. He is a Princetonian, and his name is well-known to all those who have followed football matters for the last three years. He was only graduated this spring."

Then followed the names of the bridesmaids, and a little "fine writing," but the name of

the best man was not given. However, it is sufficient to say that it was another Princetonian, and his name was Patrick Corse Heaphy, the young-man-with-a-purpose.

FINIS.



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